MASTERPIECES OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA

PHILIP MASSINGER

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Masterpieces of the English Drama

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MASTERPIECES OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FELIX E. SCHELLING, Ph.D., LL.D., GENERAL EDITOR

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From the portrait engraved by
T. Cross, prefixed to
Three New Playes
1655

Masterpieces of the English Drama

PHILIP MASSINGER

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MASSINGER.

W. P. I

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PHILIP MASSINGER[1]

THE development of literature is generally slow, and dramatic evolution, slowest of all literary growth. But we are never weary of remembering that the Elizabethan drama began and wrought itself out to perfection in a single generation. *Gorboduc* was separated from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* by only a space of fifteen years, while the interval between *The Spanish Tragedy* and Shakespeare's *King Lear* was but five years greater. From *King Lear* to the last work of Shirley we trace the period of decline, closing in 1640. Some playwrights of the period inclined to epic ideals and themes, some to the manners and incidents of common life. Massinger belongs midway between these extremes of romanticism and realism.

Philip Massinger was born, as is believed, at Salisbury, Wilts, in November, 1583. No entry of

[1] The first complete edition of Massinger's dramas was prepared (1870) by Francis Cunningham. The same plays, with the exception of *Believe as You List*, had been earlier edited by Coxeter (1759), Mason (1779), Gifford (1805), Harness (1831), and Coleridge (1840). Gifford's edition (reprinted 1813, 1850) is still the standard. Ten of the best plays, edited by A. Symons, are available in the *Mermaid Series*. A volume similar, in the hands of F. P. Emery, is promised for the *Belles-Lettres Series*.

A full discussion of Massinger's authorship and coöperation with other playwrights is given in Schelling's *Elizabethan Drama* (1908). Introductory study of the period should be guided by Thorndike's *Tragedy*, *Types of Literature Series* (1908). There is an authoritative chapter on Massinger, with a bibliography, in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, vol. vi (1910). The following sketch has borrowed materially from these volumes.

the place or date of his birth has been preserved, but there is record of his christening, on the 24th, at St. Thomas church. His father, Arthur Massinger—a variant of "Messenger"—was a member of Parliament and a valued attendant upon Henry Lord Herbert, second Earl of Pembroke. His confidential relations with the earl imply that he was a man of unusual accomplishments and worth. Records of the family show him employed as a messenger from Pembroke to the queen, and commissioned to negotiate a marriage between his patron's family and the house of Burleigh. He was at one time strongly recommended by his chief for the post of Examiner in the Court of the Marches of Wales.

It is possible that young Philip lived or served in Wilton House, the great seat of the earls. In this most sumptuous of English palaces, Philip Sidney, brother to the Countess of Pembroke, had exiled himself for some two years before the birth of Massinger, and had here composed the *Arcadia*. Hence some biographers have pleased themselves with the fancy that Sidney may have been godfather at the baptism of the future dramatist, and given to him his name. But Sidney's recall to court and his marriage seem to have removed him from his retreat too early in 1583 to assist at the poet's christening in November. Sidney was knighted on January 13 of this year, and was at once drawn into the full tide of state affairs. We may conclude that, if Massinger owed his name to Sidney, as is likely, he was honoured with it because of admiration aroused at Wilton, as elsewhere, by this prince of men.

Nothing is known of young Massinger till he was

matriculated as a commoner at St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, in the spring of 1602. The registry shows him entered as (*Sarisburiensis*) "from Salisbury," and (*generosi filius*) "son of a gentleman." Where he had prepared for entrance, and at whose cost, has not even been conjectured. Anthony à Wood, the Oxford antiquary (born 1632), affirms that his expenses here were defrayed by the Earl of Pembroke. This is interesting if true, since with the death of Henry in 1601 the title had passed to William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, once supposed the "W. H." of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*.[1] Wood further testifies that Massinger "gave his mind more to poetry and romance for about four years or more, than to logic and philosophy, which he ought to have done, as he was patronized to that end." One finds little to bear this out in Massinger's dramatic work, which shows as much bent towards disputation and philosophizing as towards romance. It is clear that Massinger read with some diligence in the classics, but one looks in vain for marks of partiality or fondness for learning, such as shown in works like Jonson's.

No other references to the student life of Massinger are met with till 1606. In this year he suddenly left the University for no reason that is of record, and without taking his degree. It has been surmised

[1] That Massinger considered himself to have some claim seems shown by his poetical epistle, asking assistance, and addressed to this earl after he was made Lord Chamberlain in 1615. As no attention appears to have been paid to the request, some colour is given to the theory that he had lost favour with the family. On the other hand, the fourth Earl of Pembroke, who succeeded to the title in 1630, granted Massinger an annuity of thirty pounds during his lifetime.

that the death of his father occurred about this time, and caused him to lose heart in his studies. Another conjecture, of somewhat better warrant, makes him to have "exchanged the religion of his father for one at that time the object of terror, persecution, and hatred." Support to the notion that Massinger had turned Catholic — and perhaps thus lost the favour of his patron — has been plausibly interpreted out of at least two plays, *The Maid of Honour* and *The Renegado*. In the first of these the title character becomes a nun, and in the second, the Jesuit Francisco is idealized in a spirit, considering the state of popular feeling against the order, otherwise difficult to explain. The fact also of Massinger's especial intimacy with Sir Aston Cockayne and the Earl of Carnarvon, both of the Catholic party, has been thought significant of his sympathies.

Wood testifies that Massinger, "being sufficiently famed for several specimens of wit, betook himself to writing plays." It was thus inevitable that the young student, on leaving the University, should gravitate to London, the only place where men of literary talent or ambition could expect to speed. Shakespeare was now writing the group of plays represented by *Macbeth* and *King Lear*, and thus raising the stage to its acme of development and influence. How the stripling of twenty-three found means to subsist, or who brought out his trial pieces, will remain untold unless documents buried in the Public Records Office shall one day tell us the secret. It seems clear that he soon won the friendship of Fletcher, who had come down before him to London, and had already, as early as 1604, pro-

duced acceptable work. All records are silent concerning Massinger's success until 1621, when a work of his, under the title of *The Woman's Plot*, was brought out at court. This play has been identified as the one revised by Massinger and licensed thirteen years later, with its name changed to *A Very Woman*. It was an example of mixed tragedy and comedy of the sort which, since the appearance of *Philaster* (about 1610), the stage affected. In the fifteen years between Massinger's coming to London and the presentation of *The Woman's Plot*, at least six other plays from his hand, or his hand strengthened by Fletcher's, appear to have been brought out, – *Minerva's Sacrifice*, *The Orator*, *The Wandering Lovers*, *Philenzo and Hippolita*, *Antonio and Vallida*, and *The Tyrant;* some of these being probably older works, merely recast by Massinger.

It is of course incredible that a dramatist should subsist for fifteen years, in Jacobean London, on the income derivable from the making or remaking of half-a-dozen plays, or of twice that number. In the records of Dulwich College, Malone, the famous critic (born 1741), discovered a document which throws light upon the course Massinger's fortunes were taking. It is a letter addressed by Massinger and two companions to "our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, esq.":

> "Mr. Hinchlow,
>
> You understand our unfortunate extremitie, and I doe not thincke you so void of cristianitie but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you, rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is x*l*. more at least to be receaved of you for the play. We desire you to lend us v*l*. of that; which shall be allowed to you, without which we cannot be

bayled, nor *I play any more* till this be di-spatch'd. It will lose you xx*l.* ere the end of next weeke, besides the hinderance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of neede. Wee have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises, and alwayes acknowledgement to be ever,

Your most thanckfull and loving friend,

NAT. FIELD.

"The money shall be abated out of the money remayns for *the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours.*

ROB. DABORNE.

"I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and in soe small a suite, it beeinge honest, I hope you will not fail us.

PHILIP MASSINGER."

This communication is indorsed as follows:

"Rec. by mee Robert Davison of Mr. Hinshloe for the use of Mr. Daboerne, Mr. Feeld, Mr. Messenger, the some of vl.

ROB. DAVISON."

This petition belongs not later than 1614, and was perhaps presented a year earlier. A bond pledging Daborne and Massinger to pay "Hinchlow" the sum of three pounds, and bearing date of July 4, 1615, has been unearthed, but refers certainly to a later loan. "Hinchlow" is the famous Henslowe, at this time financier of the Hope and of other theatres, and for many years a broker in plays and costumes; and the address of the incarcerated debtors, "To our most loving friend," which is not irony, but ought to be, suggests the usual relations between helpless borrowers and the pawnshop. Of the co-petitioners, Field was a playwright and actor of note who had been connected with the stage since boyhood, playing first female parts, and becoming eventually a favourite interpreter of rôles in comedy. He after-

wards assisted Massinger in composing *The Fatal Dowry*. Robert Daborne was a dramatist of some ability, producing alone the extant plays of *A Christian Turned Turk* and *The Poor Man's Comfort*, and with Field, Fletcher, and Massinger, *The Honest Man's Fortune*.

After *The Woman's Plot* was performed at court, in 1621, Massinger's career may be traced with some definiteness in the records or dedications of plays produced. He was at work, perhaps at the time *The Woman's Plot* appeared, upon Dekker's romantic tragedy, *The Virgin Martyr*, which he put into its present form. To the same year belongs also *The Unnatural Combat*, a variant of the story of the Cenci, in which a father kills his son in a sword duel, conceives a criminal passion for his daughter, and is appropriately dispatched at the close by a bolt of lightning. Two years earlier, Massinger had produced with Field's aid *The Fatal Dowry*, a domestic tragedy laid at Dijon, in France. Of other tragedies, *The Duke of Milan* was one of the most successful, being based upon the story of Herod and Mariamne, but transferred to Italy, and attached to the fortunes of the Sforzas. It was printed in 1623. *The Roman Actor*, which Massinger pronounces in the dedication "the most perfect birth of his Minerva," was registered in 1626. *Believe as You List* was acted in 1630. *The Emperor of the East*, licensed in 1631, employs itself with the jealousy of the younger Theodosius towards his empress Eudocia, and the consequent murder of Paulinus, the emperor's kinsman. These seven plays make up the list of Massinger's extant tragedies.

Of tragicomedies, *A Very Woman* — written probably in 1621 and known first under the name of *The Woman's Plot* — details the change of feeling in a Sicilian princess towards the prince of Tarent, whom she at first rejects with scorn, but learns to love on his later appearing in the guise of a slave. This seems to have been followed, within a year, by *The Maid of Honour*. *The Bondman*, first acted in 1623, is also laid in Sicily, and centres about the title character Marullo, who is a bondman only in disguise, come from Thebes to promote a vengeance for the wrongs of his sister. *The Renegado*, licensed in 1624, is the story of a Venetian turned pirate and Mohammedan, who is at last redeemed through the offices of the Jesuit Francisco. *The Great Duke of Florence*, which has been praised as "the most refined and delightful" work of this author, follows in 1627. In dedicating the piece to Sir Robert Wiseman, Massinger makes a notable admission: "For myself, I will freely, and with a zealous thankfulness, acknowledge that for many years I had but faintly subsisted, if I had not often tasted of your bounty." Possibly this is an exaggeration, yet is good evidence concerning the uncertainty of the author's fortunes. Massinger's plot in the present case concerns itself with Cosimo de' Medici and the marriage of his nephew Giovanni, who is at the last permitted to wed the daughter of Charomonte, his tutor. Massinger's next play, *The Picture* (1629), is formed upon the notion of a magic miniature, which shows to a lover, by its shifting colours, the hesitating loyalty of his mistress. The last of Massinger's extant plays is *The Bashful Lover* — acted in 1635 — in which the title character is a dis-

guised prince of Milan who has the good fortune to rescue his inamorata from nameless villains by the strength of his arm. These seven dramas make up the sum of Massinger's contributions to tragicomedy.

Massinger's work in comedy proper began early, perhaps near the date of his petition to Henslowe, with a revision of *The Old Law*, written by Middleton and Rowley about 1600. Next to this belongs *The City Madam*, a realistic comedy — dating perhaps from 1619 — in which the wife and daughters of Sir John Frugal, a rich merchant, are subjected to discipline for extravagance by Luke Frugal, elevated for the nonce to the control of his brother's concerns, but proved divertingly unworthy of any trust. It has much liveliness and variety, and is on the whole one of the best studies in manners of the period. *The Parliament of Love*, acted in 1624, has a flimsy romantic plot, and has come down to us in a mutilated state. Its chief character, the Lady Bellisant, restores to Beaupré her recreant husband, and confutes his slanders of herself, before a parliament of love, by strategy of the sort practised by Helena in *All's Well* of Shakespeare. To 1625 is assigned *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, which has proved the most popular of Massinger's plays, and still holds the stage. *The Guardian* is the lively story, laid in Italy, of a banished nobleman and the reformed affection of his daughter, who after an attempted elopement falls into the hands of the appointed hero, and sees her sometime lover accept eventually her waiting-maid. These staled elements were treated with unusual skill, and the product, brought out in 1633, attracted the attention of

the king, who called for a performance of the piece at court. Prynne's *Histriomastix, or Scourge of Players*, had just appeared, and Charles's counter-blast was an order to present *The Guardian* on the 12th of January, which was a Sunday. The five plays named make up Massinger's contribution to romantic and realistic comedy, and fill up the list of the nineteen dramas known to be extant.

Massinger is believed to have been chief or sole author of fourteen other plays, which have variously disappeared. About 1750, John Warburton, Somerset Herald and retired exciseman, came into possession of fifty-five dramas of this period in manuscript form, with the intention of having them examined and perhaps published. All were written upon a species of paper that looked attractive to Warburton's cook, who appropriated them leaf by leaf, as covering for her pastry. Nine plays of Massinger are supposed to have passed thus from reach: *Antonio and Vallia*, *The Tyrant*, *The Honour of Women*, *Alexias or the Chaste Gallant*, *The Judge*, *Minerva's Sacrifice*, *Philenzo and Hippolita*, *Feast and Welcome*, and *The Noble Choice*. Five additional pieces, *The Unfortunate Piety*, *Cleander*, *The Orator*, *The King and Subject*, and *The Fair Anchoress of Pausilippo*, have otherwise perished.[1]

[1] Critics have connected Massinger's name with at least twenty-one plays not formerly in any sense accredited to this author. It is believed that his hand can be detected in the style or construction of the following, popularly attributed to Beaumont and Fletcher, or to Fletcher singly: *Barnavelt*, *Beggars' Bush*, *The Bloody Brother*, *The Custom of the Country*, *The Double Marriage*, *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, *The False One*, *The Honest Man's Fortune*, *The Jeweler of Amsterdam*, *The Knight of Malta*, *The Laws of Candy*, *The Little French Lawyer*, *The Lovers' Progress*, *Love's Cure*, *The Prophetess*, *The Queen of Corinth*, *The Sea Voyage*, *The Spanish Curate*, and

Massinger's contributions to verse, outside his plays, are confined to a few occasional poems, of which the one entitled *Sero sed Serio* is the most important. It is addressed to Philip, Earl of Montgomery — who had succeeded also to the earldom of Pembroke in 1630 — "Upon the deplorable and untimely Death of his late truly noble son, Charles Lord Herbert," in 1634. Massinger begins naïvely by trying to apologize for not supplying a poem on the occasion of Lord Charles's marriage, which occurred earlier the same year:

> 'Twas fate, not want of duty, did me wrong;
> Or, with the rest, my hymenæal song
> Had been presented, when the knot was tied
> That made the bridegroom and the virgin bride
> A happy pair. I cursed my absence then
> That hindered it, and bit my star-crossed pen,
> Too busy in stage-blanks, and trifling rhyme,
> When such a cause called, and so apt a time
> To pay a general debt; mine being more
> Than they could owe, who since, or heretofore,
> Have laboured with exalted lines to raise
> Brave piles, or rather pyramids of praise
> To Pembroke and his family: and dare I,
> Being silent then, aim at an elegy?

Some time before, after the production of *The Bondman*, Massinger had brought himself to the attention of the family once served by his father, by dedicating the play to Montgomery, and the earl had assisted in procuring for it the necessary licence. The inference is that Montgomery's offices were successful after, but not before, the marriage of his son.

There seems small reason to doubt that Massinger repined at his lot and, more deeply than Shakespeare,

Thierry and Theodoret. It is inferred also that Massinger had some share in the revision, with Fletcher, of Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*.

felt that, from the craft of play-making, "his name had received a brand." Massinger was certainly not endowed with largeness of personality, and his dedications are often querulous and low-spirited. Yet he seems, on the whole, to have had his share of recognition and patronage. No play of his appears to have been called for at court, after the performance of *The Woman's Plot* before King James, until 1631. *The Emperor of the East*, licensed this year, received this honour, and Massinger wrote for the occasion a special prologue, which incidentally shows, in its concluding lines, that the play had been unfavourably received:

> And yet this poor work suffered from the rage
> And envy of some Catos of the stage:
> Yet still he hopes this Play, which then was seen
> With sore eyes, and condemned out of their spleen,
> May be by you, the supreme judge, set free,
> And raised above the reach of calumny.

It is possible that the play had been asked for, not by Charles, but Queen Henrietta, since Massinger avers in the prologue that he had not dared

> Lard his grave matter with one scurrilous jest,
> But laboured that no passage might appear
> But what the Queen without a blush might hear.

Considering the essential character of the play, we must account this hardly more than empty compliment. It is of record that the queen, on another occasion, did Massinger the honour of attending a performance of his *Cleander*, licensed in 1634, at the Blackfriars' theatre.

In spite of Massinger's humble dedications and implorations to the great, it is clear that he was no truckler, but, quite like certain of his fellow playwrights, did not hesitate to pronounce against the

government on issues of the day. In 1631 the Master of the Revels refused to license a play of Massinger's, "because it did contain dangerous matter, as the deposing of Sebastian, King of Portugal, by Philip III, and there being a peace sworn betwixt the kings of England and Spain." The unpopular treaty, which was strongly disapproved by the Queen, had been signed the year before. After the misadventure of his second play, Massinger seems to have produced nothing until 1633, and probably alludes to this inaction in the opening lines of his prologue to *The Guardian:*

> After twice putting forth to sea, his fame
> Shipwrecked in either, and his once-known name
> In two years' silence buried, perhaps lost
> In the general opinion; at our cost —
> A zealous sacrifice to Neptune made
> For good success in his uncertain trade —
> Our author weighs up anchors, and once more
> Forsaking the security of the shore,
> Resolves to prove his fortune.

But in the meanwhile Massinger seems to have altered the form of the rejected drama, by shifting the scene and rechristening the characters, and thus produced the play now known under the name of *Believe as You List.* It is likely also that the present title is not the original, but was phrased to squint at the restrictions of the Revels' office. Evidently Massinger could not deny himself a thrust at the censor, in his prologue to the new form:

> So far our author is from arrogance
> That he craves pardon for his ignorance
> In story. If you find what's Roman here,
> Grecian, or Asiatic, draw too near
> A late and sad example, 'tis confessed
> He's but an English scholar at his best,
> A stranger to cosmography, and may err
> In the countries' names, the shape and character
> Of the persons he presents.

In the only other recorded instance of Massinger's meddling with politics, his boldness of speech is sensational and surprising. In 1638, when public feeling over ship subsidies was intense, *The King and Subject* was produced, and in it Massinger adventures these lines:

> Monies? We'll raise supplies which ways we please,
> And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
> We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars
> In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
> But what their swords did ratify; the wives
> And daughters of the senators bowing to
> Their wills as deities. . . .

The Master of the Revels, who perpetuates this passage from the lost play, comments thus upon it:

> This is a piece taken out of Philip Massinger's play, called *The King and the Subject*, and entered here forever, to be remembered by my son, and those that cast their eyes upon it, in honour of King Charles my master, who reading over the play at Newmarket, set his mark upon the place with his own hand, and in these words: "This is too insolent, and to be changed." Note, that the poet makes it the speech of a king, Don Pedro, King of Spain, and spoken to his subjects.

The reference to King Charles's methods of extorting ship-money is unequivocal. In spite of the libel on Charles's personal character, as implied in the last part of the quotation, the play was allowed, as a further memorandum in the Register explains:

> At Greenwich, the 4th of June. Mr. W. Murray gave me power from the king to allow of the play, and told me that he would warrant it.

It is stated also in the record that the name of the piece was changed. Malone conjectures that it was the play now called *The Tyrant*, which perished

at the hands of Warburton's cook. There is evidence that it was acted on the day succeeding the date of the king's approval.

Like most of his fellow playwrights, Massinger was not long-lived. All the old dramatists lived intensely, and many wore themselves out with work and worry. Massinger at least died in harness. He went to his rest, as in health, on the evening of March 16, 1640, but on the morning of the 17th was found dead in his bed in Southwark, on the Bankside. He was buried in the church of St. Saviour, near the Globe, where the record of receipts and expenditures for the month shows this entry of the charges:

March 18: Philip Massinger, stranger, in the church . . . 2 li.

He was entered as a "stranger" in the sense merely of "non-resident" in the parish. He was buried, according to the testimony of his friend, Sir Aston Cockayne, in the same grave in which Fletcher had been laid to rest twelve years before. In this church, Shakespeare's brother Edmund, also a player, had been interred, "with a forenoon knell of the great bell," in December, 1607. Here also lay the ashes of the moral Gower. Sir Aston Cockayne wrote the common epitaph of the indefatigable co-workers for the stage:

> In the same grave Fletcher was buried, here
> Lies the stage poet Philip Massinger:
> Playes they did write together, were great friends:
> And now one grave includes them at their ends:
> So whom on earth nothing did part, beneath
> Here, in their fames, they lie in spight of death.

That Massinger was no ordinary man is evident from the largeness of his work. That he should

have been employed in the construction or revision of more than a thirtieth of the sixteen hundred plays known by title to have been produced between 1550 and 1650, proves his zeal and fertility. That he was, as he says, a bookman, a "scholar," rather than a man of the world or boon companion, is variously suggested in his work, and borne out by features in his portrait. Though he took life hard, he was not incapable of friendships, as his relations with Fletcher show. He had something of the lyric gift of his predecessors, but used it seldom. He won his standing by sheer diligence, not by fancy flights or spellbinding monologues. He is no optimist, and his characters know little of social or domestic joys.

Massinger's dramatic tact and strength appear to the best advantage in *The Roman Actor*, which he considered his most perfect work. As it is not superior to other plays in the general treatment of personality, he must have held this of lesser moment. Paris, the part designed to represent the typical actor, is a noble creation, clearly conceived and deftly handled. Accused by the emperor of too ready a complaisance to the overtures of Domitia, he refuses to betray the insistent baseness of his temptress, and dies a martyr to his chivalry. He is magnified to fancy by being made to undertake four difficult rôles, as well as a defence before the senate that silences his accusers. While the emperor is minded to spare his life, he enacts "the false servant" with such effect as to arouse afresh his master's rage. The character of Domitian is intemperately drawn, at least as emperor. Domitia, too, is extravagantly treated. Summoned to be empress

by Parthenius, who brings an order of divorcement, she parts thus from her husband:

Lamia. Can you, Domitia,
Consent to this?
Domitia. 'Twould argue a base mind
To live a servant, when I may command.
I now am Cæsar's; and yet, in respect
I once was yours, when you come to the palace,
Provided you deserve it in your service,
You shall find me your good mistress. — Wait me, Parthenius. —
And now farewell, poor Lamia!

This seems gratuitous and strange. Domitia did not dislike her husband; and reticence is not a hard expedient. Massinger can scarcely have meant this as the type of degeneracy in Roman matronhood. Withal there is much killing, but little tragedy. The play has movement and variety, and holds interest potently to the end.

Massinger is not wanting in imagination, but writes from it rather than from observation. He makes natural dialogue, which is less brilliant than sustained. His spiritual senses are not "tickle o' the sear," sublimating incidental and common thoughts, — as in

death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns,

and the high seriousness of diction such as Shakespeare's is absent from his mind and text. The style of even his earlier extant plays is not ambitious, is correct in its use of figures, and often shows a smoothness and strength of diction hard to be surpassed:

Now, you that hold
Intelligence with the stars, and dare prefix
The day and hour in which we are to part
With life and empire, punctually foretelling
The means and manner of our violent end:

> As you would purchase credit to your art,
> Resolve me, since you are assured of us,
> What fate attends yourself?

Technically, his verse shows development and maturity of taste. There is not a high proportion of end-stopped lines; feminine and weak endings are numerous. On the other hand, the metre sometimes runs wild, as in

> A precedent that may imitate, but not equal.

We may compare with this the last line but one of (p. 17) the first quotation.

Massinger does not readily, or perhaps willingly, idealize; he does not make capital of greatness. Hence it would be difficult to burlesque his characters. It has been charged that Massinger in effect does this himself by causing them to act illogically, in default or defiance of motives. We may indeed say that he uses the consistencies of human nature less than its inconsistencies. But what dramatist does not? In *The Maid of Honour*, which has many notable examples, he shows King Robert false and harsh at the beginning, and makes him perjure himself, in his message to Siena, from dismay at the number of his subjects enlisted against that duchy. Yet, in later scenes, under the influence of Camiola, he is wholly noble. When the Duchess Aurelia appears, he does not show her eminence before Camiola, who has no rank. All this is surely not unmeaning, but an intended tribute to the title character of the play.

Bertoldo, hero of the piece, is more liable to the same criticism, and more unjustly. He is chivalrous and princely, and vastly better than his type. At

the moment of trial, he disappoints himself, as any generous and unstalwart gallant might, under the blandishments of Aurelia, whose is a potent personality. Men who fascinate women are singularly capable of control by flattery. Women who have like power over men are true to preference, as Bertoldo is not. Is not this the whole story here? It is besides a drama of circumstance rather than of character.

And Camiola, who is Massinger's favourite heroine, if he has one, seems to the careless reader all compact of contradictions. The soul of diffidence and modesty, she deems herself to such degree unworthy of marriage with the king's brother as to refuse him, yet confesses her love for him with astonishing openness and unreserve. But her humility is not pretended, her frankness is not unaccountable. Bertoldo seems in gifts and presence a divinity, she may confess worship to him as to a god. When he is helpless and she saves him, she binds him by oath to marry her. This is not distrust of the man, but of his class, in no age chary of maids of honour. Unaware that she is still spiritually preferred by Bertoldo, she yields to the first of woman's instincts and proposes to tear him away from her titled rival. This leads to a contest over their personal charms — a thing abhorrent to Camiola's nature — with Aurelia, who invites it. When, at the comment of Gonzaga, —

> I see fair women on no terms will yield
> *Priority* in beauty, —

she realizes the inequality and ambitiousness of her position, she comes to herself, and renounces her pretensions:

> you are all beauty,
> Goodness, and virtue; and poor I not worthy
> As a foil to set you off.

All this is wholly feminine. Her decision at the close is the last reaction of her retiring nature, and lends to the whole an idealizing touch.

Massinger shows small liking for formality, and often fails, as here, of compassing the largest effect from a culmination. It has been said, and rightly, that he does not reach the level of the sublime. He shrinks, like his Camiola, from the grand manner, and refuses to exploit his powers. He seems unaware that he has exhibited the utmost of this heroine's strength and nobility of nature, not at the climax in the third act, as we might expect, nor here at the end, but at an unvital point. The inspiring moment comes in scene v of the fourth act, when, rising from her knees, she says these words to King Roberto:

> With your leave, I must not kneel, sir,
> While I reply to this, but thus rise up
> In my defence, and tell you, as a man —
> Since, when you are unjust, the deity,
> Which you may challenge as a king, parts from you —
> 'Twas never read in holy writ, or moral,
> That subjects on their loyalty were obliged
> To love their sovereign's vices.

Perhaps nowhere in plays of the period, not excepting the court scene (III. ii) of *The Winter's Tale*, is there a situation of greater possibilities. But the repose and majesty of righteous self-assertion are not here. What sublimity was in reach the author seems not to have imagined.

The criticism that Massinger does not endow his characters with the quality of self-revelation proceeds from a wrong assumption. If we do not look

for this quality in modern plays, why should we require it of the older school? Massinger's fellows, save one, do not possess the gift, and this fact proves them playwrights, and proves Shakespeare a maker of literature rather than of plays. In literature, the lines alone reveal the character. In proper stage plays, the actor finds and assumes the personality — which the mere reader may not adequately discern — and is essential to a complete and clear interpretation of the part.

Massinger does not therefore, at the outset, present final and compelling signs of character. In the development of his plays, there is progressive characterization, but nothing of the precision of a *Macbeth*, in which every syllable seems commissioned. Herein is the reason why Shakespeare is better read than acted. Massinger is better acted than read.

In *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, which is a typical stage play of standard quality, general types are shown, and the actors left to complete the characters. Modern actors of Shakespearean rôles frequently disregard signs of character not to their advantage. In Massinger, the actor supplements and enlarges, but does not ignore, the author's will.

Coming to the construction of Massinger's plays, we encounter questions of some difficulty. A rather broad comparison of chief dramas in all literatures has brought to many critics the conviction that there are no principles of dramatic construction, and that each sufficient playwright is a law unto himself. There are no accepted standards by which the craftsmanship of any given dramatist may be tried.

There are, however, fundamental features in which

the majority of plays agree. Plays are a form of story-telling, like the novel, heroic poems such as the *Æncid*, and the short story; and all modes of story-telling are to a certain extent alike. The first divisions of a play, as of a novel, present a situation, or the beginning of a history, out of which we conceive and desire a certain conclusion. The last act or chapter fulfils or defeats this expectation, and makes the story comedy or tragedy accordingly.

Every school or period of the drama has its own enlargement of this fundamental form. There is a variant manner of suggesting the outcome, as well as of involving the plot, and of shaping or signifying the climax of the action. In some modern dramas, the outcome is often not prefigured before the end of the first act, and several expedients are used to involve the plot. In Massinger's type of construction, the issue is sighted early in the first act, the plot is involved usually by two obstructions, and there is a climax of interest at the middle of the play. In other words, the Elizabethan evolution has already run its course, and established a definite and complete technique.

Plays, we are to remember, are constructed from the point of view, not of the author or the stage, but of the audience. In Marlowe's tragedy of *Doctor Faustus*, the title character is presented under such conditions as to dismay us, and make us crave his deliverance from the tempter. With Marlowe, this manner of presenting the enigma of the plot becomes established as Elizabethan. The type can be studied most easily in the great plays of Shakespeare, such as *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*. In *Macbeth* we conceive and covet a spectacular career

for the title character, even at the cost of crime. In *Hamlet* we are forced to imagine and desire that the dispossessed hero come to his own and his best as a prince and as a man. In *King Lear* we quickly feel that the amendment of Lear's follies and the reunion of his life with Cordelia's offer a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Besides the business of arousing the imagination and the sympathies of the audience, in the first act, and usually in the second situation, Shakespeare begins at once to intensify the interest he has aroused. To do this, he throws obstructions across the path that we have marked out mentally for the play. In *Lear*, for example, Goneril is made to suggest restrictive measures, to Regan, against her father, even in the first scene. We know what will be the success of any attempt to curb his spoiled nature, and it has the effect of making Lear leave, dinnerless, his daughter's home. When Shakespeare has finished this stroke,

> *Lear.* How now! Are the horses ready?
> *Gent.* Ready, my lord.
> *Lear.* Come, boy, —

he brings his first act to a close. In *Macbeth* the first obstruction with which he irks his audience is Macbeth's purpose to remain inactive, allowing chance to crown him without his stir. Here similarly, when the author has brought Macbeth to say, "I am settled, and bend up Each corporal agent to this terrible feat," his first act ends. In *Hamlet* the first obstruction is the Ghost's commission, which we feel is sure to interfere with the career of our splendid hero. This commission Hamlet accepts

at the close of Act I, and the act seems to end because he accepts, although he accepts unwillingly:

> The time is out of joint. O cursèd spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!

While some other dramatists involve the plot with three or four obstructions, Shakespeare employs but two, a greater and a less. The one finished with at the end of his first act is the lesser. Shakespeare establishes or removes the greater in the second scene or situation of his second act. In *Macbeth*, this chief obstruction, as Macbeth himself tells us (I. iv. 48 50), is Malcolm:

> The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
> On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
> For in my way it lies.

He has, it would seem, contented himself with hoping that Duncan would make him his successor. The murder of Duncan, in the second scene of the second act, withdraws this obstacle from the plot. In *Hamlet* we saw the prince fearlessly defying the king his uncle, in the second scene, and scandalizing the whole court by forcing attention upon his mother's shame. We fear that the king will not endure such conduct, but will have the man who daily and hourly insults him secretly dispatched. In the second scene of the second act we are made to know that Hamlet, unless proved to have discovered in some inexplicable way the king's secret, is to be let alone. In the second scene of Act II in *King Lear* we find Regan and Cornwall gone from home, thus denying shelter to the king, and even putting his messenger later in the stocks. Goneril, making her father's

stay in her home impossible, furnishes the lesser hindrance to our wishes. Regan, the weaker nature, being in dread of Goneril's power over her future, furnishes the greater obstruction, not by standing at the door and forbidding her father's entry — Shakespeare could not have made his play monstrous to that degree — but by the unworthy device of running away, and leaving the king no place to lay his head.

In the remainder of his second act Shakespeare adjusts the plot to the new conditions. The third act brings forward new forces, and new action, but generally not new figures. At the mid-point of this act, Shakespeare's scheme — agreeing with Aristotle's that a drama must have a middle as well as an opening and a conclusion — places the climax of imaginative interest; for here the conclusion is foreshadowed. In *Macbeth* we experience this imaginative illumination at the point where Lady Macbeth turns her guests out of doors, to prevent Macbeth's betraying, as she expects, the things he sees. We know what will happen in Scotland after that. The thanes, dismissed supperless to their castles, at the dead of night, will not only talk, but act.[1] In *Hamlet* we get our vision of the outcome when the king rises, in the second scene. In *Lear* we see the light of the conclusion as we hear of the king carried forth sleeping, in a litter (III. vi), towards Dover. The fourth act, in Shakespeare, is always a preparing time; forces and conditions are shaped in it for the dénouement, which is developed in Act V.

[1] Since this turn is in no sense warranted by Holinshed, we see that Shakespeare has devised it to precipitate the plot.

The scheme is simple, and adhered to with as much unity as the plot-handling seen in the *Antigone*, which Shakespeare's tragedies resemble. As a type, it belongs to the period, and represents the wisdom of the Elizabethan mind. The type is clearly discerned in Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, and Webster, and even Shirley, as well as Massinger. Yet it is plain that these men did not comprehend, in anything like a reflective or scientific manner, what principles they were following. It is perhaps not less true that Shakespeare himself was not aware of the things he was forced to do, with given materials, in order to please himself in the drafting of a play.

Of the four dramas chosen to represent the work of Massinger in this volume, *The Maid of Honour* has the best construction. We see, at the very outset, that we are expected to take a romantic interest in Bertoldo, who will be the hero. In scene ii we meet with Sylli, — not a human, but wholly a stage figure, and introduced to serve as a foil to Bertoldo. We at once recognize in Camiola the proper heroine. She is already in love with Bertoldo, and we desire their union as the consummation of the history. On their meeting, we are dismayed to find that Camiola considers herself unworthy, and is minded to send Bertoldo away without the least promise of her favour. Her resolution to withhold herself is the lesser obstruction, and with this established in the plot, the first act ends, as the type requires.

In Act II we encounter the major obstruction, namely, Fulgentio. Used, according to the standard plan, to involve the plot, he should have been in-

troduced early in Act I. Exactly in the typical place, in the second scene of this act, the obstacle in Fulgentio is removed, Camiola refusing to admit his suit. The author, now departing from the simple unity of the scheme, details the fortunes of the hero. In scene iii the Sienese army is shown; in scene iv the citadel which they besiege and in scene v Bertoldo is exhibited as a captive. This turn introduces, in reality, a third obstruction to the issue which we desire.

Act III should show new forces and new action, but instead we have merely Bertoldo's prospects made desperate. In scenes ii and iii comes proper third-act matter in the form of the new lover, Adorni, and his attempts to avenge Camiola. Here, without the trouble of making a separate situation, the author shapes his imaginative climax: Camiola confesses her love for Bertoldo, and levies upon Adorni's declared affection for herself, to the extent of sending him on a mission of ransom for Bertoldo. This is woman, but is it perfect woman? Should not this generous nature have held out some promise of reward?

Act IV begins typically, with spectacular features that please the crowd, and degrade Aurelia, who is now to be shown. She is thus kept from being in competition with Camiola. Any proper rival to the heroine would have been brought forward earlier in the plot. Scene iii is well conceived; Bertoldo is shown in chains, with Adorni's entry. Bertoldo is overjoyed, confesses infinite obligation and gratitude. He pays his debts, and buys costly clothing, which takes Aurelia's eye. Aurelia, without preparing us with proofs of her susceptive nature, is immediately

enamoured of her prisoner. In scene iv Adorni hastens to Palermo to tell Camiola, hoping now to be loved. In scene v the king tries to force Camiola to wed Fulgentio, and rouses in her the greatness which makes the character and the play. This normally ends, by the typical scheme, the preparing time.

At the opening of Act V, Adorni is shown reporting Bertoldo in Palermo with Aurelia. Camiola declares she will "ravish him from her arms"; apparently thinking herself repudiated and forgotten because of her inferior station. In scene ii Roberto receives Bertoldo into his favour, apparently for reasons of state. Camiola and Aurelia are brought together, and Bertoldo silenced, in spite of Aurelia's defence. Then after her complete vindication, with Aurelia holding out to her the dispensation procured for her own union with Bertoldo, Camiola astonishes the company, and ourselves, with the vow to dedicate the last and better part of her life to a "fair nunnery."

In this there is no 'lesson,' as at first seems promised. This is not the place to consider the ultimate meaning of Massinger's plays; but the ending here illustrates in no organic way either the perfidy of man or the self-immolation of woman. Neither does it idealize, as some have opined, the cloistral life. The element of surprise, which Massinger resolutely uses, is often a mere expedient of sensational dramatists for escaping the logical consequences of their experiments. Great plays have organic endings, where the conclusion is evolved, according to strict and unvarying laws, from the conditions.

In *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, the construction of the plot is not emphasized, the main object being to exhibit the character of Sir Giles saliently. We find that we conceive and wish the union of Lord Lovell and Lady Allworth as the organizing idea, after learning that Tom Allworth and "fair Margaret" are not to be hero and heroine to us. The involving of the plot is likewise shadowy, Lady Allworth's change of feeling towards Wellborn being used as the minor obstruction; and with the establishing of this, the first act ends. The greater obstruction is Overreach's daughter, Margaret, who is not shown till the second act, and then as a probable rival to Lady Allworth. The typic construction would have introduced her in Act I, and have finished with her as an obstruction in scene ii of the present act. There is an ideal imaginative climax at the point (III. ii) where Lady Allworth bears away Lord Lovell.

We note here the rudimentary suggestion of a second plot. This is after the manner of the time, as is seen in Shakespeare's *Much Ado*. In the latter play, the construction puts Claudio and Hero forward as hero and heroine, at the opening, and makes Benedict and Beatrice merely accessory to the plot. Later, when Beatrice, having become enamoured of Benedict, secures his promise to kill Claudio for Hero's sake, the construction shifts, and Benedict and Beatrice are made to exchange places with the fundamental figures. We see how inferior would have been the result if the author had tried to construct the play with Benedict and Beatrice as hero and heroine at the start. Here, Massinger does not succeed in making one pair of

lovers keep out of competition, for our interest, with the other. Yet the construction is essentially Elizabethan.

In *The Roman Actor*, we come upon evidence of Massinger's classic reading, and some imitation of Seneca that might seem first-hand. There is a broad use of materials that suggests the ways of Jonson. The purpose in plays of this sort is to enact, with realizing details, some episode or chapter of classic history. It is plain that the dramatic motive here is to present in essence the romantic and spectacular career of the emperor Domitian. The audiences of the day liked to see the life of royalty represented on the stage. There is also the evident and novel purpose to commend or idealize the player's profession, which was especially despised in classical times, and in spite of certain popular figures like Alleyn and Burbage and Shakespeare, was held in no great honour in Massinger's generation.

With a double motive there is often a double plot, but this Massinger does not attempt to manage. So the play opens with a situation that arouses interest, but hardly interest sufficient to last through the whole five acts. We merely wish that Paris and his fellows, who are in jeopardy, may be vindicated, and win appreciation from the Roman public. The plot is involved first with the ill-will of the senate, which is finished with at the end of scene iii. The greater obstruction can lie nowhere but in Domitian; how he will regard Paris, and his companions, is doubtful. Paris, in his first paragraph of pleading, expresses the desire that Cæsar sit as judge, and by the device of Parthenius and Paris, in the

first part of Act II, this is brought about. The play that Paris and Æsopus present might well be made into a second scene. Were this done, the solution would be in accordance with the typical scheme.

The third act begins with new forces and new action, but the first instalment of this, the plot devised between Stephanos and Julia, is not organic, and does not concern the consummation. The passion of the empress for Paris, exhibited to us in the play of *Iphis and Anaxarete*, furnishes the imaginative climax, and makes us divine the fate of both. The fourth act opens as a proper preparing time. Domitia seeks an assignation with her favourite, and Parthenius as well as Aretinus read their open secret. The plot moves too fast, if this is to be in reality a play of *The Roman Actor*. Cæsar is apprized of the intrigue, even in the first scene.

Scene ii, from the author's point of view, is apparently the crowning part of the whole play; in it he exalts Paris and the actor's profession. Here might well have been the climax of the whole, at the point where Cæsar surprises the guilty pair. The device of another play is clever, and furnishes a most telling dramatic turn. But the conclusion should hardly enact itself here; else why have a fifth act at all? But the last act is here in a sense organic, for it brings to the passion of Domitia, inspired by the genius of Paris, its inevitable retribution. In and through this, the last act becomes the tragedy of Domitian.

The last of the four dramas to be considered, *Believe as You List*, is typically constructed. The first scene should furnish the antecedent circumstances of the action. Here we have these and more; we

conceive and desire the vindication of Don Sebastian, now turned Antiochus. The plot is at once involved, first, by the treachery of the three servants, who seek to obliterate all marks and claims of kingship. This is the lesser obstruction, and is removed at the finding and identification of Antiochus, by the three merchants, at the end of Act I. The greater obstruction is Flaminius, who is baffled, in the second scene of Act II, by the senate of Carthage. The third act begins with new forces and new action; Rome takes up the case. The imaginative climax is in the second scene. The element of the unexpected is used unsparingly, and the play ends before its warring forces are brought to a proper equilibrium.

On account of the passive nature of the theme, the work has unusual sameness of matter and movement, which might have been relieved by added episodes. The play may well be conceived to suffer from drastic adjustment (p. 13) to another set of characters and another age. The work withal is strong, and moves with a directness unusual in Massinger. It illustrates the great cleverness of this author, who, without originality in materials or treatment, adapted the stage more nearly to public needs. Massinger brilliantly imitated and supplemented what other dramatists were doing, and enlarged the vogue of the theatre. Though he has left us no immortal lines, he contributed perhaps most, save Shakespeare, to nationalize the drama, and give fame and prestige to the playwright's art.

F. A. Sherman

THE ROMAN ACTOR

THE ROMAN ACTOR

The Roman Actor was licensed October 11, 1626, and printed in quarto three years later. The materials of the plot were taken from the 'Domitianus' of Suetonius's *Lives*, and from Book LXVII of Dio Cassius. The author appears to have borrowed suggestions, for Domitia, from the character of Messalina, wife of Claudius, as drawn (*Annals*, xi) by Tacitus.

To my much honoured and most true Friends,

SIR PHILIP KNYVET, KNIGHT AND BARONET,

AND TO SIR THOMAS JEAY, KNIGHT,

AND THOMAS BELLINGHAM,

of Newtimber, in Sussex, ESQUIRE.

How much I acknowledge myself bound for your so many and extraordinary favours conferred upon me, as far as it is in my power, posterity shall take notice: I were most unworthy of such noble friends, if I should not, with all thankfulness, profess and own them. In the composition of this Tragedy you were my only supporters, and it being now by your principal encouragement to be turned into the world, it cannot walk safer than under your protection. It hath been happy in the suffrage of some learned and judicious gentlemen when it was presented, nor shall they find cause, I hope, in the perusal, to repent them of their good opinion of it. If the gravity and height of the subject distaste such as are only affected with jigs and ribaldry (as I presume it will), their condemnation of me and my poem can no way offend me: my reason teaching me, such malicious and ignorant detractors deserve rather contempt than satisfaction. I ever held it the most perfect birth of my Minerva; and therefore in justice offer it to those that have best deserved of me; who, I hope, in their courteous acceptance will render it worth their receiving, and ever, in their gentle construction of my imperfections, believe they may at their pleasure dispose of him, that is wholly and sincerely

Devoted to their service,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Domitianus Cæsar.

Paris, the Roman Actor.

Ælius Lamia,
Junius Rusticus,
Palphurius Sura,
Fulcinius,
} Senators.

Parthenius, Cæsar's Freedman.

Aretinus Clemens, Cæsar's Spy.

Stephanos, Domitilla's Freedman.

Æsopus,
Latinus,
} Players.

Philargus, a rich Miser; Father of Parthenius.

Ascletario, an Astrologer.

Sejeius,
Entellus,
} Conspirators.

Tribunes, Lictors, Centurions, Soldiers, Hangmen, Servants, Captives.

Domitia, Wife of Ælius Lamia.

Domitilla, Cousin-german to Cæsar.

Julia, Daughter of Titus.

Cænis, Vespasian's Concubine.

A Lady.

Scene — Rome

THE ROMAN ACTOR

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

The Theatre

Enter PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS

Æsop. What do we act to-day?
Lat. Agave's frenzy,[n]
With Pentheus' bloody end.
Par. It skills not what;
The times are dull, and all that we receive
Will hardly satisfy the day's expense.
The Greeks, to whom, we owe the first invention
Both of the buskined scene[n] and humble sock,
That reign in every noble family,
Declaim against us; and our amphitheatre,
Great Pompey's work,[n] that hath given full delight
Both to the eye and ear of fifty thousand
Spectators in one day, as if it were
Some unknown desert, or great Rome unpeopled,
Is quite forsaken.
Lat. Pleasures of worse natures
Are gladly entertained; and they that shun us,
Practise, in private, sports the stews would blush at.
A litter borne by eight Liburnian slaves,[n]
To buy diseases from a glorious strumpet,
The most censorious of our Roman gentry,

[n] A superior n in the text indicates a note at the end of the volume.

Nay, of the guarded robe,[n] the senators,
Esteem an easy purchase.
Par. Yet grudge us
That with delight join profit, and endeavour
To build their minds up fair, and on the stage
Decipher to the life what honours wait
On good and glorious actions, and the shame
That treads upon the heels of vice, the salary
Of six sestertii.[n]
Æsop. For the profit, Paris,
And mercenary gain, they are things beneath us;
Since, while you hold your grace and power with Cæsar,
We, from your bounty, find a large supply,
Nor can one thought of want ever approach us.
Par. Our aim is glory, and to leave our names
To aftertimes.
Lat. And, would they give us leave,
There ends all our ambition.
Æsop. We have enemies,
And great ones, too, I fear. 'Tis given out lately,
The consul Aretinus, Cæsar's spy,
Said at his table, ere a month expired,
For being galled in our last comedy,
He'd silence us for ever.
Par. I expect
No favour from him; my strong Aventine[n] is,
That great Domitian, whom we oft have cheered
In his most sullen moods, will once return,
Who can repair, with ease, the consul's ruins.
Lat. 'Tis frequent in the city, he hath subdued
The Catti and the Daci,[n] and, ere long,
The second time will enter Rome in triumph.

Enter two Lictors

Par. Jove hasten it! — With us? — I now believe
The consul's threats, Æsopus.

1st Lict. You are summoned
To appear to-day in Senate.
2nd Lict. And there to answer
What shall be urged against you.
Par. We obey you.
Nay, droop not, fellows; innocence should be bold.
We, that have personated in the scene
The ancient heroes, and the falls of princes,
With loud applause, being to act ourselves,
Must do it with undaunted confidence.
Whate'er our sentence be, think 'tis in sport;
And, though condemned, let's hear it without sorrow,
As if we were to live again to-morrow.
1st Lict. 'Tis spoken like yourself.

Enter ÆLIUS LAMIA, JUNIUS RUSTICUS, *and* PALPHURIUS SURA

Lam. Whither goes Paris?
1st. Lict. He's cited to the Senate.
Lat. I am glad the state is
So free from matters of more weight and trouble,
That it has vacant time to look on us.
Par. That reverend place, in which the affairs of kings
And provinces were determined, to descend
To the censure of a bitter word, or jest,
Dropped from a poet's pen! Peace to your lordships!
We are glad that you are safe.
[*Exeunt* Lictors, PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS.
Lam. What times are these!
To what is Rome fallen! May we, being alone,
Speak our thoughts freely of the prince and state,
And not fear the informer?
Rust. Noble Lamia,
So dangerous the age is, and such bad acts
Are practised everywhere, we hardly sleep,
Nay, cannot dream with safety. All our actions

Are called in question. To be nobly born
Is now a crime; and to deserve too well,
Held capital treason. Sons accuse their fathers,
Fathers their sons; and, but to win a smile
From one in grace at court, our chastest matrons
Make shipwreck of their honours. To be virtuous
Is to be guilty. They are only safe
That know to soothe the prince's appetite,
And serve his lusts.

Sura. 'Tis true; and 'tis my wonder,
That two sons of so different a nature
Should spring from good Vespasian. We had a Titus,
Styled justly "the Delight of all Mankind,"[n]
Who did esteem that day lost in his life
In which some one or other tasted not
Of his magnificent bounties; one that had
A ready tear, when he was forced to sign
The death of an offender; and so far
From pride that he disdained not the converse
Even of the poorest Roman.

Lam. Yet his brother,
Domitian, that now sways the power of things,
Is so inclined to blood that no day passes
In which some are not fastened to the hook,[n]
Or thrown down from the Gemonies.[n] His freedmen
Scorn the nobility, and he himself,
As if he were not made of flesh and blood,
Forgets he is a man.

Rust. In his young years,
He showed what he would be when grown to ripeness.
His greatest pleasure was, being a child,
With a sharp-pointed bodkin to kill flies,
Whose rooms now men supply. For his escape
In the Vitellian war,[n] he raised a temple
To Jupiter, and proudly placed his figure
In the bosom of the god; and, in his edicts,
He does not blush, or start, to style himself —

As if the name of emperor were base —
Great Lord and God Domitian.
Sura. I have letters
He's on his way to Rome, and purposes
To enter with all glory. The flattering Senate
Decrees him divine honours; and to cross it,
Were death with studied torments. For my part,
I will obey the time; it is in vain
To strive against the torrent.
Rust. Let's to the Curia,[n]
And, though unwillingly, give our suffrages,
Before we are compelled.
Lam. And since we cannot
With safety use the active, let's make use of
The passive fortitude, with this assurance, —
That the state, sick in him, the gods to friend,
Though at the worst, will now begin to mend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A Room in LAMIA'S *House*

Enter DOMITIA *and* PARTHENIUS

Dom. To me this reverence!
Parth. I pay it, lady,
As a debt due to her that's Cæsar's mistress;
For understand with joy, he that commands
All that the sun gives warmth to is your servant.
Be not amazed, but fit you to your fortunes.
Think upon state and greatness, and the honours
That wait upon Augusta, for that name
Ere long comes to you: — still you doubt your vassal —
[*Presents a letter.*
But, when you've read this letter, writ and signed
With his imperial hand, you will be freed
From fear and jealousy; and, I beseech you,

When all the beauties of the earth bow to you,
And senators shall take it for an honour,
As I do now, to kiss these happy feet; [*Kneels.*
When every smile you give is a preferment,
And you dispose of provinces to your creatures,
Think on Parthenius.

Dom. Rise. I am transported,
And hardly dare believe what is assured here.
The means, my good Parthenius, that wrought Cæsar,
Our god on earth, to cast an eye of favour
Upon his humble handmaid?

Parth. What but your beauty?
When Nature framed you for her masterpiece,
As the pure abstract of all rare in woman,
She had no other ends but to design you
To the most eminent place. I will not say —
For it would smell of arrogance, to insinuate
The service I have done you — with what zeal
I oft have made relation of your virtues,
Or how I've sung your goodness, or how Cæsar,
Was fired with the relation of your story:
I am rewarded in the act, and happy
In that my project prospered.

Dom. You are modest;
And, were it in my power, I would be thankful.
If that, when I was mistress of myself,
And, in my way of youth,[n] pure and untainted,
The emperor had vouchsafed to seek my favours,
I had with joy given up my virgin fort,
At the first summons, to his soft embraces.
But I am now another's, not mine own;
You know I have a husband. For my honour,
I would not be his strumpet; and how law
Can be dispensed with to become his wife,
To me's a riddle.

Parth. I can soon resolve it;
When power puts in his plea the laws are silenced.

The world confesses one Rome, and one Cæsar,
And, as his rule is infinite, his pleasures
Are unconfined. This syllable, his will,
Stands for a thousand reasons.
Dom. But with safety —
Suppose I should consent — how can I do it?
My husband is a senator, of a temper
Not to be jested with.

Enter LAMIA

Parth. As if he durst
Be Cæsar's rival! Here he comes; with ease
I will remove this scruple.
Lam. [*Aside.*] How! so private!
My own house made a brothel! Sir, how durst you,
Though guarded with your power in court, and greatness,
Hold conference with my wife? As for you, minion,
I shall hereafter treat —
Parth. You are rude and saucy
Nor know to whom you speak.
Lam. This is fine, i' faith!
Parth. Your wife! But touch her, that respect forgotten
That's due to her whom mightiest Cæsar favours,
And think what 'tis to die. Not to lose time,
She's Cæsar's choice; it is sufficient honour
You were his taster in this heavenly nectar,
But now must quit the office.
Lam. This is rare!
Cannot a man be master of his wife,
Because she's young and fair, without a patent?
I in mine own house am an emperor,
And will defend what's mine. Where are my knaves?
If such an insolence escape unpunished —
Parth. In yourself, Lamia. Cæsar hath forgot
To use his power, and I, his instrument,

In whom, though absent, his authority speaks,
Have lost my faculties! [*Stamps.*

Enter a Centurion *with* Soldiers

Lam. The guard! Why, am I
Designed for death?
Dom. As you desire my favour,
Take not so rough a course.
Parth. All your desires
Are absolute commands. Yet give me leave
To put the will of Cæsar into act.
Here's a bill of divorce between your lordship
And this great lady. If you refuse to sign it,
And so as if you did it uncompelled,
Won to't by reasons that concern yourself,
Her honour too untainted, here are clerks
Shall in your best blood write it new, till torture
Compel you to perform it.
Lam. Is this legal?
Parth. Monarchs that dare not do unlawful things,
Yet bear them out, are constables, not kings.
Will you dispute?
Lam. I know not what to urge
Against myself, but too much dotage on her,
Love, and observance.
Parth. Set it under your hand
That you are impotent, and cannot pay
The duties of a husband; or that you are mad.
Rather than want just cause, we'll make you so.
Dispatch, you know the danger else; deliver it, —
Nay, on your knee. Madam, you are now free,
And mistress of yourself.
Lam. Can you, Domitia,
Consent to this?
Dom. 'Twould argue a base mind
To live a servant, when I may command.

I now am Cæsar's; and yet, in respect
I once was yours, when you come to the palace,
Provided you deserve it in your service,
You shall find me your good mistress. — Wait me, Parthenius.
And now farewell, poor Lamia! [*Exeunt all but* LAMIA.
Lam. To the gods
I bend my knees — for tyranny hath banished
Justice from men — and as they would deserve
Their altars, and our vows, humbly invoke them,
That this my ravished wife may prove as fatal
To proud Domitian, and her embraces
Afford him, in the end, as little joy,
As wanton Helen brought to him of Troy. [*Exit.*

SCENE III

The Curia or Senate-house

Enter Lictors, ARETINUS, FULCINIUS, RUSTICUS, SURA, PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS

Aret. Fathers conscript,[n] may this our meeting be
Happy to Cæsar and the commonwealth!
Lict. Silence!
Aret. The purpose of this frequent Senate,[n]
Is, first, to give thanks to the gods of Rome,
That, for the propagation of the empire,
Vouchsafe us one to govern it, like themselves.
In height of courage, depth of understanding,
And all those virtues, and remarkable graces,
Which make a prince most eminent, our Domitian
Transcends the ancient Romans. I can never
Bring his praise to a period. What good man
That is a friend to truth, dares make it doubtful
That he hath Fabius' staidness, and the courage
Of bold Marcellus, to whom Hannibal gave

The style of Target, and the Sword of Rome? [n]
But he has more, and every touch more Roman;
As Pompey's dignity, Augustus' state,
Antony's bounty, and great Julius' fortune,
With Cato's resolution.[n] I am lost
In the ocean of his virtues; in a word,
All excellencies of good men in him meet,
But no part of their vices.
Rust. This is no flattery!
Sura. Take heed, you'll be observed.
Aret. 'Tis then most fit
That we — as[n] to the father of our country,
Like thankful sons, stand bound to pay true service
For all those blessings that he showers upon us —
Should not connive, and see his government
Depraved and scandalized by meaner men,
That to his favour and indulgence owe
Themselves and being.
Par. Now he points at us.
Aret. Cite Paris, the tragedian.
Par. Here.
Aret. Stand forth.
In thee, as being the chief of thy profession,
I do accuse the quality[n] of treason,
As libellers against the state and Cæsar.
Par. Mere accusations are not proofs, my lord:
In what are we delinquents?
Aret. You are they
That search into the secrets of the time,
And, under feignèd names, on the stage, present
Actions not to be touched at; and traduce
Persons of rank and quality of both sexes,
And, with satirical and bitter jests,
Make even the senators ridiculous
To the plebeians.
Par. If I free not myself,
And, in myself, the rest of my profession,

From these false imputations, and prove
That they make that a libel which the poet
Writ for a comedy, so acted too,
It is but justice that we undergo
The heaviest censure.
Aret. Are you on the stage,
You talk so boldly?
Par. The whole world being one,
This place is not exempted; and I am
So confident in the justice of our cause,
That I could wish Cæsar, in whose great name
All kings are comprehended, sat as judge,
To hear our plea, and then determine of us.
If to express a man sold to his lusts,
Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes
In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end
A wretch that's so given over does arrive at;
Deterring careless youth, by his example,
From such licentious courses; laying open
The snares of bawds, and the consuming arts
Of prodigal strumpets, can deserve reproof;
Why are not all your golden principles,
Writ down by grave philosophers to instruct us
To choose fair virtue for our guide, not pleasure,
Condemned unto the fire?
Sura. There's spirit in this.
Par. Or if desire of honour was the base
On which the building of the Roman empire
Was raised up to this height; if to inflame
The noble youth with an ambitious heat
To endure the frosts of danger, nay, of death,
To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath
By glorious undertakings, may deserve
Reward or favour from the commonwealth;
Actors may put in for as large a share
As all the sects of the philosophers:
They with cold precepts perhaps seldom read

Deliver what an honourable thing
The active virtue is; but does that fire
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation,
To be both good and great, equal to that
Which is presented on our theatres?
Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,
Show great Alcides[n] honoured in the sweat
Of his twelve labours; or a bold Camillus,[n]
Forbidding Rome to be redeemed with gold
From the insulting Gauls; or Scipio,[n]
After his victories, imposing tribute
On conquered Carthage; if done to the life,
As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,
And did partake with them in their rewards,
All that have any spark of Roman in them,
The slothful arts laid by, contend to be
Like those they see presented.
Rust. He has put
The consuls to their whisper.
Par. But 'tis urged
That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.
When do we bring a vice upon the stage,
That does go off unpunished? Do we teach,
By the success of wicked undertakings,
Others to tread in their forbidden steps?
We show no arts of Lydian[n] panderism,
Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,
But mulcted so in the conclusion that
Even those spectators that were so inclined
Go home changed men. And, for traducing such
That are above us, publishing to the world
Their secret crimes, we are as innocent
As such as are born dumb. When we present
An heir that does conspire against the life
Of his dear parent, numbering every hour
He lives, as tedious to him; if there be,
Among the auditors, one whose conscience tells him

He is of the same mould, we cannot help it.
Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress,
That does maintain the riotous expense
Of him that feeds her greedy lust, yet suffers
The lawful pledges of a former bed
To starve the while for hunger; if a matron,
However great in fortune, birth, or titles,
Guilty of such a foul unnatural sin,
Cry out, 'Tis writ by me, we cannot help it.
Or, when a covetous man's expressed, whose wealth
Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships
A falcon in one day cannot fly over;
Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping,
As not to afford himself the necessaries
To maintain life; if a patrician —
Though honoured with a consulship — find himself
Touched to the quick in this, we cannot help it.
Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt,
And will give up his sentence as he favours
The person, not the cause; saving the guilty,
If of his faction, and as oft condemning
The innocent, out of particular spleen;
If any in this reverend assembly,
Nay, e'en yourself, my lord, that are the image
Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom,
That puts you in remembrance of things past,
Or things intended, 'tis not in us to help it.
I have said, my lord; and now, as you find cause,
Or censure us, or free us with applause.

Lat. Well pleaded, on my life! I never saw him
Act an orator's part before.

Æsop. We might have given
Ten double fees to Regulus, and yet
Our cause delivered worse. [*A shout within.*

Enter PARTHENIUS

Aret. What shout is that?
Parth. Cæsar, our lord, married to conquest, is
Returned in triumph.
Ful. Let's all haste to meet him.
Aret. Break up the court; we will reserve to him
The censure of this cause.
All. Long life to Cæsar! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

The Approach to the Capitol

Enter JULIA, CÆNIS, DOMITILLA, *and* DOMITIA

Cænis. Stand back — the place is mine.
Jul. Yours! Am I not
Great Titus' daughter, and Domitian's niece?
Dares any claim precedence?
Cænis. I was more, —
The mistress of your father, and, in his right,
Claim duty from you.
Jul. I confess you were useful
To please his appetite.
Dom. To end the controversy,
For I'll have no contending, I'll be bold
To lead the way myself.
Domitil. You, minion!
Dom. Yes;
And all, ere long, shall kneel to catch my favours.
Jul. Whence springs this flood of greatness?
Dom. You shall know
Too soon, for your vexation, and perhaps
Repent too late, and pine with envy, when
You see whom Cæsar favours.
Jul. Observe the sequel.

Enter Captains *with laurels*, DOMITIAN *in his triumphant chariot*, PARTHENIUS, PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS, *met by* ARETINUS, SURA, LAMIA, RUSTICUS, FULCINIUS, Soldiers *and* Captives

Cæs. As we now touch the height of human glory,
Riding in triumph to the Capitol,
Let these, whom this victorious arm hath made
The scorn of fortune, and the slaves of Rome,
Taste the extremes of misery. Bear them off
To the common prisons, and there let them prove
How sharp our axes are.

[*Exeunt* Soldiers *with* Captives.

Rust. [*Aside.*] A bloody entrance!

Cæs. To tell you you are happy in your prince,
Were to distrust your love, or my desert;
And either were distasteful; or to boast
How much, not by my deputies, but myself,
I have enlarged the empire; or what horrors
The soldier, in our conduct, hath broke through,
Would better suit the mouth of Plautus' braggart,[n]
Than the adored monarch of the world.

Sura. [*Aside.*] This is no boast!

Cæs. When I but name the Daci,[n]
And grey-eyed Germans, whom I have subdued,
The ghost of Julius will look pale with envy,
And great Vespasian's and Titus' triumph —
Truth must take place of father and of brother —
Will be no more remembered. I am above
All honours you can give me; and the style
Of Lord and God, which thankful subjects give me,
Not my ambition, is deserved.

Aret. At all parts
Celestial sacrifice is fit for Cæsar,
In our acknowledgment.

Cæs. Thanks, Aretinus;
Still hold our favour. Now, the god of war,

And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's [n] pages,
Banished from Rome to Thrace, in our good fortune,
With justice he may taste the fruits of peace
Whose sword hath ploughed the ground, and reaped the harvest
Of your prosperity. Nor can I think
That there is one among you so ungrateful,
Or such an enemy to thriving virtue,
That can esteem the jewel he holds dearest
Too good for Cæsar's use.
Sura. All we possess —
Lam. Our liberties —
Ful. Our children —
Parth. Wealth —
Aret. And throats,
Fall willingly beneath his feet.
Rust. [*Aside.*] Base flattery!
What Roman can endure this!
Cæs. This calls on
My love to all, which spreads itself among you.
The beauties of the time! [*Seeing the ladies.*] Receive the honour
To kiss the hand which, reared up thus, holds thunder;
To you 'tis an assurance of a calm.
Julia, my niece, and Cænis, the delight
Of old Vespasian; Domitilla, too,
A princess of our blood.
Rust. 'Tis strange his pride
Affords no greater courtesy to ladies
Of such high birth and rank.
Sura. Your wife's forgotten.
Lam. No, she will be remembered, fear it not;
She will be graced, and greased.
Cæs. But, when I look on
Divine Domitia, methinks we should meet —
The lesser gods applauding the encounter —
As Jupiter, the Giants lying dead

On the Phlegræan plain,[n] embraced his Juno.
Lamia, it is your honour that she's mine.
Lam. You are too great to be gainsaid.
Cæs. Let all
That fear our frown, or do affect our favour,
Without examining the reason why,
Salute her — by this kiss I make it good —
With the title of Augusta.
Dom. Still your servant.
All. Long live Augusta, great Domitian's empress!
Cæs. Paris, my hand.
Par. [*Kissing it.*] The gods still honour Cæsar!
Cæs. The wars are ended, and, our arms laid by,
We are for soft delights. Command the poets
To use their choicest and most rare invention
To entertain the time, and be you careful
To give it action. We'll provide the people
Pleasures of all kinds. — My Domitia, think not
I flatter, though thus fond. — On to the Capitol.[n]
'Tis death to him that wears a sullen brow.
This 'tis to be a monarch, when alone
He can command all, but is awed by none. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND

Scene I

An Inner Court in the Palace

Enter Philargus *in rags, and* Parthenius

Phil. My son to tutor me! Know your obedience,
And question not my will.
Parth. Sir, were I one
Whom want compelled to wish a full possession
Of what is yours; or had I ever numbered
Your years, or thought you lived too long, with reason
You then might nourish ill opinions of me;
Or did the suit that I prefer to you
Concern myself, and aimed not at your good,
You might deny, and I sit down with patience,
And after never press you.
Phil. I' the name of Pluto,
What wouldst thou have me do?
Path. Right to yourself;
Or suffer me to do it. Can you imagine
This nasty hat, this tattered cloak, rent shoe,
This sordid linen, can become the master
Of your fair fortunes? whose superfluous means,
Though I were burthensome, could clothe you in
The costliest Persian silks, studded with jewels,
The spoils of provinces, and every day
Fresh change of Tyrian purple.[n]
Phil. Out upon thee!
My moneys in my coffers melt to hear thee.
Purple! Hence, prodigal! Shall I make my mercer

Or tailor my heir, or see my jeweller purchase?
No, I hate pride.
Parth. Yet decency would do well.
Though, for your outside, you will not be altered,
Let me prevail so far yet, as to win you
Not to deny your belly nourishment;
Neither to think you've feasted, when 'tis crammed
With mouldy barley-bread, onions, and leeks,
And the drink of bondmen, water.
Phil. Wouldst thou have me
Be an Apicius[n] or a Lucullus,
And riot out my state in curious sauces?
Wise nature with a little is contented;
And, following her, my guide, I cannot err.
Parth. But you destroy her in your want of care —
I blush to see, and speak it — to maintain her
In perfect health and vigour; when you suffer —
Frighted with the charge of physic — rheums, catarrhs,
The scurf, ache in your bones, to grow upon you,
And hasten on your fate with too much sparing:
When a cheap purge, a vomit, and a good diet,
May lengthen it. Give me but leave to send
The emperor's doctor to you.
Phil. I'll be borne first,
Half-rotten, to the fire that must consume me!
His pills, his cordials, his electuaries,[n]
His syrups, juleps, bezoar stone,[n] nor his
Imagined unicorn's horn, comes in my belly;
My mouth shall be a draught first, 'tis resolved.
No; I'll not lessen my dear golden heap,
Which, every hour increasing, does renew
My youth and vigour; but, if lessened, then,
Then my poor heart-strings crack. Let me enjoy it,
And brood o'er 't, while I live, it being my life,
My soul, my all. But when I turn to dust,
And part from what is more esteemed, by me,
Than all the gods Rome's thousand altars smoke to,

Inherit thou my adoration of it,
And, like me, serve my idol. [*Exit.*
Parth. What a strange torture
Is avarice to itself! What man, that looks on
Such a penurious spectacle, but must
Know what the fable meant of Tantalus,
Or the ass whose back 's cracked with curious viands,
Yet feeds on thistles? Some course I must take,
To make my father know what cruelty
He uses on himself.

Enter PARIS

Par. Sir, with your pardon,
I make bold to inquire the emperor's pleasure;
For, being by him commanded to attend,
Your favour may instruct us what's his will
Shall be this night presented.
Parth. My loved Paris,
Without my intercession, you well know,
You may make your own approaches, since his ear
To you is ever open.
Par. I acknowledge
His clemency to my weakness, and, if ever
I do abuse it, lightning strike me dead!
The grace he pleases to confer upon me –
Without boast I may say so much – was never
Employed to wrong the innocent, or to incense
His fury.
Parth. 'Tis confessed. Many men owe you
For provinces they ne'er hoped for; and their lives,
Forfeited to his anger. You being absent,
I could say more.
Par. You still are my good patron;
And, lay it in my fortune to deserve it,
You should perceive the poorest of your clients
To his best abilities thankful.

Parth. I believe so.
Met you my father?
Par. Yes, sir, with much grief,
To see him as he is. Can nothing work him
To be himself?
Parth. O Paris, 'tis a weight
Sits heavy here; and could this right hand's loss
Remove it, it should off: but he is deaf
To all persuasion.
Par. Sir, with your pardon,
I'll offer my advice. I once observed,
In a tragedy of ours, in which a murder
Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer,
Forced by the terror of a wounded conscience,
To make discovery of that which torture
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear
Like an impossibility, but that
Your father, looking on a covetous man
Presented on the stage, as in a mirror,
May see his own deformity, and loathe it.
Now, could you but persuade the emperor
To see a comedy we have, that's styled
The Cure of Avarice, and to command
Your father to be a spectator of it,
He shall be so anatomized in the scene,
And see himself so personated, the baseness
Of a self-torturing miserable wretch
Truly described, that I much hope the object
Will work compunction in him.
Parth. There's your fee;
I ne'er bought better counsel. Be you in readiness,
I will effect the rest.
Par. Sir, when you please;
We'll be prepared to enter. — Sir, the emperor. [*Exit.*

Enter CÆSAR, ARETINUS, *and* Guard

Cæs. Repine at us!
Aret. 'Tis more, or my informers,
That keep strict watch upon him, are deceived
In their intelligence. There is a list
Of malcontents, as Junius Rusticus,
Palphurius Sura, and this Ælius Lamia,
That murmur at your triumphs, as mere pageants;
And, at their midnight meetings, tax your justice —
For so I style what they call tyranny —
For Pætus Thrasea's death, as if in him
Virtue herself were murdered; nor forget they
Agricola,[n] who, for his service done
In the reducing Britain to obedience,
They dare affirm to be removed with poison;
And he compelled to write you a coheir
With his daughter, that his testament might stand,
Which else you had made void. Then your much love
To Julia your niece, censured as incest,
And done in scorn of Titus, your dead brother:
But the divorce Lamia was forced to sign
To her you honour with Augusta's title,
Being only named, they do conclude there was
A Lucrece once, a Collatine, and a Brutus;
But nothing Roman left now but, in you,
The lust of Tarquin.
Cæs. Yes, his fire, and scorn
Of such as think that our unlimited power
Can be confined. Dares Lamia pretend
An interest to that which I call mine;
Or but remember she was ever his,
That's now in our possession? Fetch him hither.
[*Exit* Guard.
I'll give him cause to wish he rather had
Forgot his own name than e'er mentioned hers.

Shall we be circumscribed? Let such as cannot
By force make good their actions, though wicked,
Conceal, excuse, or qualify their crimes!
What our desires grant leave and privilege to,
Though contradicting all divine decrees,
Or laws confirmed by Romulus and Numa,
Shall be held sacred.

Aret. You should else take from
The dignity of Cæsar.

Cæs. Am I master
Of two and thirty legions, that awe
All nations of the triumphed world,
Yet tremble at our frown! Yield an account
Of what's our pleasure to a private man!
Rome perish first, and Atlas' shoulders shrink,
Heaven's fabric fall — the sun, the moon, the stars
Losing their light and comfortable heat —
Ere I confess that any fault of mine
May be disputed!

Aret. So you preserve your power,
As you should, equal and omnipotent here
With Jupiter's above.

[PARTHENIUS *kneeling, whispers* CÆSAR.

Cæs. Thy suit is granted,
Whate'er it be, Parthenius, for thy service
Done to Augusta. — Only so? A trifle.
Command him hither. If the comedy fail
To cure him, I will minister something to him
That shall instruct him to forget his gold,
And think upon himself.

Parth. May it succeed well,
Since my intents are pious!

Cæs. We are resolved
What course to take; and, therefore, Aretinus,
Inquire no further. Go you to my empress,
And say I do entreat — for she rules him
Whom all men else obey — she would vouchsafe

The music of her voice at yonder window,
When I advance my hand, thus. – I will blend
[*Exit* ARETINUS.
My cruelty with some scorn, or else 'tis lost;
Revenge, when it is unexpected, falling
With greater violence; and hate clothed in smiles,
Strikes, and with horror, dead the wretch that comes not
Prepared to meet it. —

Re-enter Guard *with* LAMIA

Our good Lamia, welcome.
So much we owe you for a benefit,
With willingness on your part conferred upon us,
That 'tis our study, we that would not live
Engaged to any for a courtesy,
How to return it.
Lam. 'Tis beneath your fate
To be obliged, that in your own hand grasp
The means to be magnificent.
Cæs. Well put off;
But yet it must not do. The empire, Lamia,
Divided equally, can hold no weight,
If balanced with your gift in fair Domitia
You, that could part with all delights at once,
The magazine of rich pleasures being contained
In her perfections, uncompelled, delivered
As a present fit for Cæsar. In your eyes,
With tears of joy, not sorrow, 'tis confirmed
You glory in your act.
Lam. Derided too!
Sir, this is more —
Cæs. More than I can requite;
It is acknowledged, Lamia. There's no drop
Of melting nectar I taste from her lip,
But yields a touch of immortality
To the blest receiver; every grace and feature,

Prized to the worth, bought at an easy rate,
If purchased for a consulship. Her discourse
So ravishing, and her action so attractive,
That I would part with all my other senses,
Provided I might ever see and hear her.
The pleasures of her bed I dare not trust
The winds or air with; for that would draw down,
In envy of my happiness, a war
From all the gods, upon me.

Lam. Your compassion
To me, in your forbearing to insult
On my calamity, which you make your sport,
Would more appease those gods you have provoked
Than all the blasphemous comparisons
You sing unto her praise.

DOMITIA *appears at the window*

Cæs. I sing her praise!
'Tis far from my ambition to hope it;
It being a debt she only can lay down,
And no tongue else discharge.
[*He raises his hand. Music above.*
Hark! I think, prompted
With my consent that you once more should hear her,
She does begin. An universal silence
Dwell on this place! 'Tis death, with lingering torments,
To all that dare disturb her. — [*A song by* DOMITIA.
Who can hear this,
And falls not down and worships? In my fancy,
Apollo being judge, on Latmos' hil
Fair-haired Calliope,[n] on her ivory lute —
But something short of this — sung Ceres' praises,
And grisly Pluto's rape on Proserpine.
The motion of the spheres are out of time,
Her musical notes but heard. Say, Lamia, say,
Is not her voice angelical?

Lam. To your ear;
But I, alas! am silent.
Cæs. Be so ever,
That without admiration canst hear her!
Malice to my felicity strikes thee dumb,
And, in thy hope, or wish, to repossess
What I love more than empire, I pronounce thee
Guilty of treason. — Off with his head! Do you stare?
By her that is my patroness, Minerva,
Whose statue I adore of all the gods,
If he but live to make reply, thy life
Shall answer it!
[*The* Guard *leads off* LAMIA, *stopping his mouth.*
My fears of him are freed now;
And he that lived to upbraid me with my wrong,
For an offence he never could imagine,
In wantonness removed. — Descend, my dearest;
Plurality of husbands shall no more
Breed doubts or jealousies in you: [*Exit* DOMITIA *above.*]
'tis dispatched,
And with as little trouble here, as if
I had killed a fly.

Enter DOMITIA, *ushered in by* ARETINUS, *her train with all state borne up by* JULIA, CÆNIS, *and* DOMITILLA

Now you appear, and in
That glory you deserve! and these, that stoop
To do you service, in the act much honoured!
Julia, forget that Titus was thy father;
Cænis, and Domitilla, ne'er remember
Sabinus[n] or Vespasian. To be slaves
To her is more true liberty than to live
Parthian or Asian queens. As lesser stars,
That wait on Phœbe[n] in her full of brightness,
Compared to her, you are. Thus I seat you
By Cæsar's side, commanding these, that once

Were the adored glories of the time,
To witness to the world they are your vassals,
At your feet to attend you.
Dom. 'Tis your pleasure,
And not my pride. And yet, when I consider
That I am yours, all duties they can pay
I do receive as circumstances due
To her you please to honour.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS *with* PHILARGUS

Parth. Cæsar's will
Commands you hither, nor must you gainsay it.
Phil. Lose time to see an interlude! Must I pay too
For my vexation?
Parth. Not in the court;
It is the emperor's charge.
Phil. I shall endure
My torment then the better.
Cæs. Can it be
This sordid thing, Parthenius, is thy father?
No actor can express him. I had held
The fiction for impossible in the scene,
Had I not seen the substance. — Sirrah, sit still,
And give attention; if you but nod,
You sleep for ever. — Let them spare the prologue,
And all the ceremonies proper to ourself,
And come to the last act — there where the cure
By the doctor is made perfect. The swift minutes
Seem years to me, Domitia, that divorce thee
From my embraces; my desires increasing
As they are satisfied, all pleasures else
Are tedious as dull sorrows. Kiss me; — again.
If I now wanted heat of youth, these fires,
In Priam's veins, would thaw his frozen blood,
Enabling him to get a second Hector
For the defence of Troy.

Dom. You are wanton!
Pray you, forbear. Let me see the play.
Cæs. Begin there.

Enter PARIS, *like a doctor of physic, and* ÆSOPUS; LATINUS *is brought forth asleep in a chair, a key in his mouth*

Æsop. O master doctor, he is past recovery;
A lethargy hath seized him; and, however
His sleep resembles death, his watchful care
To guard that treasure he dares make no use of,
Works strongly in his soul.
Par. What's that he holds
So fast between his teeth?
Æsop. The key that opens
His iron chests, crammed with accursèd gold,
Rusty with long imprisonment. There's no duty
In me, his son, nor confidence in friends,
That can persuade him to deliver up
That to the trust of any.
Phil. He is the wiser;
We were fashioned in one mould.
Æsop. He eats with it;
And when devotion calls him to the temple
Of Mammon,[n] whom, of all the gods, he kneels to,
That held thus still, his orisons are paid:
Nor will he, though the wealth of Rome were pawned
For the restoring of't, for one short hour
Be won to part with it.
Phil. Still, still myself!
And if like me he love his gold, no pawn
Is good security.
Par. I'll try if I can force it —
It will not be. His avaricious mind,
Like men in rivers drowned, makes him gripe fast
To his last gasp, what he in life held dearest;
And, if that it were possible in nature,
Would carry it with him to the other world.
Phil. As I would do to hell, rather than leave it.

Æsop. Is he not dead?
Par. Long since to all good actions,
Or to himself or others, for which wise men
Desire to live. You may with safety pinch him,
Or under his nails stick needles, yet he stirs not;
Anxious fear to lose what his soul dotes on,
Renders his flesh insensible. We must use
Some means to rouse the sleeping faculties
Of his mind; there lies the lethargy. Take a trumpet,
And blow it into his ears; 'tis to no purpose;
The roaring noise of thunder cannot wake him: —
And yet despair not; I have one trick left yet.
Æsop. What is it?
Par. I will cause a fearful dream
To steal into his fancy, and disturb it
With the horror it brings with it, and so free
His body's organs.

Dom. 'Tis a cunning fellow;
If he were indeed a doctor, as the play says,
He should be sworn my servant; govern my slumbers,
And minister to me waking. [*A chest brought in.*

Par. If this fail,
I'll give him o'er. So; with all violence
Rend ope this iron chest, for here his life lies
Bound up in fetters, and in the defence
Of what he values higher, 'twill return,
And fill each vein and artery. — Louder yet!
— 'Tis open, and already he begins
To stir; mark with what trouble.

[LATINUS *stretches himself.*

Phil. As you are Cæsar,
Defend this honest, thirsty man! they are thieves,
And come to rob him.
Parth. Peace! The emperor frowns.

Par. So; now pour out the bags upon the table;
Remove his jewels, and his bonds. — Again,
Ring a second golden peal. His eyes are open;
He stares as he had seen Medusa's head,
And were turned marble. — Once more.
Lat. Murder! murder!
Thieves! murder! murder! My son in the plot?

Thou worse than parricide! If it be death
To strike thy father's body, can all tortures
The Furies in hell practise be sufficient
For thee, that dost assassinate my soul? —
My gold! my bonds! my jewels! Dost thou envy
My glad possession of them for a day;
Extinguishing the taper of my life
Consumed unto the snuff?
Par. Seem not to mind him.
Lat. Have I, to leave thee rich, denied myself
The joys of human being; scraped and hoarded
A mass of treasure, which had Solon[n] seen,
The Lydian Crœsus had appeared to him
Poor as the beggar Irus?[n] And yet I,
Solicitous to increase it, when my entrails
Were clemmed with keeping a perpetual fast,
Was deaf to their loud windy cries, as fearing,
Should I disburse one penny to their use,
My heir might curse me. And, to save expense
In outward ornaments, I did expose
My naked body to the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat: nay, when diseases
Grew thick upon me, and a little cost
Had purchased my recovery, I chose rather
To have my ashes closed up in my urn,
By hasting on my fate, than to diminish
The gold my prodigal son, while I am living,
Carelessly scatters.
Æsop. Would you'd dispatch and die once!
Your ghost should feel in hell, that is my slave
Which was your master.

Phil. Out upon thee, varlet!

Par. And what then follows all your cark and caring,
And self-affliction? When your starved trunk is
Turned to forgotten dust, this hopeful youth
Urines upon your monument, ne'er remembering
How much for him you suffered; and then tells,
To the companions of his lusts and riots,
The hell you did endure on earth, to leave him
Large means to be an epicure, and to feast
His senses all at once, a happiness
You never granted to yourself. Your gold, then,
Got with vexation, and preserved with trouble,
Maintains the public stews, panders, and ruffians,

That quaff damnations to your memory,
For living so long here.
Lat. 'Twill be so; I see it—
Oh, that I could redeem the time that's past!
I would live and die like myself; and make true use
Of what my industry purchased.
Par. Covetous men,
Having one foot in the grave, lament so ever:
But grant that I by art could yet recover
Your desperate sickness, lengthen out your life
A dozen of years; as I restore your body
To perfect health, will you with care endeavour
To rectify your mind?
Lat. I should so live then,
As neither my heir should have just cause to think
I lived too long, for being close-handed to him,
Or cruel to myself.
Par. Have your desires.
Phœbus assisting me, I will repair
The ruined building of your health; and think not
You have a son that hates you; the truth is,
This means, with his consent, I practised on you
To this good end: it being a device,
In you to show the Cure of Avarice.

[*Exeunt* PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS.

Phil. An old fool, to be gulled thus! Had he died
As I resolve to do, not to be altered,
It had gone off twanging.
Cæs. How approve you, sweetest,
Of the matter, and the actors?
Dom. For the subject,
I like it not; it was filched out of Horace.[n]
— Nay, I have read the poets. But the fellow
That played the doctor did it well, by Venus!
He had a tuneable tongue and neat delivery:
And yet, in my opinion, he would perform
A lover's part much better. Prithee, Cæsar,
For I grow weary, let us see, to-morrow,
Iphis and Anaxarete.
Cæs. Anything
For thy delight, Domitia; to your rest,

Till I come to disquiet you. Wait upon her.
There is a business that I must dispatch,
And I will straight be with you.
[*Exeunt* ARET., DOM., JULIA, CÆNIS, *and* DOMITILLA.
Parth. Now, my dread sir,
Endeavour to prevail.
Cæs. One way or other
We'll cure him, never doubt it. Now, Philargus,
Thou wretched thing, hast thou seen thy sordid baseness,
And but observed what a contemptible creature
A covetous miser is? Dost thou in thyself
Feel true compunction, with a resolution
To be a new man?
Phil. This crazed body's Cæsar's;
But for my mind —
Cæs. Trifle not with my anger.
Canst thou make good use of what was now presented,
And imitate, in thy sudden change of life,
The miserable rich man that expressed
What thou art to the life?
Phil. Pray you, give me leave
To die as I have lived. I must not part with
My gold; it is my life: I am past cure.
Cæs. No; by Minerva, thou shalt never more
Feel the least touch of avarice. Take him hence,
And hang him instantly. If there be gold in hell,
Enjoy it: — thine here, and thy life together,
Is forfeited.
Phil. Was I sent for to this purpose?
Parth. Mercy for all my service; Cæsar, mercy!
Cæs. Should Jove plead for him, 'tis resolved he dies,
And he that speaks one syllable to dissuade me;
And therefore tempt me not. It is but justice:
Since such as wilfully will hourly die,
Must tax themselves, and not my cruelty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD

Scene I

A Room in the Palace

Enter Julia, Domitilla, *and* Stephanos

Jul. No, Domitilla; if you but compare
What I have suffered with your injuries —
Though great ones, I confess — they will appear
Like mole-hills to Olympus.
Domitil. You are tender
Of your own wounds, which makes you lose the feeling
And sense of mine. The incest he committed
With you, and publicly professed, in scorn
Of what the world durst censure, may admit
Some weak defence, as being borne headlong to it,
But in a manly way, to enjoy your beauties.
Besides, won by his perjuries that he would
Salute you with the title of Augusta,
Your faint denial showed a full consent
And grant to his temptations. But poor I,
That would not yield, but was with violence forced
To serve his lusts, and in a kind Tiberius
At Capreæ never practised, have not here
One conscious touch to rise up my accuser,
I, in my will, being innocent.
Steph. Pardon me,
Great princesses, though I presume to tell you,
Wasting your time in childish lamentations,
You do degenerate from the blood you spring from;
For there is something more in Rome expected

From Titus' daughter, and his uncle's heir,
Than womanish complaints, after such wrongs
Which mercy cannot pardon. But, you'll say,
Your hands are weak, and should you but attempt
A just revenge on this inhuman monster,
This prodigy of mankind, bloody Domitian
Hath ready swords at his command, as well
As islands to confine you, to remove
His doubts and fears, did he but entertain
The least suspicion you contrived or plotted
Against his person.
Jul. 'Tis true, Stephanos;
The legions that sacked Jerusalem,
Under my father Titus, are sworn his,
And I no more remembered.
Domitil. And to lose
Ourselves by building on impossible hopes,
Were desperate madness.
Steph. You conclude too fast.
One single arm, whose master does contemn
His own life, holds a full command o'er his,
Spite of his guards. I was your bondman, lady,
And you my gracious patroness; my wealth
And liberty your gift; and, though no soldier,
To whom or custom or example makes
Grim death appear less terrible, I dare die
To do you service in a fair revenge;
And it will better suit your births and honours
To fall at once than to live ever slaves
To his proud empress, that insults upon
Your patient sufferings. Say but you, "Go on!"
And I will reach his heart, or perish in
The noble undertaking.
Domitil. Your free offer
Confirms your thankfulness, which I acknowledge
A satisfaction for a greater debt
Than what you stand engaged for; but I must not,

Upon uncertain grounds, hazard so grateful
And good a servant. The immortal Powers
Protect a prince, though sold to impious acts,
And seem to slumber, till his roaring crimes
Awake their justice; but then, looking down,
And with impartial eyes, on his contempt
Of all religion and moral goodness,
They, in their secret judgements, do determine
To leave him to his wickedness, which sinks him
When he is most secure.

Jul. His cruelty
Increasing daily, of necessity
Must render him as odious to his soldiers,
Familiar friends, and freedmen, as it hath done
Already to the Senate: then, forsaken
Of his supporters, and grown terrible
Even to himself, and her he now so dotes on,
We may put into act what now with safety
We cannot whisper.

Steph. I am still prepared
To execute, when you please to command me:
Since I am confident he deserves much more
That vindicates his country from a tyranny
Than he that saves a citizen.

Enter CÆNIS

Jul. O, here's Cænis.

Domitil. Whence come you?

Cænis. From the empress, who seems moved
In that you wait no better. Her pride's grown
To such a height that she disdains the service
Of her own women, and esteems herself
Neglected when the princesses of the blood,
On every coarse employment, are not ready
To stoop to her commands.

Domitil. Where is her Greatness?

Cænis. Where you would little think she could descend
To grace the room or persons.
Jul. Speak, where is she?
Cænis. Among the players: where, all state laid by,
She does inquire who plays this part, who that,
And in what habits; blames the tirewomen
For want of curious dressings; and, so taken
She is with Paris the tragedian's shape,
That is to act a lover, I thought once
She would have courted him.
Domitil. In the mean time
How spends the emperor his hours?
Cænis. As ever
He hath done heretofore; in being cruel
To innocent men, whose virtues he calls crimes.
And, but this morning, if't be possible,
He hath outgone himself, having condemned,
At Aretinus his informer's suit,
Palphurius Sura and good Junius Rusticus,
Men of best repute in Rome for their
Integrity of life; no fault objected,
But that they did lament his cruel sentence
On Pætus Thrasea, the philosopher,
Their patron and instructor.
Steph. Can Jove see this,
And hold his thunder!
Domitil. Nero and Caligula
Commanded only mischiefs; but our Cæsar
Delights to see them.
Jul. What we cannot help,
We may deplore with silence.
Cænis. We are called for
By our proud mistress.
Domitil. We awhile must suffer.
Steph. It is true fortitude to stand firm against
All shocks of fate, when cowards faint and die
In fear to suffer more calamity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Another Room in the same

Enter CÆSAR *and* PARTHENIUS

Cæs. They are then in fetters?
Parth. Yes, sir, but —
Cæs. But what?
I'll have thy thoughts; deliver them.
Parth. I shall, sir;
But still submitting to your god-like pleasure,
Which cannot be instructed —
Cæs. To the point.
Parth. Nor let your sacred majesty believe
Your vassal that with dry eyes looked upon
His father dragged to death by your command,
Can pity these, that durst presume to censure
What you decreed.
Cæs. Well; forward.
Parth. 'Tis my zeal
Still to preserve your clemency admired,
Tempered with justice, that emboldens me
To offer my advice. Alas! I know, sir,
These bookmen, Rusticus and Palphurius Sura,
Deserve all tortures; yet, in my opinion,
They being popular senators, and cried up
With loud applauses of the multitude,
For foolish honesty, and beggarly virtue,
'Twould relish more of policy, to have them
Made away in private, with what exquisite torments
You please, — it skills not, — than to have them drawn
To the Degrees[n] in public; for 'tis doubted
That the sad object may beget compassion
In the giddy rout, and cause some sudden uproar
That may disturb you.
Cæs. Hence, pale-spirited coward!

Can we descend so far beneath ourself,
As or to court the people's love, or fear
Their worst of hate? Can they, that are as dust
Before the whirlwind of our will and power,
Add any moment to us? or thou think,
If there are gods above, or goddesses,
But wise Minerva, that's mine own, and sure,
That they have vacant hours to take into
Their serious protection, or care,
This many-headed monster? Mankind lives
In few, as potent monarchs and their peers;
And all those glorious constellations
That do adorn the firmament, appointed,
Like grooms, with their bright influence to attend
The actions of kings and emperors,
They being the greater wheels that move the less.
Bring forth those condemned wretches; — [*Exit* PARTHENIUS.] — let me see
One man so lost as but to pity them,
And, though there lay a million of souls
Imprisoned in his flesh, my hangmen's hooks
Should rend it off and give them liberty.
Cæsar hath said it.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS, *with* ARETINUS, *and* Guard; Hangmen *dragging in* JUNIUS RUSTICUS *and* PALPHURIUS SURA, *bound back to back*

Aret. 'Tis great Cæsar's pleasure,
That with fixed eyes you carefully observe
The people's looks. Charge upon any man
That with a sigh or murmur does express
A seeming sorrow for these traitors' deaths.
You know his will, perform it.

Cæs. A good bloodhound,
And fit for my employments.

Sura. Give us leave
To die, fell tyrant.
Rust. For, beyond our bodies,
Thou hast no power.
Cæs. Yes; I'll afflict your souls,
And force them groaning to the Stygian lake,[n]
Prepared for such to howl in, that blaspheme
The power of princes, that are gods on earth.
Tremble to think how terrible the dream is
After this sleep of death.[n]
Rust. To guilty men
It may bring terror; not to us that know
What 'tis to die, well taught by his example
For whom we suffer. In my thought I see
The substance of that pure untainted soul
Of Thrasea, our master, made a star,
That with melodious harmony invites us —
Leaving this dunghill Rome, made hell by thee —
To trace his heavenly steps, and fill a sphere
Above yon crystal canopy.
Cæs. Do, invoke him
With all the aids his sanctity of life
Have won on the rewarders of his virtue;
They shall not save you. — Dogs, do you grin? Torment them.
[*The* Hangmen *torment them, they still smiling.*
So, take a leaf of Seneca now,[n] and prove
If it can render you insensible
Of that which but begins here. Now an oil,
Drawn from the Stoic's frozen principles,
Predominant over fire, were useful for you.
Again, again. You trifle. Not a groan! —
Is my rage lost? What cursèd charms defend them!
Search deeper, villains. Who looks pale, or thinks
That I am cruel?
Aret. Over-merciful:
'Tis all your weakness, sir.

Parth. [*Aside.*] I dare not show
A sign of sorrow; yet my sinews shrink,
The spectacle is so horrid.
Cæs. I was never
O'ercome till now. For my sake roar a little,
And show you are corporeal, and not turned
Aerial spirits. — Will it not do? By Pallas,
It is unkindly done to mock his fury
Whom the world styles Omnipotent! I am tortured
In their want of feeling torments. Marius' story,[11]
That does report him to have sat unmoved,
When cunning chirurgeons ripped his arteries
And veins, to cure his gout, compared to this,
Deserves not to be named. Are they not dead?
If so, we wash an Æthiop.
Sura. No; we live.
Rust. Live to deride thee, our calm patience treading
Upon the neck of tyranny. That securely,
As 'twere a gentle slumber, we endure
Thy hangmen's studied tortures, is a debt
We owe to grave philosophy, that instructs us
The flesh is but the clothing of the soul,
Which growing out of fashion, though it be
Cast off, or rent, or torn, like ours, 'tis then,
Being itself divine, in her best lustre.
But unto such as thou, that have no hopes
Beyond the present, every little scar,
The want of rest, excess of heat or cold,
That does inform them only they are mortal,
Pierce through and through them.
Cæs. We will hear no more.
Rust. This only, and I give thee warning of it:
Though it is in thy will to grind this earth
As small as atoms, they thrown in the sea too,
They shall seem re-collected to thy sense;
And, when the sandy building of thy greatness
Shall with its own weight totter, look to see me

As I was yesterday, in my perfect shape;
For I'll appear in horror.
Cæs. By my shaking
I am the guilty man, and not the judge.
Drag from my sight these cursèd ominous wizards,
That, as they are now, like to double-faced Janus,
Which way soe'er I look, are Furies to me.
Away with them! First show them death, then leave
No memory of their ashes. I'll mock fate.
[*Exeunt* Hangmen *with* RUSTICUS *and* SURA.
Shall words fright him victorious armies circle?
No, no; the fever doth begin to leave me;

Enter DOMITIA, JULIA, *and* CÆNIS; STEPHANOS *following*

Or, were it deadly, from this living fountain
I could renew the vigour of my youth,
And be a second Virbius.[n] O my glory!
My life! command! my all!
Dom. As you to me are.
[*Embracing and kissing mutually.*
I heard you were sad; I have prepared you sport
Will banish melancholy. Sirrah, Cæsar —
I hug myself for't — I have been instructing
The players how to act; and to cut off
All tedious impertinency, have contracted
The tragedy into one continued scene.
I have the art of't, and am taken more
With my ability that way, than all knowledge
I have but of thy love.
Cæs. Thou art still thyself,
The sweetest, wittiest —
Dom. When we are a-bed
I'll thank your good opinion. Thou shalt see
Such an Iphis[n] of thy Paris! — and, to humble
The pride of Domitilla, that neglects me —
Howe'er she is your cousin — I have forced her

To play the part of Anaxarete —
You are not offended with it?
Cæs. Any thing
That does content thee yields delight to me:
My faculties and powers are thine.
Dom. I thank you:
Prithee let's take our places. Bid them enter
Without more circumstance.

After a short flourish, enter PARIS *as* IPHIS

How do you like
That shape? Methinks it is most suitable
To the aspect of a despairing lover.
The seeming late-fallen, counterfeited tears
That hang upon his cheeks, was my device.
Cæs. And all was excellent.
Dom. Now hear him speak.

Iphis. That she is fair — and that an epithet
Too foul to express her — or descended nobly,
Or rich, or fortunate, are certain truths
In which poor Iphis glories. But that these
Perfections, in no other virgin found,
Abused, should nourish cruelty and pride
In the divinest Anaxarete,
Is, to my love-sick, languishing soul, a riddle;
And with more difficulty to be dissolved
Than that the monster Sphinx,[n] from the steepy rock,
Offered to Œdipus. Imperious Love,
As at thy ever-flaming altars Iphis,
Thy never-tirèd votary, hath presented,
With scalding tears, whole hecatombs of sighs,
Preferring thy power, and thy Paphian mother's,
Before the Thunderer's, Neptune's, or Pluto's —
That, after Saturn, did divide the world,
And had the sway of things, yet were compelled
By thy inevitable shafts to yield,
And fight under thy ensigns — be auspicious
To this last trial of my sacrifice
Of love and service!

Dom. Does he not act it rarely?
Observe with what a feeling he delivers
His orisons to Cupid. I am rapt with't.

Iphis. And from thy never-emptied quiver take
A golden arrow, to transfix her heart,
And force her love like me; or cure my wound
With a leaden one, that may beget in me
Hate and forgetfulness of what's now my idol —
But I call back my prayer; I have blasphemed
In my rash wish. 'Tis I that am unworthy;
But she all merit, and may in justice challenge,
From the assurance of her excellencies,
Not love but adoration. Yet, bear witness,
All-knowing Powers! I bring along with me,
As faithful advocates to make intercession,
A loyal heart with pure and holy flames,
With the foul fires of lust never polluted.
And, as I touch her threshold, which with tears,
My limbs benumbed with cold, I oft have washed,
With my glad lips I kiss this earth, grown proud
With frequent favours from her delicate feet.

Dom. By Cæsar's life he weeps! and I forbear
Hardly to keep him company.

Iphis. Blest ground, thy pardon,
If I profane it with forbidden steps.
I must presume to knock — and yet attempt it
With such a trembling reverence, as if
My hands were now held up for expiation
To the incensèd gods to spare a kingdom.
Within there, ho! Something divine come forth
To a distressed mortal.

Enter LATINUS *as a* Porter

Port. Ha! Who knocks there?

Dom. What a churlish look this knave has!

Port. Is't you, sirrah?
Are you come to pule and whine? Avaunt, and quickly.
Dog-whips shall drive you hence else.

Dom. Churlish devil!
But that I should disturb the scene, as I live
I would tear his eyes out.
Cæs. 'Tis in jest, Domitia.
Dom. I do not like such jesting. If he were not
A flinty-hearted slave, he could not use
One of his form so harshly. How the toad swells
At the other's sweet humility!
Cæs. 'Tis his part:
Let them proceed.
Dom. A rogue's part will ne'er leave him.

Iphis. As you have, gentle sir, the happiness,
When you please, to behold the figure of
The masterpiece of nature, limned to the life,
In more than human Anaxarete,
Scorn not your servant, that with suppliant hands
Takes hold upon your knees, conjuring you,
As you are a man, and did not suck the milk
Of wolves and tigers, or a mother of
A tougher temper, use some means these eyes,
Before they are wept out, may see your lady.
Will you be gracious, sir?
Port. Though I lose my place for't,
I can hold out no longer.

Dom. Now he melts,
There is some little hope he may die honest.

Port. Madam!

Enter DOMITILLA *as* ANAXARETE

Anax. Who calls? What object have we here?

Dom. Your cousin keeps her proud state still; I think I have fitted her for a part.

Anax. Did I not charge thee
I ne'er might see this thing more?
Iphis. I am, indeed,
What thing you please; a worm that you may tread on.
Lower I cannot fall to show my duty,
Till your disdain hath digged a grave to cover

This body with forgotten dust; and, when
I know your sentence, cruellest of women!
I'll by a willing death, remove the object
That is an eyesore to you.

Anax. Wretch, thou dar'st not:
That were the last and greatest service to me
Thy doting love could boast of. What dull fool
But thou could nourish any flattering hope,
One of my height in youth, in birth and fortune,
Could e'er descend to look upon thy lowness,
Much less consent to make my lord of one
I'd not accept, though offered for my slave?
My thoughts stoop not so low.

Dom. There's her true nature:
No personated scorn.

Anax. I wrong my worth,
Or to exchange a syllable or look
With one so far beneath me.

Iphis. Yet take heed,
Take heed of pride, and curiously consider
How brittle the foundation is on which
You labour to advance it. Niobe,
Proud of her numerous issue, durst contemn
Latona's double burthen; but what followed?
She was left a childless mother, and mourned to marble.
The beauty you o'erprize so, time or sickness
Can change to loathed deformity; your wealth
The prey of thieves; queen Hecuba, Troy fired,
Ulysses' bondwoman: but the love I bring you
Nor time, nor sickness, violent thieves, nor fate,
Can ravish from you.

Dom. Could the oracle
Give better counsel!

Iphis. Say, will you relent yet,
Revoking your decree that I should die?
Or shall I do what you command? Resolve;
I am impatient of delay.

Anax. Dispatch then:
I shall look on your tragedy unmoved,
Peradventure laugh at it; for it will prove
A comedy to me.

Dom. O devil! devil!

Iphis. Then thus I take my last leave. All the curses
Of lovers fall upon you; and, hereafter,
When any man, like me contemned, shall study,
In the anguish of his soul, to give a name
To a scornful, cruel mistress, let him only
Say, "This most bloody woman is to me
As Anaxarete was to wretched Iphis!"
Now feast your tyrannous mind, and glory in
The ruins you have made: for Hymen's bands,
That should have made us one, this fatal halter
For ever shall divorce us. At your gate,
As a trophy of your pride and my affliction,
I'll presently hang myself.

Dom. Not for the world!
[*Starts from her seat.*
Restrain him, as you love your lives!

Cæs. Why are you
Transported thus, Domitia? 'Tis a play;
Or, grant it serious, it at no part merits
This passion in you.

Par. I ne'er purposed, madam,
To do the deed in earnest; though I bow
To your care and tenderness of me.

Dom. Let me, sir,
Entreat your pardon; what I saw presented,
Carried me beyond myself.

Cæs. To your place again,
And see what follows.

Dom. No, I am familiar
With the conclusion; besides, upon the sudden
I feel myself much indisposed.

Cæs. To bed then;
I'll be thy doctor.

Aret. There is something more
In this than passion, — which I must find out,
Or my intelligence freezes.

Dom. Come to me, Paris,
To-morrow, for your reward.
[*Exeunt all but* DOMITILLA *and* STEPHANOS.

Steph. Patroness, hear me;
Will you not call for your share?[n] Sit down with[n] this,
And, the next action, like a Gaditane[n] strumpet,
I shall look to see you tumble!
Domitil. Prithee be patient.
I, that have suffered greater wrongs, bear this:
And that, till my revenge, my comfort is. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH

Scene I

A Room in the Palace

Enter Parthenius, Julia, Domitilla, *and* Cænis

Parth. Why, 'tis impossible. Paris!
Jul. You observed not,
As it appears, the violence of her passion,
When, personating Iphis, he pretended,
For your contempt, fair Anaxarete,
To hang himself.
Parth. Yes, yes, I noted that;
But never could imagine it could work her
To such a strange intemperance of affection
As to dote on him.
Domitil. By my hopes, I think not
That she respects, though all here saw and marked it;
Presuming she can mould the emperor's will
Into what form she likes, though we, and all
The informers of the world, conspired to cross it.
Cæn. Then with what eagerness, this morning, urging
The want of health and rest, she did entreat
Cæsar to leave her!
Domitil. Who no sooner absent,
But she calls, "Dwarf!" — so in her scorn she styles me, —
"Put on my pantofles. Fetch pen and paper,
I am to write"; and with distracted looks,
In her smock, impatient of so short delay

As but to have a mantle thrown upon her,
She sealed, — I know not what, but 'twas indorsed,
"To my loved Paris."
Jul. Add to this, I heard her
Say, when a page received it, "Let him wait me,
And carefully, in the walk called our Retreat,
Where Cæsar, in his fear to give offence,
Unsent for, never enters."
Parth. This being certain —
For these are more than jealous suppositions —
Why do not you, that are so near in blood,
Discover it?
Domitil. Alas! you know we dare not.
'Twill be received for a malicious practice,
To free us from that slavery which her pride
Imposes on us. But, if you would please
To break the ice, on pain to be sunk ever,
We would aver it.
Parth. I would second you,
But that I am commanded with all speed
To fetch in Ascletario the Chaldæan;
Who, in his absence, is condemned of treason,
For calculating the nativity
Of Cæsar, with all confidence foretelling,
In every circumstance, when he shall die
A violent death. Yet, if you could approve
Of my directions, I would have you speak
As much to Aretinus as you have
To me delivered: he in his own nature
Being a spy, on weaker grounds, no doubt,
Will undertake it; not for goodness' sake —
With which he never yet held correspondence —
But to endear his vigilant observings
Of what concerns the emperor, and a little
To triumph in the ruins of this Paris,
That crossed him in the Senate-house.

Enter ARETINUS

Here he comes,
His nose held up. He hath something in the wind,
Or I much err, already. My designs
Command me hence, great ladies. But I leave
My wishes with you. [*Exit.*

Aret. Have I caught your Greatness
In the trap, my proud Augusta!

Domitil. What is't raps him?

Aret. And my fine Roman Actor! Is't even so?
No coarser dish to take your wanton palate,
Save that which, but the emperor, none durst taste of!
'Tis very well. I needs must glory in
This rare discovery: but the rewards
Of my intelligence bid me think, even now,
By an edict from Cæsar, I have power
To tread upon the neck of slavish Rome,
Disposing offices and provinces
To my kinsmen, friends, and clients.

Domitil. This is more
Than usual with him.

Jul. Aretinus!

Aret. How!
No more respect and reverence tendered to me,
But Aretinus! 'Tis confessed that title,
When you were princesses, and commanded all,
Had been a favour; but being, as you are,
Vassals to a proud woman, the worst bondage,
You stand obliged with as much adoration
To entertain him that comes armed with strength
To break your fetters as tanned galley-slaves
Pay such as do redeem them from the oar.
I come not to entrap you; but aloud
Pronounce that you are manumised; and to make
Your liberty sweeter, you shall see her fall,
This empress, — this Domitia, — what you will,

That triumphed in your miseries.
Domitil. Were you serious,
To prove your accusation I could lend
Some help.
Cæn. And I.
Jul. And I.
Aret. No atom to me.
My eyes and ears are everywhere. I know all,
To the line and action in the play that took her.
Her quick dissimulation to excuse
Her being transported, with her morning passion,
I bribed the boy that did convey the letter,
And, having perused it, made it up again.
Your griefs and angers are to me familiar;
That Paris is brought to her, and how far
He shall be tempted.
Domitil. This is above wonder.
Aret. My gold can work much stranger miracles
Than to corrupt poor waiters. Here, join with me:
[*Takes out a petition.*
'Tis a complaint to Cæsar. This is that
Shall ruin her and raise you. Have you set your hands
To the accusation?
Jul. And will justify
What we've subscribed to.
Cæn. And with vehemency.
Domitil. I will deliver it.
Aret. Leave the rest to me then.

Enter CÆSAR, *with his* Guard

Cæs. Let our lieutenants bring us victory,
While we enjoy the fruits of peace at home;
And, being secured from our intestine foes—
Far worse than foreign enemies—doubts and fears,
Though all the sky were hung with blazing meteors,
Which fond astrologers give out to be

Assured presages of the change of empires
And deaths of monarchs, we, undaunted yet,
Guarded with our own thunder, bid defiance
To them and fate, we being too strongly armed
For them to wound us.
Aret. Cæsar!
Jul. As thou art
More than a man —
Cæn. Let not thy passions be
Rebellious to thy reason —
Domitil. But receive
[*Delivers the petition.*
This trial of your constancy, as unmoved
As you go to or from the Capitol,
Thanks given to Jove for triumphs.
Cæs. Ha!
Domitil. Vouchsafe
Awhile to stay the lightning of your eyes,
Poor mortals dare not look on.
Aret. There's no vein
Of yours that rises with high rage, but is
An earthquake to us.
Domitil. And, if not kept closed
With more than human patience, in a moment
Will swallow us to the centre.
Cæn. Not that we
Repine to serve her, are we her accusers.
Jul. But that she's fallen so low.
Aret. Which on sure proofs
We can make good.
Domitil. And show she is unworthy
Of the least spark of that diviner fire
You have conferred upon her.
Cæs. I stand doubtful,
And unresolved what to determine of you.
In this malicious violence you have offered
To the altar of her truth and pureness to me,

You have but fruitlessly laboured to sully
A white robe of perfection, black-mouthed envy
Could belch no spot on. But I will put off
The deity you labour to take from me,
And argue out of probabilities with you,
As if I were a man. Can I believe
That she, that borrows all her light from me,
And knows to use it, would betray her darkness
To your intelligence; and make that apparent
Which, by her perturbations in a play,
Was yesterday but doubted, and find none
But you, that are her slaves, and therefore hate her,
Whose aids she might employ to make way for her?
Or Aretinus, whom long since she knew
To be the cabinet counsellor, nay, the key
Of Cæsar's secrets? Could her beauty raise her
To this unequalled height, to make her fall
The more remarkable? Or must my desires
To her, and wrongs to Lamia, be revenged
By her, and on herself, that drew on both?
Or she leave our imperial bed, to court
A public actor?

Aret. Who dares contradict
These more than human reasons, that have power
To clothe base guilt in the most glorious shape
Of innocence?

Domitil. Too well she knew the strength
And eloquence of her patron to defend her,
And, thereupon presuming, fell securely;
Not fearing an accuser, nor the truth
Produced against her, which your love and favour
Will ne'er discern from falsehood.

Cæs. I'll not hear
A syllable more that may invite a change
In my opinion of her. You have raised
A fiercer war within me by this fable,
Though with your lives you vow to make it story,

Than if, and at one instant, all my legions
Revolted from me, and came armed against me.
Here in this paper are the swords predestined
For my destruction; here the fatal stars,
That threaten more than ruin; this the death's head
That does assure me, if she can prove false,
That I am mortal, which a sudden fever
Would prompt me to believe, and faintly yield to.
But now in my full confidence what she suffers,
In that, from any witness but myself,
I nourish a suspicion she's untrue,
My toughness returns to me. Lead on, monsters,
And, by the forfeit of your lives, confirm
She is all excellence, as you all baseness;
Or let mankind, for her fall, boldly swear
There are no chaste wives now, nor ever were. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A private Walk in the Gardens of the Palace

Enter DOMITIA, PARIS, *and* Servants

Dom. Say we command, that none presume to dare,
On forfeit of our favour, that is life,
Out of a saucy curiousness, to stand
Within the distance of their eyes or ears,
Till we please to be waited on. [*Exeunt* Servants.
And, sirrah,
Howe'er you are excepted, let it not
Beget in you an arrogant opinion
'Tis done to grace you.
Par. With my humblest service
I but obey your summons, and should blush else,
To be so near you.

Dom. 'Twould become you rather
To fear the greatness of the grace vouchsafed you
May overwhelm you; and 'twill do no less,
If, when you are rewarded, in your cups
You boast this privacy.
Par. That were, mightiest empress,
To play with lightning.
Dom. You conceive it right.
The means to kill or save is not alone
In Cæsar circumscribed; for, if incensed,
We have our thunder too, that strikes as deadly.
Par. 'Twould ill become the lowness of my fortune
To question what you can do, but with all
Humility to attend what is your will,
And then to serve it.
Dom. And would not a secret,
Suppose we should commit it to your trust,
Scald you to keep it?
Par. Though it raged within me
Till I turned cinders, it should ne'er have vent.
To be an age a-dying, and with torture,
Only to be thought worthy of your counsel,
Or actuate what you command to me,
A wretched obscure thing, not worth your knowledge,
Were a perpetual happiness.
Dom. We could wish
That we could credit thee, and cannot find
In reason but that thou, whom oft I have seen
To personate a gentleman, noble, wise,
Faithful, and gainsome, and what virtues else
The poet pleases to adorn you with,
But that — as vessels still partake the odour
Of the sweet precious liquors they contained —
Thou must be really, in some degree,
The thing thou dost present. Nay, do not tremble.
We seriously believe it, and presume
Our Paris is the volume in which all

Those excellent gifts the stage hath seen him graced with
Are curiously bound up.

Par. The argument
Is the same, great Augusta, that I, acting
A fool, a coward, a traitor, or cold cynic,
Or any other weak and vicious person,
Of force I must be such. O gracious madam,
How glorious soever, or deformed,
I do appear in the scene, my part being ended,
And all my borrowed ornaments put off,
I am no more, nor less, than what I was
Before I entered.

Dom. Come, you would put on
A wilful ignorance, and not understand
What 'tis we point at. Must we in plain language,
Against the decent modesty of our sex,
Say that we love thee, love thee to enjoy thee;
Or that in our desires thou art preferred,
And Cæsar but thy second? Thou in justice,
If from the height of majesty we can
Look down upon thy lowness, and embrace it,
Art bound with fervour to look up to me.

Par. O madam! hear me with a patient ear,
And be but pleased to understand the reasons
That do deter me from a happiness
Kings would be rivals for. Can I, that owe
My life, and all that's mine, to Cæsar's bounties,
Beyond my hopes or merits, showered upon me,
Make payment for them with ingratitude,
Falsehood and treason! Though you have a shape
Might tempt Hippolytus, and larger power
To help or hurt than wanton Phædra[n] had,
Let loyalty and duty plead my pardon,
Though I refuse to satisfy.

Dom. You are coy,
Expecting I should court you. Let mean ladies
Use prayers and entreaties to their creatures

To rise up instruments to serve their pleasures;
But for Augusta so to lose herself,
That holds command o'er Cæsar and the world,
Were poverty of spirit. Thou must, thou shalt.
The violence of my passions knows no mean,
And in my punishments and my rewards
I'll use no moderation. Take this only,
As a caution from me: threadbare chastity
Is poor in the advancement of her servants,
But wantonness magnificent; and 'tis frequent
To have the salary of vice weigh down
The pay of virtue. So, without more trifling,
Thy sudden answer.

Par. In what a strait am I brought in!
Alas! I know that the denial's death;
Nor can my grant, discovered, threaten more.
Yet to die innocent, and have the glory
For all posterity to report that I
Refused an empress, to preserve my faith
To my great master, in true judgement must
Show fairer than to buy a guilty life
With wealth and honours. 'Tis the base I build on.
I dare not, must not, will not.

Dom. How! contemned?
[*Aside.*] Since hopes, nor fears, in the extremes, prevail not,
I must use a mean. — Think who 'tis sues to thee.
Deny not that yet, which a brother may
Grant to a sister: as a testimony

Enter CÆSAR, ARETINUS, JULIA, DOMITILLA, CÆNIS, *and a* Guard, *behind*

I am not scorned, kiss me. Kiss me again.
Kiss closer. Thou art now my Trojan Paris,
And I thy Helen.

Par. Since it is your will.

Cæs. And I am Menelaus. But I shall be
Something I know not yet.
Dom. Why lose we time
And opportunity? These are but salads
To sharpen appetite. Let us to the feast,
[*Courting* PARIS *wantonly.*
Where I shall wish that thou wert Jupiter,
And I Alcmena; and that I had power
To lengthen out one short night into three,
And so beget a Hercules.
Cæs. [*Comes forward.*] While Amphitrio
Stands by, and draws the curtains.
Par. O!
[*Falls on his face.*
Dom. Betrayed!
Cæs. No; taken in a net of Vulcan's filing,"
Where, in myself, the theatre of the gods
Are sad spectators, not one of them daring
To witness, with a smile, he does desire
To be so shamed for all the pleasure that
You've sold your being for! What shall I name thee?
Ingrateful, treacherous, insatiate, all
Invectives which, in bitterness of spirit,
Wronged men have breathed out against wicked women,
Cannot express thee! Have I raised thee from
Thy low condition to the height of greatness,
Command, and majesty, in one base act
To render me, that was, before I hugged thee,
An adder, in my bosom, more than man,
A thing beneath a beast! Did I force these
Of mine own blood, as handmaids to kneel to
Thy pomp and pride, having myself no thought
But how with benefits to bind thee mine;
And am I thus rewarded! Not a knee,
Nor tear, nor sign of sorrow for thy fault?
Break, stubborn silence! What canst thou allege
To stay my vengeance?

Dom. This. Thy lust compelled me
To be a strumpet, and mine hath returned it
In my intent and will, though not in act,
To cuckold thee.

Cæs. O impudence! take her hence,
And let her make her entrance into hell,
By leaving life with all the tortures that
Flesh can be sensible of. Yet stay. What power
Her beauty still holds o'er my soul, that wrongs
Of this unpardonable nature cannot teach me
To right myself, and hate her! — Kill her. Hold!
O that my dotage should increase from that
Which should breed detestation! By Minerva,
If I look on her longer, I shall melt,
And sue to her, my injuries forgot,
Again to be received into her favour;
Could honour yield to it! Carry her to her chamber.
Be that her prison, till in cooler blood
I shall determine of her. [*Exit* Guard *with* DOMITIA.

Aret. Now step I in,
While he's in this calm mood, for my reward. —
Sir, if my service hath deserved —

Cæs. Yes, yes;
And I'll reward thee. Thou hast robbed me of
All rest and peace, and been the principal means
To make me know that, of which if again
I could be ignorant of, I would purchase it
With the loss of empire. [*Re-enter* Guard.] Strangle
him.[n] Take these hence too,
And lodge them in the dungeon. Could your reason,
Dull wretches, flatter you with hope to think
That this discovery, that hath showered upon me
Perpetual vexation, should not fall
Heavy on you? Away with them! Stop their mouths;
I will hear no reply.

[*Exit* Guard *with* ARETINUS, JULIA, CÆNIS, *and* DOMITILLA.

O Paris, Paris!
How shall I argue with thee? How begin
To make thee understand, before I kill thee,
With what grief and unwillingness 'tis forced from me?
Yet, in respect I have favoured thee, I'll hear
What thou canst speak to qualify or excuse
Thy readiness to serve this woman's lust;
And wish thou couldst give me such satisfaction,
As I might bury the remembrance of it.
Look up. We stand attentive.

Par. O dread Cæsar!
To hope for life, or plead in the defence
Of my ingratitude, were again to wrong you.
I know I have deserved death; and my suit is,
That you would hasten it. Yet, that your highness,
When I am dead — as sure I will not live —
May pardon me, I'll only urge my frailty,
Her will, and the temptation of that beauty
Which you could not resist. How could poor I, then,
Fly that which followed me, and Cæsar sued for?
This is all. And now your sentence.

Cæs. Which I know not
How to pronounce. O that thy fault had been
But such as I might pardon! If thou hadst
In wantonness, like Nero, fired proud Rome,
Betrayed an army, butchered the whole Senate,
Committed sacrilege, or any crime
The justice of our Roman laws calls death,
I had prevented any intercession,
And freely signed thy pardon.

Par. But for this,
Alas! you cannot, nay, you must not, sir;
Nor let it to posterity be recorded,
That Cæsar, unrevenged, suffered a wrong
Which, if a private man should sit down with it,
Cowards would baffle him.

Cæs. With such true feeling

Thou arguest against thyself that it
Works more upon me than if my Minerva,
The grand protectress of my life and empire,
On forfeit of her favour, cried aloud,
" Cæsar, show mercy !" and, I know not how,
I am inclined to it. Rise. I'll promise nothing;
Yet clear thy cloudy fears, and cherish hopes.
What we must do, we shall do. We remember
A tragedy we oft have seen with pleasure,
Called *The False Servant.*

Par. Such a one we have, sir.

Cæs. In which a great lord takes to his protection
A man forlorn, giving him ample power
To order and dispose of his estate
In's absence, he pretending then a journey;
But yet with this restraint, that, on no terms —
This lord suspecting his wife's constancy,
She having played false to a former husband —
The servant, though solicited, should consent,
Though she commanded him, to quench her flames.

Par. That was, indeed, the argument.

Cæs. And what
Didst thou play in it?

Par. The false servant, sir.

Cæs. Thou didst, indeed. Do the players wait without?

Par. They do, sir, and prepared to act the story
Your majesty mentioned.

Cæs. Call them in. Who presents
The injured lord?

Enter ÆSOPUS, LATINUS, *and a* Lady

Æsop. 'Tis my part, sir.

Cæs. Thou didst not
Do it to the life; we can perform it better.
Off with my robe and wreath. Since Nero scorned not

The public theatre, we in private may
Disport ourselves. This cloak and hat, without
Wearing a beard or other property,
Will fit the person.
Æsop. Only, sir, a foil,
The point and edge rebated, when you act,
To do the murder. If you please to use this,
And lay aside your own sword.
Cæs. By no means.
In jest nor earnest this parts never from me.
We'll have but one short scene, — that where the lady
In an imperious way commands the servant
To be unthankful to his patron. When
My cue's to enter, prompt me. Nay, begin,
And do it sprightly. Though but a new actor,
When I come to execution, you shall find
No cause to laugh at me.
Lat. In the name of wonder,
What's Cæsar's purpose!
Æsop. There is no contending.
Cæs. Why, when?
Par. [*Aside.*] I am armed:
And, stood grim Death now in my view, and his
Unevitable dart aimed at my breast,
His cold embraces should not bring an ague
To any of my faculties, till his pleasures
Were served and satisfied; which done, Nestor's years
To me would be unwelcome.

Lady. Must we entreat,
That were born to command; or court a servant,
That owes his food and clothing to our bounty,
For that which thou ambitiously shouldst kneel for?
Urge not, in thy excuse, the favours of
Thy absent lord, or that thou stand'st engaged
For thy life to his charity; nor thy fears
Of what may follow, it being in my power
To mould him any way.
Par. As you may me,

In what his reputation is not wounded,
Nor I, his creature, in my thankfulness suffer.
I know you're young, and fair. Be virtuous too,
And loyal to his bed, that hath advanced you
To the height of happiness.

Lady. Can my love-sick heart
Be cured with counsel? Or durst reason ever
Offer to put in an exploded plea
In the court of Venus? My desires admit not
The least delay; and therefore instantly
Give me to understand what I shall trust to.
I or, if I am refused, and not enjoy
Those ravishing pleasures from thee I run mad for,
I'll swear unto my lord, at his return —
Making what I deliver good with tears —
That brutishly thou wouldst have forced from me
What I make suit for. And then but imagine
What 'tis to die, with these words, "slave and traitor,"
With burning corsives writ upon thy forehead,
And live prepared for't.

Par. [*Aside.*] This he will believe
Upon her information, 'tis apparent;
And then I'm nothing; and of two extremes,
Wisdom says, choose the less. — Rather than fall
Under your indignation, I will yield.
This kiss, and this, confirms it.

Æsop. Now, sir, now.

Cæs. I must take them at it?

Æsop. Yes, sir; be but perfect.

Cæs. "O villain! thankless villain!" I should talk now,
But I've forgot my part. But I can do.
Thus, thus, and thus! [*Stabs* PARIS.

Par. O! I am slain in earnest.

Cæs. 'Tis true; and 'twas my purpose, my good Paris.
And yet, before life leaves thee, let the honour
I've done thee in thy death bring comfort to thee.
If it had been within the power of Cæsar,
His dignity preserved, he had pardoned thee;
But cruelty of honour did deny it.
Yet, to confirm I loved thee, 'twas my study

To make thy end more glorious, to distinguish
My Paris from all others; and in that
Have shown my pity. Nor would I let thee fall
By a centurion's sword, or have thy limbs
Rent piecemeal by the hangman's hook,[n] however
Thy crime deserved it. But, as thou didst live
Rome's bravest actor, 'twas my plot that thou
Shouldst die in action, and, to crown it, die,
With an applause enduring to all times,
By our imperial hand. His soul is freed
From the prison of his flesh. Let it mount upward!
And for this trunk, when that the funeral pile
Hath made it ashes, we'll see it enclosed
In a golden urn; poets adorn[n] his hearse
With their most ravishing sorrows, and the stage
For ever mourn him, and all such as were
His glad spectators weep his sudden death,
The cause forgotten in his epitaph.

[*Sad music; the* Players *bear off* PARIS' *body*, CÆSAR *and the rest following.*

ACT THE FIFTH

Scene I

A Room in the Palace, with an Image of Minerva

Enter Parthenius, Stephanos, *and* Guard

Parth. Keep a strong guard upon him, and admit not
Access to any, to exchange a word
Or syllable with him, till the emperor pleases
To call him[n] to his presence. — [*Exit* Guard.] — The relation
That you have made me, Stephanos, of these late
Strange passions in Cæsar, much amaze me.
The informer Aretinus put to death
For yielding him a true discovery
Of the empress' wantonness; poor Paris killed first,
And now lamented; and the princesses
Confined to several islands; yet Augusta,
The machine on which all this mischief moved,
Received again to grace!

Steph. Nay, courted to it.
Such is the impotence of his affection!
Yet, to conceal his weakness, he gives out
The people made suit for her, whom they hate more
Than civil war, or famine. But take heed,
My lord, that, nor in your consent nor wishes,
You lend or furtherance or favour to
The plot contrived against her. Should she prove it,
Nay, doubt it only, you are a lost man,
Her power o'er doting Cæsar being now
Greater than ever.

Parth. 'Tis a truth I shake at;
And, when there's opportunity —
Steph. Say but, Do,
I am yours, and sure.
Parth. I'll stand one trial more,
And then you shall hear from me.
Steph. Now observe
The fondness of this tyrant, and her pride.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter CÆSAR *and* DOMITIA

Cæs. Nay, all's forgotten.
Dom. It may be, on your part.
Cæs. Forgiven too, Domitia. 'Tis a favour
That you should welcome with more cheerful looks.
Can Cæsar pardon what you durst not hope for,
That did the injury, and yet must sue
To her, whose guilt is washed off by his mercy,
Only to entertain it?
Dom. I asked none;
And I should be more wretched to receive
Remission for what I hold no crime,
But by a bare acknowledgment, than if,
By slighting and contemning it, as now,
I dared thy utmost fury. Though thy flatterers
Persuade thee that thy murders, lusts, and rapes,
Are virtues in thee; and what pleases Cæsar,
Though never so unjust, is right and lawful;
Or work in thee a false belief that thou
Art more than mortal; yet I to thy teeth,
When circled with thy guards, thy rods, thy axes,
And all the ensigns of thy boasted power,
Will say, Domitian, nay, add to it Cæsar,
Is a weak, feeble man, a bondman to
His violent passions, and in that my slave;
Nay, more my slave than my affections made me
To my loved Paris.

Cæs. Can I live and hear this?
Or hear, and not revenge it? Come, you know
The strength that you hold on me; do not use it
With too much cruelty; for, though 'tis granted
That Lydian Omphale[11] had less command
O'er Hercules than you usurp o'er me,
Reason may teach me to shake off the yoke
Of my fond dotage.
Dom. Never; do not hope it.
It cannot be. Thou being my beauty's captive,
And not to be redeemed, my empire's larger
Than thine, Domitian, which I'll exercise
With rigour on thee, for my Paris' death.
And, when I've forced those eyes, now red with fury,
To drop down tears, in vain spent to appease me,
I know thy fervour such to my embraces,
Which shall be, though still kneeled for, still denied thee,
That thou with languishment shalt wish my actor
Did live again, so thou mightst be his second
To feed upon those delicates, when he's sated.
Cæs. O my Minerva!
Dom. There she is, [*Points to the statue*]
invoke her.
She cannot arm thee with ability
To draw thy sword on me, my power being greater.
Or only say to thy centurions,
"Dare none of you do what I shake to think on,
And, in this woman's death, remove the Furies
That every hour afflict me?" Lamia's wrongs,
When thy lust forced me from him, are, in me,
At the height revenged. Nor would I outlive Paris,
But that thy love, increasing with my hate,
May add unto thy torments. So, with all
Contempt I can, I leave thee. [*Exit.*
Cæs. I am lost;
Nor am I Cæsar. When I first betrayed
The freedom of my faculties and will

To this imperious siren, I laid down
The empire of the world, and of myself,
At her proud feet. Sleep all my ireful powers?
Or is the magic of my dotage such,
That I must still make suit to hear those charms
That do increase my thraldom? Wake, my anger!
For shame, break through this lethargy, and appear
With usual terror, and enable me,
Since I wear not a sword to pierce her heart,
Nor have a tongue to say this, "Let her die,"
Though 'tis done with a fever-shaken hand,
[*Pulls out a table-book.*
To sign her death. Assist me, great Minerva,
And vindicate thy votary! [*Writes.*] So; she's now
Among the list of those I have proscribed,
And are, to free me of my doubts and fears,
To die to-morrow.

Steph. That same fatal book
Was never drawn yet, but some men of rank
Were marked out for destruction. [*Exit.*

Parth. I begin
To doubt myself.

Cæs. Who waits there?

Parth. [*Coming forward.*] Cæsar.

Cæs. So!
These that command armed troops, quake at my frowns,
And yet a woman slights them. Where's the wizard
We charged you to fetch in?

Parth. Ready to suffer
What death you please to appoint him.

Cæs. Bring him in.
We'll question him ourself.

Enter Tribunes *and* Guard *with* ASCLETARIO

Now, you, that hold
Intelligence with the stars, and dare prefix

The day and hour in which we are to part
With life and empire, punctually foretelling
The means and manner of our violent end;
As you would purchase credit to your art,
Resolve me, since you are assured of us,
What fate attends yourself?

Ascle. I have had long since
A certain knowledge, and, as sure as thou
Shalt die to-morrow, being the fourteenth of
The kalends of October, the hour five,
Spite of prevention, this carcass shall be
Torn and devoured by dogs; and let that stand
For a firm prediction.

Cæs. May our body, wretch,
Find never nobler sepulchre, if this
Fall ever on thee! Are we the great disposer
Of life and death, we cannot mock the stars
In such a trifle? Hence with the impostor;
And, having cut his throat, erect a pile,
Guarded with soldiers, till his cursèd trunk
Be burned to ashes. Upon forfeit of
Your life, and theirs, perform it.

Ascle. 'Tis in vain.
When what I have foretold is made apparent,
Tremble to think what follows.

Cæs. Drag him hence,

[*The* Tribunes *and* Guard *bear off* ASCLETARIO.

And do as I command you. I was never
Fuller of confidence; for, having got
The victory of my passions, in my freedom
From proud Domitia — who shall cease to live,
Since she disdains to love — I rest unmoved;
And, in defiance of prodigious meteors,
Chaldæans' vain predictions, jealous fears
Of my near friends and freedmen, certain hate
Of kindred and alliance, or all terrors
The soldier's doubted faith, or people's rage,

Can bring to shake my constancy, I am armed.
That scrupulous thing styled conscience is seared up,
And I insensible of all my actions,
For which, by moral and religious fools,
I stand condemned, as they had never been.
And, since I have subdued triumphant love,
I will not deify pale captive fear,
Nor in a thought receive it; for, till thou,
Wisest Minerva, that from my first youth
Hast been my sole protectress, dost forsake me,
Not Junius Rusticus' threatened apparition,
Nor what this soothsayer but even now foretold,
Being things impossible to human reason,
Shall in a dream disturb me. Bring my couch there;
A sudden but a secure drowsiness
Invites me to repose myself. [*A couch brought in.*] Let music,
With some choice ditty, second it. [*Exit* PARTHENIUS.] I' the mean time,
Rest there, dear book, which opened, when I wake,
[*Lays the book under his pillow.*
Shall make some sleep for ever.
[*Music and a song.* CÆSAR *sleeps.*

Re-enter PARTHENIUS *and* DOMITIA

Dom. Write my name
In his bloody scroll, Parthenius! The fear's idle.
He durst not, could not.
Parth. I can assure nothing.
But I observed, when you departed from him,
After some little passion, but much fury,
He drew it out. Whose death he signed, I know not;
But in his looks appeared a resolution
Of what before he staggered at. What he hath
Determined of is uncertain, but too soon
Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any.

His pleasure known to the tribunes and centurions,
Who never use to inquire his will, but serve it.
Now, if, out of the confidence of your power,
The bloody catalogue being still about him,
As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remove it,
You may instruct yourself, or what to suffer,
Or how to cross it.

Dom. I would not be caught
With too much confidence. By your leave, sir. Ha!
No motion! You lie uneasy, sir.
Let me mend your pillow. [*Takes away the book.*

Parth. Have you it?

Dom. 'Tis here.

Cæs. O!

Parth. You have waked him: softly, gracious madam,
While we are unknown [n]; and then consult at leisure.
[*Exeunt.*

Dreadful music. The apparitions of JUNIUS RUSTICUS *and* PALPHURIUS SURA *rise, with bloody swords in their hands; they wave them over the head of* CÆSAR, *who seems troubled in his sleep, and as if praying to the image of* Minerva, *which they scornfully seize, and then disappear with it.*

Cæs. [*Starting.*] Defend me, goddess, or this horrid dream
Will force me to distraction! Whither have
These Furies borne thee? Let me rise and follow.
I am bathed o'er with the cold sweat of death,
And am deprived of organs to pursue
These sacrilegious spirits. Am I at once
Robbed of my hopes and being? No, I live, —
[*Rises distractedly.*
Yes, live, and have discourse,[n] to know myself
Of gods and men forsaken. What accuser
Within me cries aloud, I have deserved it,

In being just to neither? Who dares speak this?
Am I not Cæsar? How! again repeat it?
Presumptuous traitor, thou shalt die! What traitor?
He that hath been a traitor to himself,
And stands convicted here. Yet who can sit
A competent judge o'er Cæsar? Cæsar. Yes,
Cæsar by Cæsar's sentenced, and must suffer.
Minerva cannot save him. Ha! where is she?
Where is my goddess? Vanished! I am lost then.
No; 'twas no dream, but a most real truth,
That Junius Rusticus and Palphurius Sura,
Although their ashes were cast in the sea,
Were by their innocence made up again,
And in corporeal forms but now appeared,[n]
Waving their bloody swords above my head,
As at their deaths they threatened. And methought
Minerva, ravished hence, whispered that she
Was, for my blasphemies, disarmed by Jove,
And could no more protect me. Yes, 'twas so.
[*Thunder and lightning.*
His thunder does confirm it, against which,
Howe'er it spare the laurel, this proud wreath

Enter three Tribunes

Is no assurance. — Ha! come you resolved
To be my executioners?
1st Trib. Allegiance
And faith forbid that we should lift an arm
Against your sacred head.
2nd Trib. We rather sue
For mercy.
3d Trib. And acknowledge that in justice
Our lives are forfeited for not performing
What Cæsar charged us.
1st Trib. Nor did we transgress it
In our want of will or care; for, being but men,

It could not be in us to make resistance,
The gods fighting against us.
Cæs. Speak, in what
Did they express their anger? We will hear it,
But dare not say, undaunted.
1st Trib. In brief thus, sir:
The sentence given by your imperial tongue,
For the astrologer Ascletario's death,
With speed was put in execution.
Cæs. Well.
1st Trib. For, his throat cut, his legs bound, and his arms
Pinioned behind his back, the breathless trunk
Was with all scorn dragged to the Field of Mars,
And there, a pile being raised of old dry wood,
Smeared o'er with oil and brimstone, or what else
Could help to feed or to increase the fire,
The carcass was thrown on it. But no sooner
The stuff, that was most apt, began to flame,
But suddenly, to the amazement of
The fearless soldier, a sudden flash
Of lightning, breaking through the scattered clouds,
With such a horrid violence forced its passage,
And as disdaining all heat but itself,
In a moment quenched the artificial fire:
And, before we could kindle it again,
A clap of thunder followed, with such noise
As if then Jove, incensed against mankind,
Had in his secret purposes determined
A universal ruin to the world.
This horror past, not at Deucalion's flood
Such a stormy shower of rain — and yet that word is
Too narrow to express it — was e'er seen.
Imagine rather, sir, that with less fury
The waves rush down the cataracts of Nile;
Or that the sea, spouted into the air
By the angry Orc,[n] endangering tall ships

But sailing near it, so falls down again.
Yet here the wonder ends not, but begins:
For, as in vain we laboured to consume
The witch's body, all the dogs of Rome,
Howling and yelling like to famished wolves,
Brake in upon us; and, though thousands were
Killed in th' attempt, some did ascend the pile,
And with their eager fangs seized on the carcass.
Cæs. But have they torn it?
1st Trib. Torn it, and devoured it.
Cæs. I then am a dead man, since all predictions
Assure me I am lost. O, my loved soldiers,
Your emperor must leave you! Yet, however
I cannot grant myself a short reprieve,
I freely pardon you. The fatal hour
Steals fast upon me. I must die this morning
By five, my soldiers; that's the latest hour
You e'er must see me living.
1st Trib. Jove avert it!
In our swords lies your fate, and we will guard it.
Cæs. O no, it cannot be; it is decreed
Above, and by no strengths here to be altered.
Let proud mortality but look on Cæsar,
Compassed of late with armies, in his eyes
Carrying both life and death, and in his arms
Fathoming the earth; that would be styled a god,
And is, for that presumption, cast beneath
The low condition of a common man,
Sinking with mine own weight.
1st Trib. Do not forsake
Yourself, we'll never leave you.
2nd Trib. We'll draw up
More cohorts of your guard, if you doubt treason.
Cæs. They cannot save me. The offended gods,
That now sit judges on me, from their envy
Of my power and greatness here, conspire against me.
1st Trib. Endeavour to appease them.

Cæs. 'Twill be fruitless.
I am past hope of remission. Yet, could I
Decline this dreadful hour of five, these terrors,
That drive me to despair, would soon fly from me:
And could you but till then assure me —
1st Trib. Yes, sir;
Or we'll fall with you, and make Rome the urn
In which we'll mix our ashes.
Cæs. 'Tis said nobly.
I am something comforted; howe'er, to die
Is the full period of calamity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Another Room in the Palace

Enter PARTHENIUS, DOMITIA, JULIA, CÆNIS, DOMITILLA, STEPHANOS, SEJEIUS, *and* ENTELLUS

Parth. You see we are all condemned; there's no evasion;
We must do, or suffer.
Steph. But it must be sudden;
The least delay is mortal.
Dom. Would I were
A man, to give it action!
Domitil. Could I make my approaches, though my stature
Does promise little, I have a spirit as daring
As hers that can reach higher.
Steph. I will take
That burthen from you, madam. All the art is,
To draw him from the tribunes that attend him;
For, could you bring him but within my sword's reach,
The world should owe her freedom from a tyrant
To Stephanos.

Sej. You shall not share alone
The glory of a deed that will endure
To all posterity.
Ent. I will put in
For a part, myself.
Parth. Be resolute, and stand close.
I have conceived a way, and with the hazard
Of my life I'll practise it, to fetch him hither.
But then no trifling.
Steph. We'll dispatch him, fear not:
A dead dog never bites.
Parth. Thus then at all.[n]
[*Exit; the rest conceal themselves.*

Enter CÆSAR *and the* Tribunes

Cæs. How slow-paced are these minutes! In extremes,
How miserable is the least delay!
Could I imp feathers to the wings of time,
Or with as little ease command the sun
To scourge his coursers up Heaven's eastern hill,
Making the hour I tremble at, past recalling,
As I can move this dial's tongue to six;
My veins and arteries, emptied with fear,
Would fill and swell again. How do I look?
Do you yet see Death about me?
1st Trib. Think not of him;
There is no danger. All these prodigies
That do affright you, rise from natural causes;
And though you do ascribe them to yourself,
Had you ne'er been, had happened.
Cæs. 'Tis well said,
Exceeding well, brave soldier. Can it be,
That I, that feel myself in health and strength,
Should still believe I am so near my end,
And have my guards about me? Perish all
Predictions! I grow constant they are false,
And built upon uncertainties.

1st Trib. This is right.
Now Cæsar's heard like Cæsar.
Cæs. We will to
The camp, and having there confirmed the soldier
With a large donative, and increase of pay,
Some shall — I say no more.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS

Parth. All happiness,
Security, long life, attend upon
The monarch of the world!
Cæs. Thy looks are cheerful.
Parth. And my relation full of joy and wonder.
Why is the care of your imperial body,
My lord, neglected, the feared hour being past,
In which your life was threatened?
Cæs. Is't past five?
Parth. Past six, upon my knowledge; and, in justice,
Your clock-master should die, that hath deferred
Your peace so long. There is a post new lighted,
That brings assured intelligence that your legions
In Syria have won a glorious day,
And much enlarged your empire. I have kept him
Concealed, that you might first partake the pleasure
In private, and the Senate from yourself
Be taught to understand how much they owe
To you and to your fortune.
Cæs. Hence, pale fear, then!
Lead me, Parthenius.
1st Trib. Shall we wait you?
Cæs. No.
After losses guards are useful. Know your distance.
[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and* PARTHENIUS.
2nd Trib. How strangely hopes delude men! As I live,
The hour is not yet come.

1st Trib. Howe'er, we are
To pay our duties, and observe the sequel.
[*Exeunt* Tribunes. DOMITIA *and the rest come forward.*
Dom. I hear him coming. Be constant.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and* PARTHENIUS

Cæs. Where, Parthenius,
Is this glad messenger?
Steph. Make the door fast. — Here;
A messenger of horror.
Cæs. How! betrayed?
Dom. No; taken, tyrant.
Cæs. My Domitia
In the conspiracy!
Parth. Behold this book.
Cæs. Nay, then I am lost. Yet, though I am unarmed,
I'll not fall poorly. [*Overthrows* STEPHANOS.
Steph. Help me!
Ent. Thus, and thus! 71
[*They stab him.*
Sej. Are you so long a-falling?
Cæs. 'Tis done basely.
[*Falls and dies.*
Parth. This for my father's death.
Dom. This for my Paris.
Jul. This for thy incest.
Domitil. This for thy abuse
Of Domitilla. [*They severally stab him.*
Tribunes. [*Within.*] Force the doors!

Re-enter Tribunes

O Mars!
What have you done?
Parth. What Rome shall give us thanks for.
Steph. Dispatched a monster.

1st Trib. Yet he was our prince,
However wicked; and, in you, this 'n murder. —
Which whosoe'er succeeds him will revenge:
Nor will we, that served under his command,
Consent that such a monster as thyself — [*To* DOMITIA.
For in thy wickedness Augusta's title
Hath quite forsook thee — thou, that wert the ground
Of all these mischiefs, shall go hence unpunished.
Lay hands on her and drag her to sentence.[n]
We will refer the hearing to the Senate,
Who may at their best leisure censure you.
Take up his body. He in death hath paid
For all his cruelties. Here's the difference:
Good kings are mourned for after life; but ill,
And such as governed only by their will,
And not their reason, unlamented fall;
No good man's tear shed at their funeral.

[*Exeunt; the* Tribunes *bearing the body of* CÆSAR.

THE MAID OF HONOUR

THE MAID OF HONOUR

The Maid of Honour was published as a quarto in 1632, but when it was written or first acted is not known. It was frequently presented, we are assured, "with good allowance," by the Queen's Servants. The plot is borrowed from the thirty-second novel[n] in the second volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*. Professor Gardiner maintains (*Contemporary Review*, xxviii), but hardly convincingly, that the play abounds in political allusions.

To my most honoured Friends,

SIR FRANCIS FOLJAMBE, KNT. and BART.,

AND

SIR THOMAS BLAND,[n] KNT.

That you have been, and continued so for many years, since you vouchsafed to own me, patrons to me and my despised studies, I cannot but with all humble thankfulness acknowledge: and living, as you have done, inseparable in your friendship, (notwithstanding all differences, and suits in law arising between you,) I held it as impertinent as absurd, in the presentment of my service in this kind to divide you. A free confession of a debt in a meaner man, is the amplest satisfaction to his superiors; and I heartily wish, that the world may take notice, and from myself, that I had not to this time subsisted, but that I was supported by your frequent courtesies and favours. When your most serious occasions will give you leave, you may please to peruse this trifle, and peradventure find something in it that may appear worthy of your protection. Receive it, I beseech you, as a testimony of his duty who, while he lives, resolves to be

Truly and sincerely devoted to your service,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ROBERTO, King of Sicily.
FERDINAND, Duke of Urbin.[n]
BERTOLDO, the King's natural Brother, a Knight of Malta.
GONZAGA, a Knight of Malta, General to the Duchess of Siena.
ASTUTIO, a Counsellor of State.
FULGENTIO, the Minion of ROBERTO.
ADORNI, a follower of CAMIOLA's Father.
SIGNIOR SYLLI, a foolish self-lover.
ANTONIO, GASPARO, } two rich Heirs, city-bred.
PIERIO, a Colonel to GONZAGA.
RODERIGO, JACOMO, } Captains to GONZAGA.
DRUSO, LIVIO, } Captains to Duke FERDINAND.
Father PAULO, a Priest, CAMIOLA's Confessor.
Ambassador from the Duke of Urbin.
A Bishop.
A Page.
Scout, Soldiers, Jailer, Attendants, Servants, &c.

AURELIA, Duchess of Siena.
CAMIOLA, the Maid of Honour.
CLARINDA, her Woman.

SCENE - Partly in SICILY and partly in the SIENESE

THE MAID OF HONOUR

ACT THE FIRST

Scene I

Palermo. A State-room in the Palace

Enter Astutio *and* Adorni

Ador. Good day to your lordship.
Ast. Thanks, Adorni.
Ador. May I presume to ask if the ambassador
Employed by Ferdinand the Duke of Urbin,
Hath audience this morning?

Enter Fulgentio

Ast. 'Tis uncertain;
For, though a counsellor of state, I am not
Of the cabinet council. But there's one, if he please,
That may resolve you.
Ador. I will move him. — Sir!
Ful. If you've a suit, show water,[n] I am blind else.
Ador. A suit, yet of a nature not to prove
The quarry that you hawk for. If your words
Are not like Indian wares, and every scruple
To be weighed and rated, one poor syllable,
Vouchsafed in answer of a fair demand,
Cannot deserve a fee.
Ful. It seems you are ignorant,
I neither speak nor hold my peace for nothing;
And yet, for once, I care not if I answer
One single question, gratis.

Ador. I much thank you.
Hath the ambassador audience, sir, to-day?
Ful. Yes.
Ador. At what hour?
Ful. I promised not so much.
A syllable you begged, my charity gave it.
Move me no further. [*Exit.*
Ast. This you wonder at.
With me, 'tis usual.
Ador. Pray you, sir, what is he?
Ast. A gentleman, yet no lord. He hath some drops
Of the king's blood running in his veins, derived
Some ten degrees off. His revenue[n] lies
In a narrow compass, the king's ear; and yields him
Every hour a fruitful harvest. Men may talk
Of three crops in a year in the Fortunate Islands,[n]
Or profit made by wool, but, while there are suitors,
His sheepshearing, nay, shaving to the quick,
Is in every quarter of the moon, and constant.
In the time of trussing a point,[n] he can undo
Or make a man. His play or recreation
Is to raise this up or pull down that; and though
He never yet took orders, makes more bishops
In Sicily than the pope himself.

Enter BERTOLDO, GASPARO, ANTONIO, *and a* Servant

Ador. Most strange!
Ast. The presence fills. He in the Malta habit
Is the natural brother of the king — a by-blow.
Ador. I understand you.
Gasp. Morrow to my uncle.
Ant. And my late guardian. But at length I have
The reins in my own hands.
Ast. Pray you, use them well,
Or you'll too late repent it.
Bert. With this jewel
Presented to Camiola, prepare

This night a visit for me. [*Exit* Servant.] I shall have
Your company, gallants, I perceive, if that
The king will hear of war.
Ant. Sir, I have horses
Of the best breed in Naples, fitter far
To break a rank than crack a lance; and are
In their career of such incredible swiftness,
They outstrip swallows.
Bert. And such may be useful
To run away with, should we be defeated.
You are well provided, signior.
Ant. Sir, excuse me.
All of their race, by instinct, know a coward,
And scorn the burthen. They come on like lightning;
Foundered[n] in a retreat.
Bert. By no means back them;
Unless you know your courage sympathize[n]
With the daring of your horse.
Ant. My lord, this is bitter.
Gasp. I will raise me a company of foot,
And, when at push of pike I am to enter
A breach, to show my valour, I have bought me
An armour cannon proof.
Bert. You will not leap, then,
O'er an outwork in your shirt?
Gasp. I do not like
Activity that way.
Bert. You had rather stand
A mark to try their muskets on?
Gasp. If I do
No good, I'll do no hurt.
Bert. 'Tis in you, signior,
A Christian resolution, and becomes you!
But I will not discourage you.
Ant. You are, sir,
A knight of Malta,[n] and, as I have heard,
Have served against the Turk.

Bert. 'Tis true.
Ant. Pray you, show us
The difference between the city valour
And service in the field.
Bert. 'Tis somewhat more
Than roaring in a tavern or a brothel,
Or to steal a constable from a sleeping watch,
Then burn their halberds; or, safe guarded by
Your tenants' sons, to carry away a May-pole
From a neighbour village. You will not find there
Your masters of dependencies,[n] to take up
A drunken brawl, or, to get you the names
Of valiant chevaliers, fellows that will be,
For a cloak with thrice-dyed velvet and a cast suit,
Kicked down the stairs. A knave with half a breech there,
And no shirt — being a thing superfluous
And worn out of his memory — if you bear not
Yourselves both in and upright, with a provant sword
Will slash your scarlets and your plush a new way;
Or, with the hilts, thunder about your ears
Such music as will make your worships dance
To the doleful tune of *Lachrymæ*.[n]
Gasp. I must tell you
In private, as you are my princely friend,
I do not like such fiddlers.
Bert. No! They are useful
For your imitation. I remember you,
When you came first to the court, and talked of nothing
But your rents and your entradas, ever chiming
The golden bells in your pockets. You believed
The taking of the wall as a tribute due to
Your gaudy clothes; and could not walk at midnight
Without a causeless quarrel, as if men
Of coarser outsides were in duty bound
To suffer your affronts. But, when you had been
Cudgelled well twice or thrice, and from the doctrine
Made profitable uses, you concluded

The sovereign means to teach irregular heirs
Civility, with conformity of manners,
Were two or three sound beatings.
Ant. I confess
They did much good upon me.
Gasp. And on me.
The principles that they read were sound.
Bert. You'll find
The like instructions in the camp.
Ast. The king!

A flourish. Enter ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, Ambassadors, *and* Attendants

Rob. [*Ascends the throne.*] We sit prepared to hear.
Amb. Your majesty
Hath been long since familiar, I doubt not,
With the desperate fortunes of my lord; and pity
Of the much that your confederate hath suffered,
You being his last refuge, may persuade you
Not alone to compassionate, but to lend
Your royal aids to stay him in his fall
To certain ruin. He, too late, is conscious
That his ambition to encroach upon
His neighbour's territories, with the danger of
His liberty, nay, his life, hath brought in question
His own inheritance. But youth and heat
Of blood, in your interpretation, may
Both plead and mediate for him. I must grant it
An error in him, being denied the favours
Of the fair princess of Siena — though
He sought her in a noble way — to endeavour
To force affection, by surprisal of
Her principal seat, Siena.
Rob. Which now proves
The seat of his captivity, not triumph.
Heaven is still just.
Amb. And yet that justice is

To be with mercy tempered, which Heaven's deputies
Stand bound to minister. The injured duchess,
By reason taught, as nature could not, with
The reparation of her wrongs, but aims at
A brave revenge; and my lord feels, too late,
That innocence will find friends. The great Gonzaga,
The honour of his order — I must praise
Virtue, though in an enemy — he whose fights
And conquests hold one number, rallying up
Her scattered troops, before we could get time
To victual or to man the conquered city,
Sat down before it; and, presuming that
'Tis not to be relieved, admits no parley,
Our flags of truce hung out in vain. Nor will he
Lend an ear to composition, but exacts,
With the rendering up the town, the goods and lives
Of all within the walls, and of all sexes,
To be at his discretion.

Rob. Since injustice
In your duke meets this correction, can you press us,
With any seeming argument of reason,
In foolish pity to decline his dangers,
To draw them on ourself? Shall we not be
Warned by his harms? The league proclaimed between us,
Bound neither of us further than to aid
Each other, if by foreign force invaded;
And so far in my honour I was tied.
But since, without our counsel or allowance,
He hath ta'en arms, with his good leave he must
Excuse us if we steer not on a rock
We see and may avoid. Let other monarchs
Contend to be made glorious by proud war,
And, with the blood of their poor subjects, purchase
Increase of empire, and augment their cares
In keeping that which was by wrongs extorted,
Gilding unjust invasions with the trim

Of glorious conquests. We, that would be known
The father of our people, in our study
And vigilance for their safety, must not change
Their ploughshares into swords, and force them from
The secure shade of their own vines, to be
Scorched with the flames of war; or, for our sport,
Expose their lives to ruin.
Amb. Will you, then,
In his extremity forsake your friend?
Rob. No, but preserve ourself.
Bert. Cannot the beams
Of honour thaw your icy fears?
Rob. Who's that?
Bert. A kind of brother, sir, howe'er your subject;
Your father's son, and one who blushes that
You are not heir to his brave spirit and vigour,
As to his kingdom.
Rob. How's this!
Bert. Sir, to be
His living chronicle, and to speak his praise,
Cannot deserve your anger.
Rob. Where's your warrant
For this presumption?
Bert. Here, sir, in my heart.
Let sycophants, that feed upon your favours,
Style coldness in you caution, and prefer
Your ease before your honour, and conclude,
To eat and sleep supinely is the end
Of human blessings. I must tell you, sir,
Virtue, if not in action, is a vice,
And, when we move not forward, we go backward.
Nor is this peace, the nurse of drones and cowards,
Our health, but a disease.
Gasp. Well urged, my lord.
Ant. Perfect what is so well begun.
Amb. And bind
My lord your servant.

Rob. Hair-brained fool! What reason
Canst thou infer to make this good?
Bert. A thousand,
Not to be contradicted. But consider
Where your command lies. Tis not, sir, in France,
Spain, Germany, Portugal, but in Sicily;
An island, sir. Here are no mines of gold
Or silver to enrich you; no worm spins
Silk in her womb, to make distinction
Between you and a peasant in your habits.
No fish lives near our shores, whose blood can dye
Scarlet or purple;[n] all that we possess,
With beasts we have in common. Nature did
Design us to be warriors, and to break through
Our ring, the sea, by which we are environed;
And we by force must fetch in what is wanting
Or precious to us. Add to this, we are
A populous nation, and increase so fast
That, if we by our providence are not sent
Abroad in colonies, or fall by the sword,
Not Sicily, though now it were more fruitful
Than when 'twas styled the granary of great Rome,
Can yield our numerous fry bread. We must starve,
Or eat up one another.
Ador. The king hears
With much attention.
Ast. And seems moved with what
Bertoldo hath delivered.
Bert. May you live long, sir,
The king of peace, so you deny not us
The glory of the war. Let not our nerves
Shrink up with sloth, nor, for want of employment,
Make younger brothers thieves. It is their swords, sir,
Must sow and reap their harvest. If examples
May move you more than arguments, look on England,
The empress of the European isles,
And unto whom alone ours yields precedence.

When did she flourish so, as when she was
The mistress of the ocean, her navies
Putting a girdle round about the world?
When the Iberian quaked, her worthies named;[n]
And the fair flower-de-luce grew pale, set by
The red rose and the white! Let not our armour
Hung up, or our unrigged armada, make us
Ridiculous to the late poor snakes our neighbours,
Warmed in our bosoms, and to whom again
We may be terrible; while we spend our hours
Without variety, confined to drink,
Dice, cards, or whores. Rouse us, sir, from the sleep
Of idleness, and redeem our mortgaged honours.
Your birth, and justly, claims my father's kingdom,
But his heroic mind descends to me.
I will confirm so much.
Ador. In his looks he seems
To break ope Janus' temple.[n]
Ast. How these younglings
Take fire from him!
Ador. It works an alteration
Upon the king.
Ant. I can forbear no longer.
War, war, my sovereign!
Ful. The king appears
Resolved, and does prepare to speak.
Rob. Think not
Our counsel's built upon so weak a base,
As to be overturned or shaken with
Tempestuous winds of words. As I, my lord,
Before resolved you, I will not engage
My person in this quarrel; neither press
My subjects to maintain it. Yet, to show
My rule is gentle, and that I have feeling
O' your master's sufferings, since these gallants, weary
Of the happiness of peace, desire to taste
The bitter sweets of war, we do consent

That, as adventurers and volunteers,
No way compelled by us, they may make trial
Of their boasted valours.

Bert. We desire no more.

Rob. 'Tis well; and, but my grant in this, expect not
Assistance from me. Govern, as you please,
The province you make choice of; for, I vow
By all things sacred, if that thou miscarry
In this rash undertaking, I will hear it
No otherwise than as a sad disaster
Fallen on a stranger. Nor will I esteem
That man my subject, who, in thy extremes,
In purse or person aids thee. Take your fortune.
You know me; I have said it. So, my lord,
You have my absolute answer.

Amb. My prince pays,
In me, his duty.

Rob. Follow me, Fulgentio,
And you, Astutio.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, ASTUTIO, *and* Attendants.

Gasp. What a frown he threw,
At his departure, on you!

Bert. Let him keep
His smiles for his state catamite, I care not.

Ant. Shall we aboard to-night?

Amb. Your speed, my lord,
Doubles the benefit.

Bert. I have a business
Requires dispatch. Some two hours hence I'll meet you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The same. A Room in CAMIOLA'S *House*

Enter Signior SYLLI, *walking fantastically, followed by* CAMIOLA *and* CLARINDA

Cam. Nay, signior, this is too much ceremony,
In my own house.
Syl. What's gracious abroad,
Must be in private practised.
Clar. For your mirth's sake
Let him alone. He has been all this morning
In practice with a peruked gentleman-usher,[n]
To teach him his true amble, and his postures,
[SYLLI *walking by, and practising.*
When he walks before a lady.
Syl. You may, madam,
Perhaps believe that I in this use art,
To make you dote upon me, by exposing
My more than most rare features to your view.
But I, as I have ever done, deal simply;
A mark of sweet simplicity, ever noted
In the family of the Syllis. Therefore, lady,
Look not with too much contemplation on me;
If you do, you are in the suds.[n]
Cam. You are no barber?
Syl. Fie, no! not I. But my good parts have drawn
More loving hearts out of fair ladies' bellies
Than the whole trade have done teeth.[n]
Cam. Is't possible?
Syl. Yes, and they live too. Marry, much condoling
The scorn of their Narcissus, as they call me,
Because I love myself—
Cam. Without a rival.
What philtres or love-powders do you use

To force affection? I see nothing in
Your person but I dare look on, yet keep
My own poor heart still.
Syl. You are warned — be armed,
And do not lose the hope of such a husband
In being too soon enamoured.
Clar. Hold in your head,
Or you must have a martingale.
Syl. I have sworn
Never to take a wife, but such a one —
O may your ladyship prove so strong — as can
Hold out a month against me.
Cam. Never fear it.
Though your best taking part, your wealth, were trebled,
I would not woo you. But since in your pity
You please to give me caution, tell me what
Temptations I must fly from.
Syl. The first is,
That you never hear me sing, for I'm a siren.
If you observe, when I warble, the dogs howl,
As ravished with my ditties; and you will
Run mad to hear me.
Cam. I will stop my ears,
And keep my little wits.
Syl. Next, when I dance,
And come aloft thus [*capers*], cast not a sheep's eye
Upon the quivering of my calf.
Cam. Proceed, sir.
Syl. But on no terms, for 'tis a main point, dream not
O' the strength of my back, though it will bear a burthen
With any porter.
Cam. I mean not to ride you.
Syl. Nor I your little ladyship, till you have
Performed the covenants. Be not taken with
My prĕtty spider-fingers, nor my eyes,
That twinkle on both sides.
Cam. Was there ever such

A piece of motley heard of? [*A knocking within.*]
Who's that? [*Exit* CLARINDA.] You may spare
That catalogue of my dangers.
Syl. No, good madam;
I have not told you half.
Cam. Enough, good signior.
If I eat more of such sweetmeats, I shall surfeit. —

Re-enter CLARINDA

Who is't?
Clar. The brother of the king,
Syl. Nay, start not.
The brother of the king! Is he no more?
Were it the king himself, I'd give him leave
To speak his mind to you, for I am not jealous;
And, to assure your ladyship of so much,
I'll usher him in, and, that done — hide myself.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Cam. Camiola, if ever, now be constant.
This is, indeed, a suitor whose sweet presence,
Courtship, and loving language, would have staggered
The chaste Penelope; and, to increase
The wonder, did not modesty forbid it,
I should ask that from him he sues to me for:
And yet my reason, like a tyrant, tells me
I must nor give nor take it.

Re-enter SYLLI *with* BERTOLDO

Syl. I must tell you,
You lose your labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,
Signior Sylli came before you; and you know,
First come first served. Yet you shall have my countenance
To parley with her, and I'll take special care
That none shall interrupt you.

Bert. You are courteous.
Syl. Come, wench, wilt thou hear wisdom?
Clar. Yes, from you, sir.
[*They walk aside.*
Bert. If forcing this sweet favour from your lips,
[*Kisses her.*
Fair madam, argue me of too much boldness,
When you are pleased to understand I take
A parting kiss, if not excuse, at least
'Twill qualify the offence.
Cam. A parting kiss, sir!
What nation, envious of the happiness
Which Sicily enjoys in your sweet presence,
Can buy you from her? or what climate yield
Pleasures transcending those which you enjoy here,
Being both beloved and honoured; the north star
And guider of all hearts; and, to sum up
Your full account of happiness in a word,
The brother of the king?
Bert. Do you alone,
And with an unexampled cruelty,
Enforce my absence, and deprive me of
Those blessings which you, with a polished phrase,
Seem to insinuate that I do possess,
And yet tax me as being guilty of
My wilful exile? What are titles to me,
Or popular suffrage, or my nearness to
The king in blood, or fruitful Sicily,
Though it confessed no sovereign but myself,
When you, that are the essence of my being,
The anchor of my hopes, the real substance
Of my felicity, in your disdain,
Turn all to fading and deceiving shadows?
Cam. You tax me without cause.
Bert. You must confess it.
But answer love with love, and seal the contract
In the uniting of our souls, how gladly —

Though now I were in action, and assured,
Following my fortune, that plumed Victory
Would make her glorious stand upon my tent —
Would I put off my armour, in my heat
Of conquest, and, like Antony, pursue
My Cleopatra![n] Will you yet look on me,
With an eye of favour?

Cam. Truth bear witness for me,
That, in the judgement of my soul, you are
A man so absolute and circular
In all those wished-for rarities that may take
A virgin captive, that, though at this instant
All sceptred monarchs of our western world
Were rivals with you, and Camiola worthy
Of such a competition, you alone
Should wear the garland.

Bert. If so, what diverts
Your favour from me?

Cam. No mulct in yourself,
Or in your person, mind, or fortune.

Bert. What then?

Cam. The consciousness of mine own wants. Alas! sir,
We are not parallels, but, like lines divided,[n]
Can ne'er meet in one centre. Your birth, sir,
Without addition, were an ample dowry
For one of fairer fortunes; and this shape,
Were you ignoble, far above all value.
To this so clear a mind, so furnished with
Harmonious faculties moulded from Heaven,
That though you were Thersites[n] in your features,
Of no descent, and Irus[n] in your fortunes,
Ulysses-like you'd force all eyes and ears
To love, but seen; and, when heard, wonder at
Your matchless story. But all these bound up
Together in one volume, — give me leave
With admiration to look upon them,

But not presume, in my own flattering hopes,
I may or can enjoy them.
Bert. How you ruin
What you would seem to build up! I know no
Disparity between us. You're an heir,
Sprung from a noble family; fair, rich, young,
And every way my equal.
Cam. Sir, excuse me.
One aerie with proportion ne'er discloses
The eagle and the wren; tissue and frieze
In the same garment, monstrous! But suppose
That what's in you excessive were diminished,
And my desert supplied, the stronger bar,
Religion, stops our entrance. You are, sir,
A knight of Malta, by your order bound
To a single life. You cannot marry me;
And, I assure myself, you are too noble
To seek me, though my frailty should consent,
In a base path.
Bert. A dispensation, lady,
Will easily absolve me.
Cam. O take heed, sir!
When what is vowed to Heaven is dispensed with [n]
To serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow,
And not a blessing.
Bert. Is there no hope left me?
Cam. Nor to myself, but is a neighbour to
Impossibility. True love should walk
On equal feet; in us it does not, sir.
But rest assured, excepting this, I shall be
Devoted to your service.
Bert. And this is your
Determinate sentence?
Cam. Not to be revoked.
Bert. Farewell then, fairest cruel! All thoughts in me
Of women perish. Let the glorious light
Of noble war extinguish Love's dim taper,

That only lends me light to see my folly.
Honour, be thou my ever-living mistress,
And fond affection, as thy bond-slave, serve thee! [*Exit.*
Cam. How soon my sun is set, he being absent,
Never to rise again! What a fierce battle
Is fought between my passions! — Methinks
We should have kissed at parting.
Syl. I perceive
He has his answer. Now must I step in
To comfort her. [*Comes forward.*] You have found, I hope, sweet lady,
Some difference between a youth of my pitch,
And this bugbear Bertoldo. Men are men,
The king's brother is no more; good parts will do it,
When titles fail. Despair not; I may be
In time entreated.
Cam. Be so now, to leave me. —
Lights for my chamber. O my heart!
[*Exeunt* CAMIOLA *and* CLARINDA.
Syl. She now,
I know, is going to bed, to ruminate
Which way to glut herself upon my person.
But, for my oath's sake, I will keep her hungry;
And, to grow full myself, I'll straight — to supper. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND

Scene I

The same. A Room in the Palace

Enter Roberto, Fulgentio, *and* Astutio

Rob. Embarked to-night, do you say?
Ful. I saw him aboard, sir,
Rob. And without taking of his leave?
Ast. 'Twas strange!
Rob. Are we grown so contemptible?
Ful. 'Tis far
From me, sir, to add fuel to your anger,
That, in your ill opinion of him, burns
Too hot already; else I should affirm,
It was a gross neglect.
Rob. A wilful scorn
Of duty and allegiance; you give it
Too fair a name. But we shall think on't. Can you
Guess what the numbers were, that followed him
In his desperate action?
Ful. More than you think, sir.
All ill-affected spirits in Palermo,
Or to your government or person, with
The turbulent swordsmen, such whose poverty forced them
To wish a change, are gone along with him;
Creatures devoted to his undertakings,
In right or wrong; and, to express their zeal
And readiness to serve him, ere they went,
Profanely took the sacrament on their knees,
To live and die with him.

Rob. O most impious!
Their loyalty to us forgot?
Ful. I fear so.
Ast. Unthankful as they are!
Ful. Yet this deserves not
One troubled thought in you, sir. With your pardon,
I hold that their remove from hence makes more
For your security than danger.
Rob. True;
And, as I'll fashion it, they shall feel it too.
Astutio, you shall presently be dispatched
With letters, writ and signed with our own hand,
To the Duchess of Siena, in excuse
Of these forces sent against her. If you spare
An oath, to give it credit, that we never
Consented to it, swearing for the king,
Though false, it is no perjury.
Ast. I know it.
They are not fit to be state agents, sir,
That without scruple of their conscience, cannot
Be prodigal in such trifles.
Ful. Right, Astutio.
Rob. You must, beside, from us take some instructions,
To be imparted, as you judge them useful,
To the general Gonzaga. Instantly
Prepare you for your journey.
Ast. With the wings
Of loyalty and duty. [*Exit.*
Ful. I am bold
To put your majesty in mind —
Rob. Of my promise,
And aids, to further you in your amorous project
To the fair and rich Camiola? There's my ring;
Whatever you shall say that I entreat,
Or can command by power, I will make good.
Ful. Ever your majesty's creature.

Rob. Venus prove
Propitious to you! [*Exit.*
Ful. All sorts to my wishes.
Bertoldo was my hindrance. He removed,
I now will court her in the conqueror's style,
"Come, see, and overcome." — Boy!

Enter Page

Page. Sir; your pleasure?
Ful. Haste to Camiola; bid her prepare
An entertainment suitable to a fortune
She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchsafe
To honour her with a visit.
Page. 'Tis a favour
Will make her proud.
Ful. I know it.
Page. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*
Ful. Entreaties fit not me; a man in grace
May challenge awe and privilege, by his place. [*Exit.*

SCENE II

The same. A Room in CAMIOLA'S *House*

Enter ADORNI, SYLLI, *and* CLARINDA

Ador. So melancholy, say you!
Clar. Never given
To such retirement.
Ador. Can you guess the cause?
Clar. If it hath not its birth and being from
The brave Bertoldo's absence, I confess
'Tis past my apprehension.
Syl. You are wide,
The whole field wide. I, in my understanding,

Pity your ignorance. Yet, if you will
Swear to conceal it, I will let you know
Where her shoe wrings her.
Clar. I vow, signior,
By my virginity.
Syl. A perilous oath,
In a waiting-woman of fifteen! and is, indeed,
A kind of nothing.
Ador. I'll take one of something,
If you please to minister it.
Syl. Nay, you shall not swear.
I had rather take your word; for, should you vow, —
Damn me, I'll do this, you are sure to break.
Ador. I thank you, signior; but resolve us.
Syl. Know, then,
Here walks the cause. She dares not look upon me;
My beauties are so terrible and enchanting,
She cannot endure my sight.
Ador. There I believe you.
Syl. But the time will come, be comforted, when I will
Put off this vizor of unkindness to her,
And show an amorous and yielding face;
And, until then, though Hercules himself
Desire to see her, he had better eat
His club, than pass her threshold; for I will be
Her Cerberus, to guard her.
Ador. A good dog!
Clar. Worth twenty porters.

Enter Page

Page. Keep you open house here?
No groom to attend a gentleman! O, I spy one.
Syl. He means not me, I am sure.
Page. You, sirrah sheep's-head,
With a face cut on a cat-stick, do you hear?
You, yeoman fewterer, conduct me to

The lady of the mansion, or my poniard
Shall disembogue thy soul.
Syl. O terrible! "disembogue!"
I talked of Hercules, and here is one
Bound up in *decimo sexto*.
Page. Answer, wretch.
Syl. Pray you, little gentleman, be not so furious:
The lady keeps her chamber.
Page. And we present,
Sent in an embassy to her! But here is
Her gentlewoman. Sirrah! hold my cloak,
While I take a leap at her lips. Do it, and neatly;
Or, having first tripped up thy heels, I'll make
Thy back my footstool. [*Kisses* CLARINDA.
Syl. Tamburlaine in little.[n]
Am I turned Turk! What an office am I put to!
Clar. My lady, gentle youth, is indisposed.
Page. Though she were dead and buried, only tell her,
The great man in the court, the brave Fulgentio,
Descends to visit her, and it will raise her
Out of the grave for joy.

Enter FULGENTIO

Syl. Here comes another:
The devil, I fear, in his holiday clothes.
Page. So soon!
My part is at an end then. Cover my shoulders.
When I grow great, thou shalt serve me.
Ful. Are you, sirrah,
An implement of the house? [*To* SYLLI.
Syl. Sure he will make
A jointstool of me!
Ful. Or, if you belong [*To* ADORNI.
To the lady of the place, command her hither.
Ador. I do not wear her livery, yet acknowledge
A duty to her; and as little bound

To serve your peremptory will, as she is
To obey your summons. 'Twill become you, sir,
To wait her leisure; then, her pleasure known,
You may present your duty.
Ful. Duty! Slave,
I'll teach you manners.
Ador. I'm past learning. Make not
A tumult in the house.
Ful. Shall I be braved thus? [*They draw.*
Syl. O, I am dead! and now I swoon.
[*Falls on his face.*
Clar. Help! Murder!
Page. Recover, sirrah; the lady's here.

Enter CAMIOLA

Syl. Nay, then
I am alive again, and I'll be valiant. [*Rises.*
Cam. What insolence is this? Adorni, hold,
Hold, I command you.
Ful. Saucy groom!
Cam. Not so, sir.
However in his life he had dependence
Upon my father, he's a gentleman,
As well born as yourself. Put on your hat.
Ful. In my presence, without leave!
Syl. He has mine, madam.
Cam. And I must tell you, sir, and in plain language,
Howe'er your glittering outside promise gentry,
The rudeness of your carriage and behaviour
Speaks you a coarser thing.
Syl. She means a clown, sir.
I am her interpreter, for want of a better.
Cam. I am a queen in mine own house; nor must you
Expect an empire here.
Syl. Sure, I must love her
Before the day, the pretty soul's so valiant.

Cam. What are you, and what would you with me?
Ful. Proud one,
When you know what I am, and what I came for,
And may, on your submission, proceed to,
You, in your reason, must repent the coarseness
Of my entertainment.
Cam. Why, fine man? What are you?
Ful. A kinsman of the king's.
Cam. I cry you mercy,
For his sake, not your own. But grant you are so,
'Tis not impossible but a king may have
A fool to his kinsman, no way meaning you, sir.
Ful. You have heard of Fulgentio?
Cam. Long since, sir;
A suit-broker[n] in court. He has the worst
Report among good men I ever heard of
For bribery and extortion. In their prayers,
Widows and orphans curse him for a canker
And caterpillar in the state. I hope, sir,
You are not the man; much less employed by him
As a smock-agent to me.
Ful. I reply not
As you deserve, being assured you know me,
Pretending ignorance of my person, only
To give me a taste of your wit. 'Tis well, and courtly;
I like a sharp wit well.
Syl. I cannot endure it;
Nor any of the Syllis.
Ful. More; I know too
This harsh induction must serve as a foil
To the well-tuned observance and respect
You will hereafter pay me, being made
Familiar with my credit with the king,
And that contain your joy – I deign to love you.
Cam. Love me! I am not rapt with it.
Ful. Hear't again;
I love you honestly. Now you admire me.

Cam. I do, indeed; it being a word so seldom
Heard from a courtier's mouth. But, pray you, deal plainly,
Since you find me simple. What might be the motives
Inducing you to leave the freedom of
A bachelor's life, on your soft neck to wear
The stubborn yoke of marriage, and, of all
The beauties in Palermo, to choose me,
Poor me? That is the main point you must treat of.
Ful. Why, I will tell you. Of a little thing
You are a pretty peat, indifferent fair too;
And, like a new-rigged ship, both tight and yare,
Well trussed to bear. Virgins of giant size
Are sluggards at the sport. But, for my pleasure,
Give me a neat well-timbered gamester like you;
Such need no spurs, — the quickness of your eye
Assures an active spirit.
Cam. You are pleasant, sir.
Yet I presume that there was one thing in me,
Unmentioned yet, that took you more than all
Those parts you have remembered.
Ful. What?
Cam. My wealth, sir.
Ful. You are in the right; without that, beauty is
A flower worn in the morning, at night trod on.
But beauty, youth, and fortune meeting in you,
I will vouchsafe to marry you.
Cam. You speak well;
And, in return, excuse me, sir, if I
Deliver reasons why, upon no terms,
I'll marry you. I fable not.
Syl. I am glad
To hear this. I began to have an ague.
Ful. Come, your wise reasons.
Cam. Such as they are, pray you take them.
First, I am doubtful whether you are a man,
Since, for your shape, trimmed up in a lady's dressing,

You might pass for a woman. Now I love
To deal on certainties: and, for the fairness
Of your complexion, which you think will take me,
The colour, I must tell you, in a man,
Is weak and faint, and never will hold out,
If put to labour. Give me the lovely brown,
A thick curled hair of the same dye, broad shoulders,
A brawny arm full of veins, a leg without
An artificial calf — I suspect yours —
But let that pass.

Syl. She means me all this while,
For I have every one of those good parts.
O Sylli! fortunate Sylli!

Cam. You are moved, sir.

Ful. Fie! no. Go on.

Cam. Then, as you are a courtier,
A graced one too, I fear you have been too forward;
And so much for your person. Rich you are,
Devilish rich, as 'tis reported, and sure have
The aids of Satan's little fiends to get it;
And what is got upon his back, must be
Spent, you know where; the proverb's stale.[n] One word more,
And I have done.

Ful. I'll ease you of the trouble,
Coy and disdainful!

Cam. Save me, or else he'll beat me.

Ful. No, your own folly shall; and, since you put me
To my last charm, look upon this, and tremble.

[*Shows the king's ring.*

Cam. At the sight of a fair ring! The king's, I take it?
I have seen him wear the like. If he hath sent it,
As a favour, to me —

Ful. Yes, 'tis very likely,
His dying mother's gift, prized as his crown!
By this he does command you to be mine;
By his gift you are so. You may yet redeem all.

Cam. You are in a wrong account still. Though the king may
Dispose of my life and goods, my mind's mine own,
And never shall be yours. The king Heaven bless him,
Is good and gracious, and, being in himself
Abstemious from base and goatish looseness,
Will not compel, against their wills, chaste maidens
To dance in his minion's circles. I believe,
Forgetting it when he washed his hands, you stole it,
With an intent to awe me. But you are cozened;
I am still myself, and will be.
Ful. A proud haggard,[n]
And not to be reclaimed! Which of your grooms,
Your coachman, fool, or footman, ministers
Night-physic to you?
Cam. You are foul-mouthed.
Ful. Much fairer
Than thy black soul; and so I will proclaim thee.
Cam. Were I a man, thou durst not speak this.
Ful. Heaven
So prosper me, as I resolve to do it
To all men, and in every place. Scorned by
A tit of tenpence! [*Exeunt* FULGENTIO *and* Page.
Syl. Now I begin to be valiant:
Nay, I will draw my sword. O for a brother!
Do a friend's part; pray you, carry him the length of't.
I give him three years and a day to match my Toledo,
And then we'll fight like dragons.
Ador. Pray, have patience.
Cam. I may live to have vengeance. My Bertoldo
Would not have heard this.
Ador. Madam, —
Cam. Pray you, spare
Your language. Prithee fool, and make me merry.
[*To* SYLLI.

Syl. That is my office ever.
Ador. I must do,
Not talk. This glorious gallant shall hear from me
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

The Sienese. A Camp before the Walls of Siena

Chambers shot off. A flourish as to an Assault: after which, enter GONZAGA, PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO, *and* Soldiers

Gonz. Is the breach made assaultable?
Pier. Yes, and the moat
Filled up. The cannoneer hath done his parts;
We may enter six abreast.
Rod. There's not a man
Dares show himself upon the wall.
Jac. Defeat not
The soldiers' hoped-for spoil.
Pier. If you, sir,
Delay the assault, and the city be given up
To your discretion, you in honour cannot
Use the extremity of war; but, in
Compassion to them, you to us prove cruel.
Jac. And an enemy to yourself.
Rod. A hindrance to
The brave revenge you have vowed.
Gonz. Temper your heat,
And lose not, by too sudden rashness, that
Which, be but patient, will be offered to you.
Security ushers ruin; proud contempt
Of an enemy three parts vanquished, with desire
And greediness of spoil, have often wrested
A certain victory from the conqueror's gripe.
Discretion is the tutor of the war,

Valour the pupil; and, when we command
With lenity, and our direction's followed
With cheerfulness, a prosperous end must crown
Our works well undertaken.
Rod. Ours are finished —
Pier. If we make use of fortune.
Gonz. Her false smiles
Deprive you of your judgements. The condition
Of our affairs exacts a double care,
And, like bifronted Janus, we must look
Backward, as forward. Though a flattering calm
Bids us urge on, a sudden tempest raised,
Not feared, much less expected, in our rear,
May foully fall upon us, and distract us
To our confusion.

Enter a Scout, *hastily*

Our scout! — What brings
Thy ghastly looks, and sudden speed?
Scout. The assurance
Of a new enemy.
Gonz. This I foresaw and feared.
What are they, know'st thou?
Scout. They are, by their colours,
Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the brightness
Of their rich armours doubly gilded with
Reflection of the sun.
Gonz. From Sicily?
The king in league! No war proclaimed! 'Tis foul.
But this must be prevented, not disputed.
Ha, how is this? Your estridge plumes, that but
Even now, like quills of porcupines, seemed to threaten
The stars, drop at the rumour of a shower,
And, like to captive colours, sweep the earth!
Bear up; but in great dangers, greater minds
Are never proud. Shall a few loose troops, untrained,

But in a customary ostentation,
Presented as a sacrifice to your valours,
Cause a dejection in you?

Pier. No dejection.

Rod. However startled, where you lead we'll follow.

Gonz. 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their charge,
But meet them man to man, and horse to horse.
Pierio, in our absence hold our place,
And with our footmen, and those sickly troops,
Prevent a sally. I in mine own person,
With part of the cavallery, will bid
These hunters welcome to a bloody breakfast.
But I lose time.

Pier. I'll to my charge. [*Exit*

Gonz. And we
To ours. I'll bring you on.

Jac. If we come off,
It's not amiss. If not, my state is settled.

[*Exeunt. Alarum within.*

SCENE IV

The Same. The Citadel of Siena

Enter FERDINAND, DRUSO, *and* LIVIO, *on the Walls*

Fer. No aids from Sicily! Hath hope forsook us,
And that vain comfort to affliction, pity,
By our vowed friend denied us? We can nor live
Nor die with honour. Like beasts in a toil,
We wait the leisure of the bloody hunter,
Who is not so far reconciled unto us,
As in one death to give a period
To our calamities; but in delaying,
The fate we cannot fly from, starved with wants,

We die this night, to live again to-morrow,
And suffer greater torments.
Dru. There is not
Three days' provision for every soldier,
At an ounce of bread a day, left in the city.
Liv. To die the beggar's death, with hunger made
Anatomies while we live, cannot but crack
Our heart-strings with vexation.
Fer. Would they would break,
Break altogether! How willingly, like Cato,
Could I tear out my bowels, rather than
Look on the conqueror's insulting face,
But that religion, and the horrid dream
To be suffered in the other world, denies it!

Enter a Soldier

What news with thee?
Sold. From the turret of the fort,
By the rising clouds of dust, through which, like lightning
The splendour of bright arms sometimes brake through,
I did descry some forces making towards us;
And, from the camp, as emulous of their glory,
The general — for I know him by his horse —
And bravely seconded, encountered them.
Their greetings were too rough for friends; their swords,
And not their tongues, exchanging courtesies.
By this the main battalias are joined;
And, if you please to be spectators of
The horrid issue, I will bring you where,
As in a theatre, you may see their fates
In purple gore presented.
Fer. Heaven, if yet
Thou art appeased for my wrong done to Aurelia,
Take pity of my miseries! Lead the way, friend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

The same. A Plain near the Camp

A long Charge; after which, a Flourish for victory. Then enter GONZAGA, JACOMO, *and* RODERIGO *wounded;* BERTOLDO, GASPARO, *and* ANTONIO *Prisoners.* Officers *and* Soldiers

Gonz. We have them yet, though they cost us dear. This was
Charged home, and bravely followed. Be to yourselves
[*To* JACOMO *and* RODERIGO.
True mirrors to each other's worth; and, looking
With noble emulation on his wounds,
[*Points to* BERTOLDO.
The glorious livery of triumphant war,
Imagine these with equal grace appear
Upon yourselves. The bloody sweat you have suffered
In this laborious, nay, toilsome harvest,
Yields a rich crop of conquest; and the spoil,
Most precious balsam to a soldier's hurts,
Will ease and cure them. Let me look upon
The prisoners' faces.
[GASPARO *and* ANTONIO *are brought forward.*
O how much transformed
From what they were! O Mars! were these toys fashioned
To undergo the burthen of thy service?
The weight of their defensive armour bruised
Their weak effeminate limbs, and would have forced them,
In a hot day, without a blow to yield.
Ant. This insultation shows not manly in you.
Gonz. To men I had forborne it. You are women,
Or, at the best, loose carpet-knights. What fury
Seduced you to exchange your ease in court

For labour in the field? Perhaps you thought,
To charge, through dust and blood, an armèd foe
Was but like graceful running at the ring
For a wanton mistress' glove; and the encounter,
A soft impression on her lips. But you
Are gaudy butterflies, and I wrong myself
In parling with you.

Gasp. *Væ victis!*[n] Now we prove it.

Rod. But here's one fashioned in another mould,
And made of tougher metal.

Gonz. True; I owe him
For this wound bravely given.

Bert. [*Aside.*] O that mountains
Were heaped upon me, that I might expire,
A wretch no more remembered!

Gonz. Look up, sir.
To be o'ercome deserves no shame. If you
Had fallen ingloriously, or could accuse
Your want of courage in resistance, 'twere
To be lamented. But, since you performed
As much as could be hoped for from a man —
Fortune his enemy – you wrong yourself
In this dejection. I am honoured in
My victory over you; but to have these
My prisoners is, in my true judgement, rather
Captivity than a triumph. You shall find
Fair quarter from me, and your many wounds,
Which I hope are not mortal, with such care
Looked to and cured, as if your nearest friend
Attended on you.

Bert. When you know me better
You will make void this promise. Can you call me
Into your memory?

Gonz. The brave Bertoldo!
A brother of our order! By Saint John,
Our holy patron, I am more amazed,
Nay, thunderstruck with thy apostasy

And precipice from the most solemn vows
Made unto Heaven when this, the glorious badge
Of our Redeemer, was conferred upon thee
By the great master, than if I had seen
A reprobate Jew, an atheist, Turk, or Tartar,
Baptized in our religion!
Bert. This I looked for,
And am resolved to suffer.
Gonz. Fellow-soldiers,
Behold this man, and, taught by his example,
Know that 'tis safer far to play with lightning,
Than trifle in things sacred. In my rage [*Weeps.*
I shed these at the funeral of his virtue,
Faith, and religion, — why, I will tell you.
He was a gentleman so trained up and fashioned
For noble uses, and his youth did promise
Such certainties, more than hopes, of great achievements,
As — if the Christian world had stood opposed
Against the Othoman race, to try the fortune
Of one encounter · this Bertoldo had been,
For his knowledge to direct, and matchless courage
To execute, without a rival, by
The votes of good men, chosen general,
As the prime soldier, and most deserving
Of all that wear the cross; which now, in justice,
I thus tear from him.
Bert. Let me die with it
Upon my breast.
Gonz. No. By this thou wert sworn,
On all occasions, as a knight, to guard
Weak ladies from oppression, and never
To draw thy sword against them: whereas thou,
In hope of gain or glory, when a princess,
And such a princess as Aurelia is,
Was dispossessed by violence, of what was
Her true inheritance, against thine oath
Hast, to thy uttermost, laboured to uphold

Her falling enemy. But thou shalt pay
A heavy forfeiture, and learn too late,
Valour employed in an ill quarrel turns
To cowardice, and Virtue then puts on
Foul Vice's visor. This is that which cancels
All friendship's bands between us. — Bear them off.
I will hear no reply; and let the ransom
Of these, for they are yours, be highly rated.
In this I do but right, and let it be
Styled justice, and not wilful cruelty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD

Scene I

The same. A Camp before the Walls of Siena

Enter Gonzaga, Astutio, Roderigo, *and* Jacomo

Gonz. What I have done, sir, by the law of arms
I can and will make good.
Ast. I have no commission
To expostulate the act. These letters speak
The king my master's love to you, and his
Vowed service to the duchess, on whose person
I am to give attendance.
Gonz. At this instant,
She's at Fienza. You may spare the trouble
Of riding thither. I have advertised her
Of our success, and on what humble terms
Siena stands. Though presently I can
Possess it, I defer it, that she may
Enter her own, and, as she please, dispose of
The prisoners and the spoil.
Ast. I thank you, sir.
In the mean time, if I may have your licence,
I have a nephew, and one once my ward,
For whose liberties and ransoms I would gladly
Make composition.
Gonz. They are, as I take it,
Called Gasparo and Antonio.
Ast. The same, sir.
Gonz. For them, you must treat with these. But for
Bertoldo,

He is mine own. If the king will ransom him,
He pays down fifty thousand crowns; if not,
He lives and dies my slave.
1st. [*Aside to* GONZAGA.] Pray, you, a word.
The king will rather thank you to detain him,
Than give one crown to free him.
Gonz. At his pleasure.
I'll send the prisoners under guard. My business
Calls me another way. [*Exit.*
Ast. My service waits you.
Now, gentlemen, do not deal like merchants with me,
But noble captains; you know, in great minds,
Posse et nolle, nobile.[n]
Rod. Pray you, speak
Our language.
Jac. I find not, in my commission,
An officer's bound to speak or understand
More than his mother tongue.
Rod. If he speak that
After midnight, 'tis remarkable.
Ast. In plain terms, then,
Antonio is your prisoner; Gasparo, yours.
Jac. You are in the right.
Ast. At what sum do you rate
Their several ransoms?
Rod. I must make my market
As the commodity cost me.
Ast. As it cost you!
You did not buy your captainship? Your desert,
I hope, advanced you.
Rod. How! It well appears
You are no soldier. Desert in these days!
Desert may make a serjeant to a colonel,
And it may hinder him from rising higher;
But, if it ever get a company,
A company, pray you mark me, without money,
Or private service done for the general's mistress,

With a commendatory epistle from her,
I will turn lanceprezado.
Jac. Pray you observe, sir:
I served two prenticeships, just fourteen years,
Trailing the puissant pike, and half so long
Had the right-hand file; and I fought well, 'twas said, too.
But I might have served, and fought, and served till doomsday,
And ne'er have carried a flag, but for the legacy
A buxom widow of threescore bequeathed me;
And that too, my back knows, I laboured hard for,
But was better paid.
Ast. You are merry with yourselves.
But this is from the purpose.
Rod. To the point then.
Prisoners are not ta'en every day; and, when
We have them, we must make the best use of them.
Our pay is little to the port we should bear,[n]
And that so long a coming, that 'tis spent
Before we have it, and hardly wipes off scores
At the tavern and the ordinary.
Jac. You may add, too,
Our sport ta'en up on trust.
Rod. Peace, thou smock-vermin!
Discover commanders' secrets! In a word, sir,
We have inquired, and found our prisoners rich.
Two thousand crowns apiece our companies cost us;
And so much each of us will have, and that
In present pay.
Jac. It is too little. Yet,
Since you have said the word, I am content;
But will not go a gazet[n] less.
Ast. Since you are not
To be brought lower, there is no evading;
I'll be your paymaster.
Rod. We desire no better.

Ast. But not a word of what's agreed between us,
Till I have schooled my gallants.
Jac. I am dumb, sir.

Enter a Guard *with* BERTOLDO, ANTONIO, *and* GASPARO, *in irons*

Bert. And where removed now? Hath the tyrant found out
Worse usage for us?
Ant. Worse it cannot be.
My greyhound has fresh straw, and scraps, in his kennel;
But we have neither.
Gasp. Did I ever think
To wear such garters on silk stockings? or
That my too curious appetite that turned
At the sight of godwits, pheasant, partridge, quails,
Larks, woodcocks, calvered salmon, as coarse diet,
Would leap at a mouldy crust?
Ant. And go without it
So oft as I do? O! how have I jeered
The city entertainment! A huge shoulder
Of glorious fat ram-mutton, seconded
With a pair of tame cats or conies, a crab-tart,
With a worthy loin of veal, and valiant capon
Mortified to grow tender, — these I scorned,
From their plentiful horn of abundance though invited.
But now I could carry my own stool to a tripe
And call their chitterlings charity, and bless the founder.
Bert. O that I were no further sensible
Of my miseries than you are! You, like beasts,
Feel only stings of hunger, and complain not
But when you're empty. But your narrow souls —
If you have any — cannot comprehend
How insupportable the torments are
Which a free and noble soul, made captive, suffers.
Most miserable men! And what am I, then,

That envy you? Fetters, though made of gold,
Express base thraldom; and all delicates
Prepared by Median cooks for epicures,
When not our own, are bitter. Quilts filled high
With gossamer and roses, cannot yield
The body soft repose, the mind kept waking
With anguish and affliction.

Ast. My good lord —

Bert. This is no time nor place for flattery, sir.
Pray you, style me as I am, a wretch forsaken
Of the world, as myself.

Ast. I would it were
In me to help you.

Bert. If that you want power, sir,
Lip-comfort cannot cure me. Pray you, leave me
To mine own private thoughts. [*Walks by.*

Ast. [*Comes forward.*] My valiant nephew!
And my more than warlike ward! I am glad to see you,
After your glorious conquests. Are these chains,
Rewards for your good service? If they are,
You should wear them on your necks, since they are massy,
Like aldermen of the war.

Ant. You jeer us too!

Gasp. Good uncle, name not, as you are a man of honour,
That fatal word of war; the very sound of it
Is more dreadful than a cannon.

Ant. But redeem us
From this captivity, and I'll vow hereafter
Never to wear a sword, or cut my meat
With a knife that has an edge or point; I'll starve first.

Gasp. I will cry broom, or cat's meat," in Palermo,
Turn porter, carry burthens, anything,
Rather than live a soldier.

Ast. This should have

Been thought upon before. At what price, think you,
Your two wise heads are rated?
Ant. A calf's head is
More worth than mine. I'm sure it has more brains in't,
Or I had ne'er come here.
Rod. And I will eat it
With bacon, if I have not speedy ransom.
Ant. And a little garlic too, for your own sake, sir.
'Twill boil in your stomach else.
Gasp. Beware of mine,
Or the horns may choke you; I am married, sir.
Ant. You shall have my row of houses near the palace.
Gasp. And my villa; all —
Ant. All that we have.
Ast. Well, have more wit hereafter; for this time,
You are ransomed.
Jac. Off with their irons.
Rod. Do, do.
If you are ours again, you know your price.
Ant. Pray you dispatch us. I shall ne'er believe
I am a free man, till I set my foot
In Sicily again, and drink Palermo,
And in Palermo too.
Ast. The wind sits fair,
You shall aboard to-night; with the rising sun
You may touch upon the coast. But take your leaves
Of the late general first.
Gasp. I will be brief.
Ant. And I. My lord, Heaven keep you!
Gasp. Yours, to use
In the way of peace; but as your soldiers, never.
Ant. A pox of war! no more of war.
[*Exeunt* RODERIGO, JACOMO, ANTONIO, *and* GASPARO.
Bert. Have you
Authority to loose their bonds, yet leave
The brother of your king, whose worth disdains
Comparison with such as these, in irons?

If ransom may redeem them, I have lands,
A patrimony of mine own, assigned me
By my deceased sire, to satisfy
Whate'er can be demanded for my freedom.
Ast. I wish you had, sir. But the king, who yields
No reason for his will, in his displeasure
Hath seized on all you had; nor will Gonzaga,
Whose prisoner now you are, accept of less
Than fifty thousand crowns.
Bert. I find it now,
That misery never comes alone. But, grant
The king is yet inexorable, time
May work him to a feeling of my sufferings.
I have friends that swore their lives and fortunes were
At my devotion, and, among the rest,
Yourself, my lord, when forfeited to the law
For a foul murder, and in cold blood done,
I made your life my gift, and reconciled you
To this incensed king, and got your pardon.
Beware ingratitude. I know you are rich,
And may pay down the sum.
Ast. I might, my lord;
But pardon me.
Bert. And will Astutio prove, then,
To please a passionate man — the king's no more —
False to his maker and his reason, which
Commands more than I ask? O summer friendship,
Whose flattering leaves, that shadowed us in our
Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In the autumn of adversity! How like
A prison is to a grave! When dead, we are
With solemn pomp brought thither, and our heirs
Masking their joy in false, dissembled tears,
Weep o'er the hearse. But earth no sooner covers
The earth brought thither, but they turn away
With inward smiles, the dead no more remembered.
So, entered in a prison —

Ast. My occasions
Command me hence, my lord.
Bert. Pray you, leave me, do;
And tell the cruel king, that I will wear
These fetters till my flesh and they are one
Incorporated substance. [*Exit* ASTUTIO.] In myself,
As in a glass, I'll look on human frailty,
And curse the height of royal blood. Since I,
In being born near to Jove, am near his thunder.
Cedars once shaken with a storm, their own
Weight grubs their roots out. Lead me where you please.
I am his, not fortune's martyr, and will die
The great example of his cruelty. [*Exit guarded.*

SCENE II

Palermo. A Grove near the Palace

Enter ADORNI

Ador. He undergoes my challenge and contemns it,
And threatens me with the late edict made
'Gainst duellists, — the altar cowards fly to.
But I, that am engaged, and nourish in me
A higher aim than fair Camiola dreams of,
Must not sit down thus. In the court I dare not
Attempt him; and in public, he's so guarded,
With a herd of parasites, clients, fools, and suitors
That a musket cannot reach him. My designs
Admit of no delay. This is her birthday,
Which, with a fit and due solemnity,
Camiola celebrates; and on it, all such
As love or serve her usually present
A tributary duty. I'll have something
To give, if my intelligence prove true,

Shall find acceptance. I am told, near this grove
Fulgentio, every morning, makes his markets
With his petitioners; I may present him
With a sharp petition! Ha! 'tis he. My fate
Be ever blessed for't!

Enter FULGENTIO *and* Page

Ful. Command such as wait me
Not to presume, at the least for half an hour,
To press on my retirements.
Page. I will say, sir,
You are at your prayers.
Ful. That will not find belief;
Courtiers have something else to do. Be gone, sir.
[*Exit* Page.
Challenged! 'tis well; and by a groom! Still better.
Was this shape made to fight? I have a tongue yet,
Howe'er no sword, to kill him; and what way,
This morning I'll resolve of. [*Exit.*
Ador. I shall cross
Your resolution, or suffer for you. [*Exit following him.*

SCENE III

The same. A Room in CAMIOLA'S *House*

Enter CAMIOLA, *followed by* Servants *with Presents;* SYLLI *and* CLARINDA

Syl. What are all these?
Clar. Servants with several presents,
And rich ones too.
1st Serv. With her best wishes, madam,
Of many such days to you, the Lady Petula
Presents you with this fan.

2d Serv. This diamond,
From your aunt Honoria.
3d Serv. This piece of plate
From your uncle, old Vicentio, with your arms
Graven upon it.
Cam. Good friends, they are too
Munificent in their love and favour to me.
Out of my cabinet return such jewels
As this directs you. — [*To* CLARINDA.] For your pains;
and yours;
Nor must you be forgotten. [*Gives them money.*
Honour me
With the drinking of a health.
1st Serv. Gold, on my life!
2nd Serv. She scorns to give base silver.
3rd Serv. Would she had been
Born every month in the year!
1st Serv. Month! every day.
2nd Serv. Show such another maid.
3rd Serv. All happiness wait you!
Clar. I'll see your will done.
[*Exeunt* SYLLI, CLARINDA, *and* Servants.

Enter ADORNI *wounded*

Cam. How, Adorni wounded!
Ador. A scratch got in your service, else not worth
Your observation. I bring not, madam,
In honour of your birthday, antique plate,
Or pearl for which the savage Indian dives
Into the bottom of the sea; nor diamonds
Hewn from steep rocks with danger. Such as give
To those that have, what they themselves want, aim at
A glad return with profit. Yet, despise not
My offering at the altar of your favour,
Nor let the lowness of the giver lessen
The height of what's presented, since it is

A precious jewel, almost forfeited,
And dimmed with clouds of infamy, redeemed,
And, in its natural splendour, with addition
Restored to the true owner.

Cam. How is this?

Ador. Not to hold you in suspense, I bring you, madam,
Your wounded reputation cured, the sting
Of virulent malice, festering your fair name,
Plucked out and trod on. That proud man, that was
Denied the honour of your bed, yet durst,
With his untrue reports, strumpet your fame,
Compelled by me, hath given himself the lie,
And in his own blood wrote it. You may read
Fulgentio subscribed. [*Offering a paper.*

Cam. I am amazed!

Ador. It does deserve it, madam. Common service
Is fit for hinds, and the reward proportioned
To their conditions; therefore, look not on me
As a follower of your father's fortunes, or
One that subsists on yours. You frown! My service
Merits not this aspect.

Cam. Which of my favours,
I might say bounties, hath begot and nourished
This more than rude presumption? Since you had
An itch to try your desperate valour, wherefore
Went you not to the war? Couldst thou suppose
My innocence could ever fall so low
As to have need of thy rash sword to guard it
Against malicious slander? O how much
Those ladies are deceived and cheated when
The clearness and integrity of their actions
Do not defend themselves, and stand secure
On their own bases! Such as in a colour
Of seeming service give protection to them,
Betray their own strengths. Malice scorned, puts out
Itself; but argued, gives a kind of credit

To a false accusation. In this, your
Most memorable service, you believed
You did me right. But you have wronged me more
In your defence of my undoubted honour
Than false Fulgentio could.
Ador. I am sorry what was
So well intended is so ill received;

Re-enter CLARINDA

Yet, under your correction, you wished
Bertoldo had been present.
Cam. True, I did.
But he and you, sir, are not parallels,
Nor must you think yourself so.
Ador. I am what
You'll please to have me.
Cam. If Bertoldo had
Punished Fulgentio's insolence, it had shown
His love to her whom, in his judgement, he
Vouchsafed to make his wife; a height, I hope
Which you dare not aspire to. The same actions
Suit not all men alike. But I perceive
Repentance in your looks. For this time, leave me.
I may forgive, perhaps forget, your folly.
Conceal yourself till this storm be blown over.
You will be sought for, yet, if my estate
[*Gives him her hand to kiss.*
Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my service.
Ador. [*Aside.*] This is something yet, though I missed
the mark I shot at. [*Exit.*
Cam. This gentleman is of a noble temper,
And I too harsh, perhaps, in my reproof.
Was I not, Clarinda?
Clar. I am not to censure
Your actions, madam. But there are a thousand

Ladies, and of good fame, in such a cause
Would be proud of such a servant.
Cam. It may be;

Enter a Servant

Let me offend in this kind. Why, uncalled for?
Serv. The signiors, madam, Gasparo and Antonio,
Selected friends of the renowned Bertoldo,
Put ashore this morning.
Cam. Without him?
Serv. I think so.
Cam. Never think more then.
Serv. They have been at court,
Kissed the king's hand, and, their first duties done
To him, appear ambitious to tender
To you their second service.
Cam. Wait them hither.
[*Exit* Servant.
Fear, do not rack me! Reason, now, if ever,
Haste with thy aids, and tell me, such a wonder
As my Bertoldo is, with such care fashioned,
Must not, nay, cannot, in Heaven's providence

Enter ANTONIO *and* GASPARO

So soon miscarry! Pray you, forbear; ere you take
The privilege, as strangers, to salute me —
Excuse my manners — make me first understand
How it is with Bertoldo.
Gasp. The relation
Will not, I fear, deserve your thanks.
Ant. I wish
Some other should inform you.
Cam. Is he dead?
You see, though with some fear, I dare inquire it.
Gasp. Dead! Would that were the worst; a debt
were paid then,

Kings in their birth owe nature.

Cam. Is there aught
More terrible than death?

Ant. Yes, to a spirit
Like his; cruel imprisonment, and that
Without the hope of freedom.

Cam. You abuse me.
The royal king cannot, in love to virtue —
Though all springs of affection were dried up —
But pay his ransom.

Gasp. When you know what 'tis,
You will think otherwise. No less will do it
Than fifty thousand crowns.

Cam. A petty sum,
The price weighed with the purchase. Fifty thousand!
To the king 'tis nothing. He that can spare more
To his minion for a masque, cannot but ransom
Such a brother at a million. You wrong
The king's magnificence.

Ant. In your opinion;
But 'tis most certain. He does not alone
In himself refuse to pay it, but forbids
All other men.

Cam. Are you sure of this?

Gasp. You may read
The edict to that purpose, published by him
That will resolve you.

Cam. Possible! Pray you, stand off.
If I do not mutter treason to myself,
My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him.
He is my king. The news you have delivered
Makes me weary of your company. We'll salute
When we meet next. I'll bring you to the door.
Nay, pray you, no more compliments.

Gasp. One thing more,
And that's substantial. Let your Adorni
Look to himself.

Ant. The king is much incensed
Against him for Fulgentio.
Cam. As I am,
For your slowness to depart.
Both. Farewell, sweet lady.
[*Exeunt* GASPARO *and* ANTONIO.
Cam. O more than impious times! When not alone
Subordinate ministers of justice are
Corrupted and seduced, but kings themselves,
The greater wheels by which the lesser move,
Are broken or disjointed! Could it be else,
A king, to sooth his politic ends, should so far
Forsake his honour as at once to break
The adamant chains of nature and religion,
To bind up atheism as a defence
To his dark counsels? Will it ever be,
That to deserve too much is dangerous,
And virtue, when too eminent, a crime?
Must she serve fortune still, or, when stripped of
Her gay and glorious favours, lose the beauties
Of her own natural shape? O my Bertoldo,
Thou only sun in honour's sphere, how soon
Art thou eclipsed and darkened! not the nearness
Of blood prevailing on the king; nor all
The benefits to the general good dispensed,
Gaining a retribution! But that
To owe a courtesy to a simple virgin
Would take from the deserving, I find in me
Some sparks of fire, which, fanned with honour's breath,
Might rise into a flame, and in men darken
Their usurped splendour. Ha! my aim is high,
And, for the honour of my sex, to fall so,
Can never prove inglorious. — 'Tis resolved:
Call in Adorni.
Clar. I am happy in
Such an employment, madam.
Cam. He's a man,

I know, that at a reverent distance loves me;
And such are ever faithful. What a sea
Of melting ice I walk on! What strange censures
Am I to undergo! But good intents
Deride all future rumours.

Re-enter CLARINDA *with* ADORNI

Ador. I obey
Your summons, madam.
Cam. Leave the place, Clarinda.
One woman, in a secret of such weight,
Wise men may think too much. [*Exit* CLARINDA.]
Nearer, Adorni.
I warrant it with a smile.
Ador. I cannot ask
Safer protection. What's your will?
Cam. To doubt
Your ready desire to serve me, or prepare you
With the repetition of former merits,
Would, in my diffidence, wrong you. But I will,
And without circumstance, in the trust that I
Impose upon you, free you from suspicion.
Ador. I foster none of you.
Cam. I know you do not.
You are, Adorni, by the love you owe me —
Ador. The surest conjuration.
Cam. Take me with you,[n] —
Love born of duty; but advance no further.
You are, sir, as I said, to do me service,
To undertake a task, in which your faith,
Judgement, discretion — in a word, your all
That's good, must be engaged; nor must you study,
In the execution, but what may make
For the ends I aim at.
Ador. They admit no rivals.
Cam. You answer well. You have heard of Bertoldo's

Captivity, and the king's neglect; the greatness
Of his ransom; fifty thousand crowns, Adorni;
Two parts of my estate!

Ador. [*Aside.*] To what tends this?

Cam. Yet I so love the gentleman, for to you
I will confess my weakness, that I purpose
Now, when he is forsaken by the king,
And his own hopes, to ransom him, and receive him
Into my bosom, as my lawful husband —
Why change you colour?

Ador. 'Tis in wonder of
Your virtue, madam.

Cam. You must, therefore, to
Siena for me, and pay to Gonzaga
This ransom for his liberty. You shall
Have bills of exchange along with you. Let him swear
A solemn contract to me; for you must be
My principal witness, if he should — but why
Do I entertain these jealousies? You will do this?

Ador. Faithfully, madam — [*Aside.*] but not live long after.

Cam. One thing I had forgot. Besides his freedom,
He may want accommodations. Furnish him
According to his birth; and from Camiola
Deliver this kiss, printed on your lips, [*Kisses him.*
Sealed on his hand. You shall not see my blushes.
I'll instantly dispatch you. [*Exit.*

Ador. I am half
Hanged out o' the way already. Was there ever
Poor lover so employed against himself
To make way for his rival? I must do it.
Nay, more, I will. If loyalty can find
Recompense beyond hope or imagination,
Let it fall on me in the other world
As a reward, for in this I dare not hope it. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH

Scene I

The Sienese. A Camp before the Walls of Siena

Enter Gonzaga, Pierio, Roderigo, *and* Jacomo

Gonz. You have seized upon the citadel, and disarmed
All that could make resistance?
Pier. Hunger had
Done that before we came; nor was the soldier
Compelled to seek for prey. The famished wretches,
In hope of mercy, as a sacrifice offered
All that was worth the taking.
Gonz. You proclaimed,
On pain of death, no violence should be offered
To any woman?
Rod. But it needed not;
For famine had so humbled them, and ta'en off
The care of their sex's honour, that there was not
So coy a beauty in the town but would,
For half a mouldy biscuit, sell herself
To a poor bisognio, and without shrieking.
Gonz. Where is the Duke of Urbin?
Jac. Under guard,
As you directed.
Gonz. See the soldiers set
In rank and file, and, as the duchess passes,
Bid them vail their ensigns; and charge them on their lives
Not to cry "Whores!"

Jac. The devil cannot fright them
From their military licence. Though they know
They are her subjects, and will part with being
To do her service, yet, since she's a woman,
They will touch at her breech with their tongues; and that is all
That they can hope for.

[*A shout, and a general cry within.*
Whores! Whores!

Gonz. O the devil! They are at it.
Hell stop their brawling throats. Again! make up,
And cudgel them into jelly.

Rod. To no purpose.
Though their mothers were there, they would have the same name for them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The Same. Another Part of the Camp

Loud music. Enter RODERIGO, JACOMO, PIERIO, GONZAGA, *and* AURELIA *under a Canopy.* ASTUTIO *presents her with letters*

Gonz. I do beseech your highness not to ascribe
To the want of discipline, the barbarous rudeness
Of the soldier, in his profanation of
Your sacred name and virtues.

Aurel. No, lord general.
I've heard my father say oft, 'twas a custom
Usual in the camp; nor are they to be punished
For words, that have, in fact, deserved so well.
Let the one excuse the other.

All. Excellent princess!

Aurel. But for these aids from Sicily sent against us
To blast our spring of conquest in the bud,

I cannot find, my lord ambassador,
How we should entertain't but as a wrong,
With purpose to detain us from our own,
Howe'er the king endeavours, in his letters,
To mitigate the affront.
Ast. Your grace hereafter
May hear from me such strong assurances
Of his unlimited desires to serve you,
As will, I hope, drown in forgetfulness
The memory of what's past.
Aurel. We shall take time
To search the depth of't further, and proceed
As our council shall direct us.
Gonz. We present you
With the keys of the city. All lets are removed.
Your way is smooth and easy; at your feet
Your proudest enemy falls.
Aurel. We thank your valours.
A victory without blood is twice achieved,
And the disposure of it, to us tendered,
The greatest honour. Worthy captains, thanks!
My love extends itself to all.
Gonz. Make way there.
[*A* Guard *drawn up;* AURELIA *passes through them. Loud music. Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Siena. A Room in the Prison

BERTOLDO *is discovered in fetters, reading*

Bert. 'Tis here determined — great examples, armed
With arguments, produced to make it good —
That neither tyrants, nor the wrested laws,
The people's frantic rage, sad exile, want,

Nor that which I endure, captivity,
Can do a wise man any injury.
Thus Seneca, when he wrote, thought.[n] But then
Felicity courted him: his wealth exceeding
A private man's; happy in the embraces
Of his chaste wife Paulina; his house full
Of children, clients, servants, flattering friends,
Soothing his lip-positions;[n] and created
Prince of the senate, by the general voice,
At his new pupil's suffrage. Then, no doubt,
He held and did believe this. But no sooner
The prince's frowns and jealousies had thrown him
Out of security's lap, and a centurion
Had offered him what choice of death he pleased,
But told him, die he must, when straight the armour
Of his so boasted fortitude fell off,
[*Throws away the book.*
Complaining of his frailty. Can it then
Be censured womanish weakness in me if,
Thus clogged with irons, and the period
To close up all calamities denied me
Which was presented Seneca, I wish
I ne'er had being; at least, never knew
What happiness was; or argue with Heaven's justice,
Tearing my locks, and, in defiance, throwing
Dust in the air? or, falling on the ground, thus
With my nails and teeth to dig a grave, or rend
The bowels of the earth, my stepmother,
And not a natural parent? or thus practise
To die, and, as I were insensible,
Believe I had no motion? [*Falls on his face.*

Enter GONZAGA, ADORNI, *and* Jailer

Gonz. There he is.
I'll not inquire by whom his ransom's paid,
I am satisfied that I have it; nor allege

One reason to excuse his cruel usage,
As you may interpret it. Let it suffice
It was my will to have it so. He is yours now,
Dispose of him as you please. [*Exit.*
Ador. Howe'er I hate him,
As one preferred before me, being a man,
He does deserve my pity. Sir! — He sleeps:
Or is he dead? Would he were a saint in Heaven!
'Tis all the hurt I wish him. [*Aside.*] But I was not
Born to such happiness. [*Kneels by him.*] No, he breathes, — come near,
And, if't be possible, without his feeling,
Take off his irons. [*His irons are taken off.*] So; now leave us private. [*Exit* Jailer.
He does begin to stir; and, as transported
With a joyful dream, how he stares! and feels his legs,
As yet uncertain whether it can be
True or fantastical.
Bert. [*Rising.*] Ministers of mercy,
Mock not calamity. Ha! 'tis no vision!
Or, if it be, the happiest that ever
Appeared to sinful flesh! Who's here? His face
Speaks him Adorni. But some glorious angel,
Concealing its divinity in his shape,
Hath done this miracle, it being not an act
For wolfish man. Resolve me, if thou look'st for
Bent knees in adoration?
Ador. O forbear, sir!
I am Adorni, and the instrument
Of your deliverance. But the benefit
You owe another.
Bert. If he has a name,
As soon as spoken, 'tis writ on my heart.
I am his bondman.
Ador. To the shame of men,
This great act is a woman's.
Bert. The whole sex

For her sake must be deified. How I wander
In my imagination, yet cannot
Guess who this phœnix should be!
Ador. 'Tis Camiola.
Bert. Pray you, speak't again; there's music in her name.
Once more, I pray you, sir.
Ador. Camiola,
The MAID OF HONOUR.
Bert. Cursed atheist that I was,
Only to doubt it could be any other,
Since she alone, in the abstract of herself,
That small but ravishing substance, comprehends
Whatever is or can be wished in the
Idea of a woman! O what service,
Or sacrifice of duty, can I pay her,
If not to live and die her charity's slave,
Which is resolved already!
Ador. She expects not
Such a dominion o'er you. Yet, ere I
Deliver her demands, give me your hand.
On this, as she enjoined me, with my lips
I print her love and service, by me sent you.
Bert. I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
Ador. You must now,
Which is the sum of all that she desires,
By a solemn contract bind yourself, when she
Requires it, as a debt due for your freedom,
To marry her.
Bert. This does engage me further;
A payment! an increase of obligation.
To marry her, 'twas my *nil ultra*[n] ever.
The end of my ambition. O that now
The holy man, she present, were prepared
To join our hands, but with that speed my heart
Wishes mine eyes might see her!
Ador. You must swear this.

Bert. Swear it! Collect all oaths and imprecations
Whose last breach is damnation, and those
Ministered to me in a form more dreadful;
Set Heaven and hell before me, I will take them.
False to Camiola! Never. Shall I now
Begin my vows to you?
Ador. I am no churchman;
Such a one must file it on record. You are free;
And, that you may appear like to yourself —
For so she wished – here's gold, with which you may
Redeem your trunks and servants, and whatever
Of late you lost. I have found out the captain
Whose spoil they were. His name is Roderigo.
Bert. I know him.
Ador. I have done my parts.
Bert. So much, sir,
As I am ever yours for't. Now, methinks,
I walk in air! Divine Camiola —
But words cannot express thee. I'll build to thee
An altar in my soul, on which I'll offer
A still-increasing sacrifice of duty. [*Exit.*
Ador. What will become of me now is apparent.
Whether a poniard or a halter be
The nearest way to hell — for I must thither,
After I've killed myself — is somewhat doubtful.
This Roman resolution of self-murder
Will not hold water at the high tribunal,
When it comes to be argued. My good genius
Prompts me to this consideration. He
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,
And, at the best, shows but a bastard valour.
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up till it be forced.
Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV

The same. A State-room in the Palace

A flourish. Enter PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO, GONZAGA, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTUTIO, *and* Attendants

Aurel. A seat here for the duke. It is our glory
To overcome with courtesies, not rigour.
The lordly Roman, who held it the height
Of human happiness to have kings and queens
To wait by his triumphant chariot-wheels,
In his insulting pride, deprived himself
Of drawing near the nature of the gods,
Best known for such, in being merciful.
Yet, give me leave, but still with gentle language,
And with the freedom of a friend, to tell you,
To seek by force what courtship could not win,
Was harsh, and never taught in Love's mild school.
Wise poets feign that Venus' coach is drawn
By doves and sparrows, not by bears and tigers.
I spare the application.
Fer. In my fortune
Heaven's justice hath confirmed it. Yet, great lady,
Since my offence grew from excess of love,
And not to be resisted, having paid, too,
With loss of liberty, the forfeiture
Of my presumption, in your clemency
It may find pardon.
Aurel. You shall have just cause
To say it hath. The charge of the long siege
Defrayed, and the loss my subjects have sustained
Made good, since so far I must deal with caution,
You have your liberty.
Fer. I could not hope for
Gentler conditions.
Aurel. My lord Gonzaga,

Since my coming to Siena, I've heard much of
Your prisoner, brave Bertoldo.
Gonz. Such a one,
Madam, I had.
Ast. And have still, sir, I hope.
Gonz. Your hopes deceive you. He is ransomed, madam.
Ast. By whom, I pray you, sir?
Gonz. You had best inquire
Of your intelligencer. I am no informer.
Ast. [*Aside.*] I like not this.
Aurel. He is, as 'tis reported,
A goodly gentleman, and of noble parts,
A brother of your order.
Gonz. He was, madam,
Till he, against his oath, wronged you, a princess,
Which his religion bound him from.
Aurel. Great minds,
For trial of their valours, oft maintain
Quarrels that are unjust, yet without malice;
And such a fair construction I make of him.
I would see that brave enemy.
Gonz. My duty
Commands me to seek for him.
Aurel. Pray you do;
And bring him to our presence. [*Exit* GONZAGA.
Ast. [*Aside.*] I must blast
His entertainment. May it please your excellency,
He is a man debauched, and, for his riots,
Cast off by the king my master; and that, I hope, is
A crime sufficient.
Fer. To you, his subjects,
That like as your king likes.
Aurel. But not to us;
We must weigh with our own scale.

Re-enter GONZAGA, *with* BERTOLDO, *richly habited, and* ADORNI

[*Aside.*] This is he, sure.
How soon mine eye had found him! What a port
He bears! How well his bravery becomes him!
A prisoner! Nay, a princely suitor, rather!
But I'm too sudden.
Gonz. Madam, 'twas his suit,
Unsent for, to present his service to you
Ere his departure.
Aurel. [*Aside.*] With what majesty
He bears himself!
Ast. The devil, I think, supplies him.
Ransomed, and thus rich too!
Aurel. You ill deserve
[BERTOLDO *kneeling, kisses her hand.*
The favour of our hand — we are not well,
Give us more air — [*Descends suddenly.*
Gonz. (What sudden qualm is this?)
Aurel. — That lifted yours against me.
Bert. Thus, once more,
I sue for pardon.
Aurel. [*Aside.*] Sure his lips are poisoned,
And through these veins force passage to my heart,
Which is already seized on.
Bert. I wait, madam,
To know what your commands are; my designs
Exact me in another place.
Aurel. Before
You have our licence to depart! If manners,
Civility of manners, cannot teach you
To attend our leisure, I must tell you, sir,
That you are still our prisoner; nor had you
Commission to free him.
Gonz. How's this, madam?
Aurel. You were my substitute, and wanted power,

Without my warrant, to dispose of him.
I will pay back his ransom ten times over,
Rather than quit my interest.
Bert. This is
Against the law of arms.
Aurel. [*Aside.*] But not of love. —
Why, hath your entertainment, sir, been such,
In your restraint, that, with the wings of fear,
You would fly from it?
Bert. I know no man, madam,
Enamoured of his fetters, or delighting
In cold or hunger, or that would in reason
Prefer straw in a dungeon, before
A down-bed in a palace.
Aurel. How! Come nearer.
Was his usage such?
Gonz. Yes; and it had been worse,
Had I forseen this.
Aurel. O thou mis-shaped monster!
In thee it is confirmed that such as have
No share in nature's bounties know no pity
To such as have them. Look on him with my eyes,
And answer, then, whether this were a man
Whose cheeks of lovely fulness should be made
A prey to meagre famine? or these eyes,
Whose every glance stores Cupid's emptied quiver,
To be dimmed with tedious watching? or these lips,
These ruddy lips, of whose fresh colour cherries
And roses were but copies, should grow pale
For want of nectar? or these legs, that bear
A burthen of more worth than is supported
By Atlas' wearied shoulders, should be cramped
With the weight of iron? O, I could dwell ever
On this description!
Bert. Is this in derision,
Or pity of me?
Aurel. In your charity

Believe me innocent. Now you are my prisoner,
You shall have fairer quarter. You will shame
The place where you have been, should you now leave it,
Before you are recovered. I'll conduct you
To more convenient lodgings, and it shall be
My care to cherish you. Repine who dare.
It is our will. You'll follow me?

Bert. To the centre,
Such a Sybilla guiding me.[n]

[*Exeunt* AURELIA, BERTOLDO, *and* Attendants.

Gonz. Who speaks first?

Fer. We stand as we had seen Medusa's head.

Pier. I know not what to think, I am so amazed.

Rod. Amazed! I am thunderstruck.

Jac. We are enchanted,
And this is some illusion.

Ador. Heaven forbid!
In dark despair it shows a beam of hope.
[*Aside.*] Contain thy joy, Adorni.

Ast. Such a princess,
And of so long-experienced reservedness,
Break forth, and on the sudden, into flashes
Of more than doubted looseness!

Gonz. They come again,
Smiling, as I live! his arm circling her waist.
I shall run mad. Some fury hath possessed her.
If I speak, I may be blasted. Ha! I'll mumble
A prayer or two, and cross myself, and then,
Though the devil fart fire, have at him.

Re-enter BERTOLDO *and* AURELIA

Aurel. Let not, sir,
The violence of my passion nourish in you
An ill opinion; or, grant my carriage
Out of the road and garb of private women,
'Tis still done with decorum. As I am

A princess, what I do is above censure,
And to be imitated.
Bert. Gracious madam,
Vouchsafe a little pause; for I am so rapt
Beyond myself, that, till I have collected
My scattered faculties, I cannot tender
My resolution.
Aurel. Consider of it,
I will not be long from you. [BERTOLDO *walks by musing.*
Gonz. Pray I cannot,
This cursèd object strangles my devotion.
I must speak, or I burst. — Pray, you, fair lady,
If you can, in courtesy direct me to
The chaste Aurelia.
Aurel. Are you blind? Who are we?
Gonz. Another kind of thing. Her blood was governed
By her discretion, and not ruled her reason.
The reverence and majesty of Juno
Shined in her looks, and, coming to the camp,
Appeared a second Pallas. I can see
No such divinities in you. If I,
Without offence, may speak my thoughts, you are,
As 'twere, a wanton Helen.
Aurel. Good! ere long
You shall know me better.
Gonz. Why, if you are Aurelia,
How shall I dispose of the soldier?
Ast. May it please you
To hasten my dispatch?
Aurel. Prefer your suits
Unto Bertoldo. We will give him hearing,
And you'll find him your best advocate. [*Exit.*
Ast. This is rare!
Gonz. What are we come to?
Rod. Grown up in a moment
A favourite!
Fer. He does take state already.

Bert. No, no; it cannot be. Yet, but Camiola,
There is no step between me and a crown.
Then my ingratitude! a sin in which
All sins are comprehended! Aid me, Virtue,
Or I am lost.
Gonz. May it please your excellence —
Second me, sir.
Bert. Then my so horrid oaths,
And hell-deep imprecations made against it!
Ast. The king, your brother, will thank you for the advancement
Of his affairs.
Bert. And yet who can hold out
Against such batteries as her power and greatness
Raise up against my weak defences!
Gonz. Sir,

Re-enter AURELIA

Do you dream waking? 'Slight, she's here again!
Walks she on woollen feet!
Aurel. You dwell too long
In your deliberation, and come
With a cripple's pace to that which you should fly to.
Bert. It is confessed. Yet why should I, to win
From you, that hazard all to my poor nothing,
By false play send you off a loser from me?
I am already too, too much engaged
To the king my brother's anger; and who knows
But that his doubts and politic fears, should you
Make me his equal, may draw war upon
Your territories? Were that breach made up,
I should with joy embrace what now I fear
To touch but with due reverence.
Aurel. That hindrance
Is easily removed. I owe the king
For a royal visit, which I straight will pay him;

And having first reconciled you to his favour,
A dispensation shall meet with us.
Bert. I am wholly yours.
Aurel. On this book seal it.
Gonz. What, hand and lip too! Then the bargain's sure.
You have no employment for me?
Aurel. Yes, Gonzaga;
Provide a royal ship.
Gonz. A ship! St. John,
Whither are we bound now?
Aurel. You shall know hereafter.
My lord, your pardon, for my too much trenching
Upon your patience.
Ador. [*Aside to* BERTOLDO.] Camiola!
Aurel. How do you?
Bert. Indisposed; but I attend you.
[*Exeunt all but* ADORNI.
Ador. The heavy curse that waits on perjury,
And foul ingratitude, pursue thee ever!
Yet why from me this? In his breach of faith
My loyalty finds reward. What poisons him,
Proves mithridate to me. I have performed
All she commanded, punctually; and now,
In the clear mirror of my truth, she may
Behold his falsehood. O that I had wings
To bear me to Palermo! This once known,
Must change her love into a just disdain,
And work her to compassion of my pain. [*Exit.*

SCENE V

Palermo. A Room in CAMIOLA'S *House*

Enter SYLLI, CAMIOLA, *and* CLARINDA, *at several doors*

Syl. Undone! undone! — poor I, that whilome was
The top and ridge of my house, am, on the sudden,
Turned to the pitifullest animal
O' the lineage of the Syllis!
Cam. What's the matter?
Syl. The king — break, girdle, break!
Cam. Why, what of him?
Syl. Hearing how far you doted on my person,
Growing envious of my happiness, and knowing
His brother, nor his favourite, Fulgentio,
Could get a sheep's eye from you, I being present,
Is come himself a suitor, with the awl
Of his authority to bore my nose,
And take you from me — oh, oh, oh!
Cam. Do not roar so. The king!
Syl. The king. Yet loving Sylli is not
So sorry for his own, as your misfortune.
If the king should carry you, or you bear him,
What a loser should you be! He can but make you
A queen, and what a simple thing is that,
To the being my lawful spouse! The world can never
Afford you such a husband.
Cam. I believe you.
But how are you sure the king is so inclined?
Did you not dream this?
Syl. With these eyes I saw him
Dismiss his train, and, lighting from his coach,
Whispering Fulgentio in the ear.
Cam. If so,
I guess the business.

Syl. It can be no other,
But to give me the bob, that being a matter
Of main importance. Yonder they are. I dare not

Enter ROBERTO *and* FULGENTIO

Be seen, I am so desperate. If you forsake me,
Send me word, that I may provide a willow garland,
To wear when I drown myself. O Sylli, Sylli!
[*Exit crying.*

Ful. It will be worth your pains, sir, to observe
The constancy and bravery of her spirit.
Though great men tremble at your frowns, I dare
Hazard my head, your majesty, set off
With terror, cannot fright her.
Rob. [*Aside.*] May she answer
My expectation!
Ful. There she is.
Cam. My knees thus
Bent to the earth, while my vows are sent upward
For the safety of my sovereign, pay the duty
Due for so great an honour, in this favour
Done to your humblest handmaid.
Rob. You mistake me.
I come not, lady, that you may report
The king, to do you honour, made your house —
He being there — his court; but to correct
Your stubborn disobedience. A pardon
For that, could you obtain it, were well purchased
With this humility.
Cam. A pardon, sir!
Till I am conscious of an offence,
I will not wrong my innocence to beg one.
What is my crime, sir?
Rob. Look on him I favour,
By you scorned and neglected.
Cam. Is that all, sir?

Rob. No, minion; though that were too much. How can you
Answer the setting on your desperate bravo
To murder him?
Cam. With your leave, I must not kneel, sir,
While I reply to this, but thus rise up
In my defence, and tell you, as a man —
Since, when you are unjust, the deity,
Which you may challenge as a king, parts from you —
'Twas never read in holy writ, or moral,
That subjects on their loyalty were obliged
To love their sovereign's vices. Your grace, sir,
To such an undeserver is no virtue.
Ful. What think you now, sir?
Cam. Say, you should love wine,
You being the king, and, 'cause I am your subject,
Must I be ever drunk? Tyrants, not kings,
By violence from humble vassals force
The liberty of their souls. I could not love him;
And to compel affection, as I take it,
Is not found in your prerogative.
Rob. [*Aside.*] Excellent virgin!
How I admire her confidence!
Cam. He complains
Of wrong done him; but, be no more a king,
Unless you do me right. Burn your decrees,
And of your laws and statutes make a fire
To thaw the frozen numbness of delinquents,
If he escape unpunished. Do your edicts
Call it death in any man that breaks into
Another's house to rob him, though of trifles,
And shall Fulgentio, your Fulgentio, live,
Who hath committed more than sacrilege,
In the pollution of my clear fame,
By his malicious slanders?
Rob. Have you done this?
Answer truly, on your life.

Ful. In the heat of blood,
Some such thing I reported.
Rob. Out of my sight!
For I vow, if by true penitence thou win not
This injured virgin to sue out thy pardon,
Thy grave is digged already.
Ful. [*Aside.*] By my own folly
I have made a fair hand of't. [*Exit.*
Rob. You shall know, lady,
While I wear a crown, justice shall use her sword
To cut offenders off, though nearest to us.
Cam. Ay, now you show whose deputy you are.
If now I bathe your feet with tears, it cannot
Be censured superstition.
Rob. You must rise;
Rise in our favour and protection ever. [*Kisses her.*
Cam. Happy are subjects, when the prince is still
Guided by justice, not his passionate will. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I

The same. A Room in CAMIOLA'S *House*

Enter CAMIOLA *and* SYLLI

Cam. You see how tender I am of the quiet
And peace of your affection, and what great ones
I put off in your favour.
Syl. You do wisely,
Exceeding wisely; and when I have said,
I thank you for't, be happy.
Cam. And good reason,
In having such a blessing.
Syl. When you have it;
But the bait is not yet ready. Stay the time,
While I triumph by myself. King, by your leave,
I have wiped your royal nose without a napkin;
You may cry, "Willow, willow!"[n] For your brother
I'll only say, "Go by!"[n] For my fine favourite,
He may graze where he please; his lips may water
Like a puppy's o'er a furmenty pot, while Sylli
Out of his two-leaved cherry-stone dish drinks nectar!
I cannot hold out any longer; Heaven forgive me!
'Tis not the first oath I have broke. I must take
A little for a preparative. [*Offers to kiss and embrace her.*
Cam. By no means.
If you forswear yourself, we shall not prosper.
I'll rather lose my longing.
Syl. Pretty soul!

How careful it is of me! Let me buss yet
Thy little dainty foot for't; that, I'm sure, is
Out of my oath.
Cam. Why, if thou canst dispense with't
So far, I'll not be scrupulous; such a favour
My amorous shoemaker steals.
Syl. O most rare leather! [*Kisses her shoe often.*
I do begin at the lowest, but in time
I may grow higher.
Cam. Fie! you dwell too long there.
Rise, prithee rise.
Syl. O, I am up already.

Enter CLARINDA, *hastily*

Cam. How I abuse my hours! — What news with thee, now?
Clar. Off with that gown, 'tis mine; mine by your promise.
Signior Adorni is returned! Now upon entrance!
Off with it, off with it, madam!
Cam. Be not so hasty.
When I go to bed, 'tis thine.
Syl. You have my grant too.
But, do you hear, lady, though I give way to this,
You must hereafter ask my leave, before
You part with things of moment.
Cam. Very good;
When I'm yours I'll be governed.
Syl. Sweet obedience!

Enter ADORNI

Cam. You are well returned.
Ador. I wish that the success
Of my service had deserved it.
Cam. Lives Bertoldo?

Ador. Yes, and returned with safety.
Cam. 'Tis not then
In the power of fate to add to, or take from
My perfect happiness; and yet — he should
Have made me his first visit.
Ador. So I think too;
But he —
Syl. Durst not appear, I being present;
That's his excuse, I warrant you.
Cam. Speak, where is he?
With whom? Who hath deserved more from him, or
Can be of equal merit? I in this
Do not except the king.
Ador. He's at the palace,
With the Duchess of Siena. One coach brought them hither,
Without a third. He's very gracious with her.
You may conceive the rest.
Cam. My jealous fears
Make me to apprehend.
Ador. Pray you dismiss
Signior Wisdom, and I'll make relation to you
Of the particulars.
Cam. Servant, I would have you
To haste unto the court.
Syl. I will outrun
A footman for your pleasure.
Cam. There observe
The duchess' train, and entertainment.
Syl. Fear not;
I will discover all that is of weight,
To the liveries of her pages and her footmen.
This is fit employment for me. [*Exit.*
Cam. Gracious with
The duchess! Sure, you said so?
Ador. I will use
All possible brevity to inform you, madam,

Of what was trusted to me, and discharged
With faith and loyal duty.
Cam. I believe it.
You ransomed him, and supplied his wants — imagine
That is already spoken; and what vows
Of service he made to me, is apparent;
His joy of me, and wonder too, perspicuous.
Does not your story end so?
Ador. Would the end
Had answered the beginning! In a word,
Ingratitude and perjury at the height
Cannot express him.
Cam. Take heed.
Ador. Truth is armed,
And can defend itself. It must out, madam.
I saw — the presence full[n] — the amorous duchess
Kiss and embrace him; on his part accepted
With equal ardour; and their willing hands
No sooner joined, but a remove was published,
And put in execution.
Cam. The proofs are
Too pregnant. O Bertoldo!
Ador. He's not worth
Your sorrow, madam.
Cam. Tell me, when you saw this,
Did not you grieve, as I do now to hear it?
Ador. His precipice from goodness raising mine,
And serving as a foil to set my faith off,
I had little reason.
Cam. In this you confess
The devilish malice of your disposition.
As you were a man, you stood bound to lament it,
And not, in flattery of your false hopes,
To glory in it. When good men pursue
The path marked out by virtue, the blest saints
With joy look on it, and seraphic angels
Clap their celestial wings in heavenly plaudits

To see a scene of grace so well presented,
The fiends, and men made up of envy, mourning.
Whereas now, on the contrary, as far
As their divinity can partake of passion,
With me they weep, beholding a fair temple,
Built in Bertoldo's loyalty, turned to ashes
By the flames of his inconstancy, the damned
Rejoicing in the object. 'Tis not well
In you, Adorni.

Ador. [*Aside.*] What a temper dwells
In this rare virgin! — Can you pity him,
That hath shown none to you?

Cam. I must not be
Cruel by his example. You, perhaps,
Expect now I should seek recovery
Of what I have lost, by tears, and with bent knees
Beg his compassion. No; my towering virtue,
From the assurance of my merit, scorns
To stoop so low. I'll take a nobler course,
And, confident in the justice of my cause,
The king his brother, and new mistress, judges.
Ravish him from her arms. You have the contract,
In which he swore to marry me?

Ador. 'Tis here, madam.

Cam. He shall be, then, against his will, my husband;
And when I have him, I'll so use him! Doubt not,
But that, your honesty being unquestioned,
This writing, with your testimony, clears all.

Ador. And buries me in the dark mists of error.

Cam. I'll presently to court. Pray you, give order
For my caroche.

Ador. [*Aside.*] A cart for me were fitter,
To hurry me to the gallows. [*Exit.*

Cam. O false men!
Inconstant! Perjured! My good angel help me
In these my extremities!

Re-enter SYLLI

Syl. If you e'er will see brave sight,
Lose it not now. Bertoldo and the duchess
Are presently to be married. There's such pomp
And preparation!
Cam. If I marry, 'tis
This day, or never.
Syl. Why, with all my heart.
Though I break this, I'll keep the next oath I make,
And then it is quit.
Cam. Follow me to my cabinet.
You know my confessor, Father Paulo?
Syl. Yes; shall he
Do the feat for us?
Cam. I will give in writing
Directions to him, and attire myself
Like a virgin bride; and something I will do
That shall deserve men's praise, and wonder too.
Syl. And I, to make all know I am not shallow,
Will have my points of cochineal and yellow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The same. A State-room in the Palace

Loud music. Enter ROBERTO, BERTOLDO, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTUTIO, GONZAGA, RODERIGO, JACOMO, PIERIO, *a* Bishop, *and* Attendants

Rob. Had our division been greater, madam,
Your clemency, the wrong being done to you,
In pardon of it, like the rod of concord,
Must make a perfect union. Once more,
With a brotherly affection, we receive you
Into our favour. Let it be your study

Hereafter to deserve this blessing, far
Beyond your merit.

Bert. As the princess' grace
To me is without limit, my endeavours,
With all obsequiousness to serve her pleasures,
Shall know no bounds. Nor will I, being made
Her husband, e'er forget the duty that
I owe her as a servant.

Aurel. I expect not
But fair equality, since I well know,
If that superiority be due,
'Tis not to me. When you are made my consort,
All the prerogatives of my high birth cancelled,
I'll practise the obedience of a wife,
And freely pay it. Queens themselves, if they
Make choice of their inferiors, only aiming
To feed their sensual appetites, and to reign
Over their husbands, in some kind commit
Authorized whoredom; nor will I be guilty,
In my intent of such a crime.

Gonz. This done,
As it is promised, madam, may well stand for
A precedent to great women. But, when once
The griping hunger of desire is cloyed,
And the poor fool advanced, brought on his knees,
Most of your eagle breed, I'll say not all,
Ever excepting you, challenge again
What, in hot blood, they parted from.

Aurel. You are ever
An enemy of our sex. But you, I hope, sir,
Have better thoughts.

Bert. I dare not entertain
An ill one of your goodness.

Rob. To my power
I will enable him, to prevent all danger
Envy can raise against your choice. One word more
Touching the articles.

Enter FULGENTIO, CAMIOLA, SYLLI, *and* ADORNI

Ful. In you alone
Lie all my hopes; you can or kill or save me.
But pity in you will become you better —
Though I confess in justice 'tis denied me —
Than too much rigour.
Cam. I will make your peace
As far as it lies in me, but must first
Labour to right myself.
Aurel. Or add or alter
What you think fit. In him I have my all;
Heaven make me thankful for him!
Rob. On to the temple!
Cam. Stay, royal sir; and as you are a king,
Erect one here, in doing justice to
An injured maid.
Aurel. How's this?
Bert. O, I am blasted!
Rob. I have given some proof, sweet lady, of my promptness
To do you right, you need not, therefore, doubt me;
And rest assured that, this great work dispatched
You shall have audience, and satisfaction
To all you can demand.
Cam. To do me justice
Exacts your present care, and can admit
Of no delay. If, ere my cause be heard
In favour of your brother you go on, sir,
Your sceptre cannot right me. He's the man,
The guilty man whom I accuse; and you
Stand bound in duty, as you are supreme,
To be impartial. Since you are a judge,
As a delinquent look on him, and not
As on a brother. Justice painted blind,
Infers her ministers are obliged to hear
The cause, and truth, the judge, determine of it;

And not swayed or by favour or affection,
By a false gloss, or wrested comment, alter
The true intent and letter of the law.
Rob. Nor will I, madam.
Aurel. You seem troubled, sir.
Gonz. His colour changes too.
Cam. The alteration
Grows from his guilt. The goodness of my cause
Begets such confidence in me, that I bring
No hired tongue to plead for me, that with gay
Rhetorical flourishes may palliate
That which, stripped naked, will appear deformed.
I stand here mine own advocate; and my truth,
Delivered in the plainest language, will
Make good itself; nor will I, if the king
Give suffrage to it, but admit of you,
My greatest enemy, and this stranger prince,
To sit assistants with him.
Aurel. I ne'er wronged you.
Cam. In your knowledge of the injury, I believe it;
Nor will you, in your justice, when you are
Acquainted with my interests in this man,
Which I lay claim to.
Rob. Let us take our seats.
What is your title to him?
Cam. By this contract,
Sealed solemnly before a reverend man,
[*Presents a paper to the* King.
I challenge him for my husband.
Syl. Ha! was I
Sent for the friar for this? O Sylli! Sylli!
Some cordial, or I faint.
Rob. The writing is
Authentical.
Aurel. But, done in heat of blood,
Charmed by her flatteries, as no doubt he was,
To be dispensed with.

Fer. Add this, if you please,
The distance and disparity between
Their births and fortunes.
Cam. What can Innocence hope for
When such as sit her judges are corrupted!
Disparity of birth or fortune, urge you?
Or Siren charms? or, at his best, in me
Wants to deserve him? Call some few days back,
And, as he was, consider him, and you
Must grant him my inferior. Imagine
You saw him now in fetters, with his honour,
His liberty lost; with her black wings Despair
Circling his miseries, and this Gonzaga
Trampling on his afflictions; the great sum
Proposed for his redemption; the king
Forbidding payment of it; his near kinsmen,
With his protesting followers and friends,
Falling off from him; by the whole world forsaken;
Dead to all hope, and buried in the grave
Of his calamities; and then weigh duly
What she deserved, whose merits now are doubted,
That, as his better angel, in her bounties
Appeared unto him, his great ransom paid,
His wants, and with a prodigal hand, supplied:
Whether, then, being my manumised slave,
He owed not himself to me?
Aurel. Is this true?
Rob. In his silence 'tis acknowledged.
Gonz. If you want
A witness to this purpose, I'll depose it.
Cam. If I have dwelt too long on my deservings
To this unthankful man, pray you pardon me.
The cause required it. And though now I add
A little, in my painting to the life
His barbarous ingratitude, to deter
Others from imitation, let it meet with
A fair interpretation. This serpent,

Frozen to numbness, was no sooner warmed
In the bosom of my pity and compassion,
But, in return, he ruined his preserver,
The prints the irons had made in his flesh
Still ulcerous. But all that I had done,
My benefits, in sand or water written,
As they had never been, no more remembered;
And on what ground, but his ambitious hopes
To gain this duchess' favour?
Aurel. Yes; the object,
Look on it better, lady, may excuse
The change of his affection.
Cam. The object!
In what? Forgive me, modesty, if I say
You look upon your form in the false glass
Of flattery and self-love, and that deceives you.
That you were a duchess, as I take it, was not
Charactered on your face; and, that not seen,
For other feature, make all these, that are
Experienced in women, judges of them,
And, if they are not parasites, they must grant,
For beauty without art, though you storm at it,
I may take the right-hand file.[n]
Gonz. Well said, i' faith!
I see fair women on no terms will yield
Priority in beauty.
Cam. Down, proud heart!
Why do I rise up in defence of that
Which, in my cherishing of it, hath undone me?
No, madam, I recant, — you are all beauty,
Goodness, and virtue; and poor I not worthy
As a foil to set you off. Enjoy your conquest;
But do not tyrannize. Yet, as I am,
In my lowness, from your height you may look on me,
And, in your suffrage to me, make him know
That, though to all men else I did appear

The shame and scorn of women, he stands bound
To hold me as the masterpiece.
Rob. By my life,
You have shown yourself of such an abject temper,
So poor and low-conditioned, as I grieve for
Your nearness to me.
Fer. I am changed in my
Opinion of you, lady; and profess
The virtues of your mind an ample fortune
For an absolute monarch.
Gonz. Since you are resolved
To damn yourself, in your forsaking of
Your noble order for a woman, do it
For this. You may search through the world, and meet not
With such another phœnix.
Aurel. On the sudden
I feel all fires of love quenched in the water
Of my compassion. Make your peace; you have
My free consent; for here I do disclaim
All interest in you. And, to further your
Desires, fair maid, composed of worth and honour,
The dispensation procured by me,
Freeing Bertoldo from his vow, makes way
To your embraces.
Bert. O, how have I strayed,
And wilfully, out of the noble track
Marked me by virtue! Till now, I was never
Truly a prisoner. To excuse my late
Captivity, I might allege the malice
Of fortune; you, that conquered me, confessing
Courage in my defence was no way wanting.
But now I have surrendered up my strengths
Into the power of Vice, and on my forehead
Branded, with mine own hand, in capital letters,
DISLOYAL, and INGRATEFUL. Though barred from
Human society, and hissed into

Some desert ne'er yet haunted with the curses
Of men and women, sitting as a judge
Upon my guilty self, I must confess
It justly falls upon me; and one tear,
Shed in compassion of my sufferings, more
Than I can hope for.
Cam. This compunction
For the wrong that you have done me, though you should
Fix here, and your true sorrow move no further,
Will, in respect I loved once, make these eyes
Two springs of sorrow for you.
Bert. In your pity
My cruelty shows more monstrous. Yet I am not,
Though most ingrateful, grown to such a height
Of impudence, as, in my wishes only,
To ask your pardon. If, as now I fall
Prostrate before your feet, you will vouchsafe
To act your own revenge, treading upon me
As a viper eating through the bowels of
Your benefits, to whom, with liberty,
I owe my being, 'twill take from the burthen
That now is insupportable.
Cam. Pray you, rise.
As I wish peace and quiet to my soul,
I do forgive you heartily. Yet, excuse me,
Though I deny myself a blessing that,
By the favour of the duchess, seconded
With your submission, is offered to me.
Let not the reason I allege for 't grieve you, —
You have been false once. I have done; and if,
When I am married, as this day I will be,
As a perfect sign of your atonement with me,
You wish me joy, I will receive it for
Full satisfaction of all obligations
In which you stand bound to me.
Bert. I will do it,
And, what's more, in despite of sorrow, live

To see myself undone, beyond all hope
To be made up again.
Syl. My blood begins
To come to my heart again.
Cam. Pray you, signior Sylli,
Call in the holy friar; he's prepared
For finishing the work.
Syl. I knew I was
The man. Heaven make me thankful!
Rob. Who is this?
Ast. His father was the banker of Palermo,
And this the heir of his great wealth. His wisdom
Was not hereditary.
Syl. Though you know me not,
Your majesty owes me a round sum; I have
A seal or two to witness. Yet, if you please
To wear my colours, and dance at my wedding,
I'll never sue you.
Rob. And I'll grant your suit.
Syl. Gracious madonna, noble general,
Brave captains, and my quondam rivals, wear them,
[*Gives them favours.*
Since I am confident you dare not harbour
A thought but that way current. [*Exit.*
Aurel. For my part
I cannot guess the issue.

Re-enter SYLLI *with* Father PAULO

Syl. Do your duty;
And with all speed you can, you may dispatch us.
Paul. Thus, as a principal ornament to the church,
I seize her.
All. How!
Rob. So young, and so religious!
Paul. She has forsook the world.

Syl. And Sylli too!
I shall run mad.
Rob. Hence with the fool! — [SYLLI *is thrust off.*] —
Proceed, sir.
Paul. Look on this MAID OF HONOUR, now
Truly honoured in her vow
She pays to Heaven; vain delight
By day, or pleasure of the night,
She no more thinks of. This fair hair —
Favours for great kings to wear —
Must now be shorn; her rich array
Changed into a homely grey.
The dainties with which she was fed,
And her proud flesh pampered,
Must not be tasted; from the spring,
For wine, cold water we will bring;
And with fasting mortify
The feasts of sensuality.
Her jewels, beads; and she must look
Not in a glass, but holy book,
To teach her the ne'er-erring way
To immortality. O may
She, as she purposes to be
A child new-born to piety,
Persever in it, and good men,
With saints and angels, say, Amen!
Cam. This is the marriage, this the port to which
My vows must steer me! Fill my spreading sails
With the pure wind of your devotions for me,
That I may touch the secure haven, where
Eternal happiness keeps her residence,
Temptations to frailty never entering!
I am dead to the world, and thus dispose
Of what I leave behind me; and, dividing
My state into three parts, I thus bequeath it:
The first to the fair nunnery, to which
I dedicate the last and better part

Of my frail life; a second portion
To pious uses; and the third to thee,
Adorni, for thy true and faithful service.
And, ere I take my last farewell, with hope
To find a grant, my suit to you is, that
You would, for my sake, pardon this young man,
And to his merits love him, and no further.
Rob. I thus confirm it. [*Gives his hand to* ADORNI.
Cam. And, as e'er you hope, [*To* BERTOLDO.
Like me, to be made happy, I conjure you
To reassume your order; and in fighting
Bravely against the enemies of our faith
Redeem your mortgaged honour.
Gonz. I restore this. [*Gives him the white cross.*
Once more brothers in arms.
Bert. I'll live and die so.
Cam. To you my pious wishes! And, to end
All differences, great sir, I beseech you
To be an arbitrator, and compound
The quarrel long continuing between
The duke and duchess.
Rob. I will take it into
My special care.
Cam. I am then at rest. Now, father,
Conduct me where you please.
[*Exeunt* PAULO *and* CAMIOLA.
Rob. She well deserves
Her name, THE MAID OF HONOUR! May she stand
To all posterity a fair example
For noble maids to imitate! Since to live
In wealth and pleasure's common, but to part with
Such poisoned baits is rare; there being nothing
Upon this stage of life to be commended,
Though well begun, till it be fully ended.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

The date of composition or first production of this play is not discovered. It is said by Gifford, who edited the works of Massinger in 1805, that Sir Giles Overreach was copied from the character of Sir Giles Mompesson, holder of a patent under James for the manufacture of gold and silver thread. His partner, Sir Francis Michel, was used as the prototype of Greedy. These men were alleged to have produced gold and silver by alchemic processes which destroyed the lives of their workmen. Popular clamour caused the annulment of the patent and their prosecution. The play was printed in quarto in 1633. Some features of the plot have apparently been borrowed from Middleton's *A Trick to Catch the Old One.*

To the Right Honourable

ROBERT, EARL OF CARNARVON,

Master Falconer of England

My Good Lord,

Pardon, I beseech you, my boldness, in presuming to shelter this Comedy under the wings of your lordship's favour and protection. I am not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in my service) that it cannot but meet with a severe construction, if, in the clemency of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for me, than I can fancy for myself. All I can allege is, that divers Italian princes, and lords of eminent rank in England, have not disdained to receive and read poems of this nature; nor am I wholly lost in my hopes, but that your honour (who have ever expressed yourself a favourer, and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle, to give me encouragement to present you with some laboured work, and of a higher strain, hereafter. I was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady,[n] and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your lordship, which, if you please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I live shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble patron, and profess myself to be,

Your honour's true servant,

Philip Massinger.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Lord Lovell.
Sir Giles Overreach, a cruel extortioner.
Frank Wellborn, a Prodigal.
Tom Allworth, a young Gentleman, Page to Lord Lovell.
Greedy, a hungry Justice of Peace.
Marrall, a Term-Driver[n]; a creature of Sir Giles Overreach.
Order, Steward
Amble, Usher
Furnace, Cook
Watchall, Porter
} to Lady Allworth.
Willdo, a Parson.
Tapwell, an Alehouse Keeper.
Creditors, Servants, &c.

Lady Allworth, a rich Widow.
Margaret, Daughter of Sir Giles Overreach.
Froth, Wife of Tapwell.
Chambermaid.
Waiting Woman.

Scene — The Country near Nottingham

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

ACT THE FIRST

Scene I

Before Tapwell's *House*

Enter Wellborn *in tattered apparel*, Tapwell, *and* Frothi

Well. No bouse? nor no tobacco?
Tap. Not a suck, sir;
Nor the remainder of a single can
Left by a drunken porter, all night palled too.
Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir.
'Tis verity, I assure you.
Well. Verity, you brach!
The devil turned precisian! Rogue, what am I?
Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,[n]
And take the name yourself.
Well. How, dog!
Tap. Even so, sir.
And I must tell you, if you but advance
Your Plymouth cloak[n] you shall be soon instructed
There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,
A potent monarch called the constable,
That does command a citadel called the stocks;
Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen[n]
Such as with great dexterity will hale
Your tattered, lousy —

Well. Rascal! Slave!
Froth. No rage, sir.
Tap. At his own peril.[n] — Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and sure, for other liquor,
As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.
Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!
Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?
Tap. I find it not in chalk;[n] and Timothy Tapwell
Does keep no other register.
Well. Am not I he
Whose riots fed and clothed thee? Wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?
Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;
What you are, is apparent. Now, for a farewell,
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
My quondam master, was a man of worship,
Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and *quorum*,[n]
And stood fair to be *custos rotulorum*;[n]
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,
Relieved the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,
Late Master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn —
Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.
Froth. Very hardly;
You cannot out of your way.
Tap. But to my story.
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,[n]
And I your under-butler. Note the change now.
You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds,
With choice of running horses; mistresses
Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot,
As their embraces made your lordship melt;

Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing —
Resolving not to lose a drop of them —
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
For a while supplied your looseness, and then left you.
Well. Some curate hath penned this invective, mongrel,
And you have studied it.
Tap. I have not done yet.
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,[n]
You grew the common borrower; no man 'scaped
Your paper-pellets,[n] from the gentleman
To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches
In your gallantry.
Well. I shall switch your brains out.
Tap. Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here,
Gave entertainment —
Well. Yes, to whores and canters,
Clubbers by night.
Tap. True, but they brought in profit,
And had a gift to pay for what they called for,
And stuck not[n] like your mastership. The poor income
I gleaned from them hath made me in my parish
Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time
I may rise to be overseer of the poor;
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter.[n]
And you shall thank my worship.
Well. Thus, you dog-bolt,[n]
And thus — [*Beats and kicks him.*
Tap. [*To his wife.*] Cry out for help!
Well. Stir, and thou diest!
Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save you.
Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! Did not I
Make purses[n] for you? Then you licked my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean them.

'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst
Live like an emperor, — 'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!
Tap. I must, sir;
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licences, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor like you.
Well. They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper! Impudent bawd!
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and tread you into mortar,[n]
Nor leave one bone unbroken. [*Beats him again.*
Tap. O!
Froth. Ask mercy.

Enter ALLWORTH

Well. 'Twill not be granted.
All. Hold — for my sake, hold.
Deny me, Frank! They are not worth your anger.
Well. For once thou hast redeemed them from this sceptre.[n]
But let them vanish, creeping on their knees,
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.
Froth. This comes of your prating, husband; you presumed
On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,
Though you are beaten lame for't.
Tap. Patience, Froth.
There's law to cure our bruises.
[*They crawl off on their hands and knees.*
Well. Sent to your mother?
All. My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,

And, in her love to him, so favours me,
That I cannot pay too much observance to her.
There are few such stepdames.
Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear
From the least taint of infamy; her life,
With the splendour of her actions, leaves no tongue
To envy or detraction. Prithee tell me,
Has she no suitors?
All. Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted; such as sue and send,
And send and sue again, but to no purpose.
Their frequent visits have not gained her presence.
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment. I can give you
A catalogue of her suitors' names.
Well. Forbear it,
While I give you good counsel; I am bound to it.
Thy father was my friend, and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee.
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.
All. I thank your noble care. But, pray you, in what
Do I run the hazard?
Well. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.[n]
All. In love, at my years!
Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.
I have heard all, and the choice that you have made,
And, with my finger, can point out the north star
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of Cormorant Overreach? Does it blush[n] and start,

To hear her only named? blush at your want
Of wit and reason.
All. You are too bitter, sir.
Well. Wounds of this nature are not to be cured
With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain.
Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge[n]
And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,[n]
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear
'Twill be concluded for impossible
That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,
A handsome page or player's boy of fourteen
But either loves a wench or drabs love him,
Court-waiters not exempted.
All. This is madness.
Howe'er you have discovered my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious[n] briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions
Between the goodness of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl her father.
Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it, canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her whose father
Ruined thy state?
All. And yours too.
Well. I confess it;
True; I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Canst thou imagine — let not self-love blind thee —
That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her great
In swelling[n] titles, without touch of conscience
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his own too,
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,

And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.
All. You have well advised me.
But in the mean time you that are so studious
Of my affairs wholly neglect your own.
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.
Well. No matter, no matter.
All. Yes, 'tis much material.
You know my fortune and my means; yet something
I can spare from myself to help your wants.
Well. How's this?
All. Nay, be not angry; there's eight pieces
To put you in better fashion.
Well. Money from thee!
From a boy! a stipendiary! one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother,
And the uncertain favour of a lord!
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me —
Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred — know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy —
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer:
And as I in my madness broke my state
Without the assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus and be forgotten.
All. A strange humour! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A Room in Lady ALLWORTH'S *House*

Enter ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL

Ord. Set all things right, or, as my name is Order,
And by this staff of office that commands you,
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,[n]
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
And privilege in the wine-cellar.
Amb. You are merry,
Good master steward.
Furn. Let him; I'll be angry.
Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet,
Nor dinner taking up; then, 'tis allowed,
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.[n]
Furn. You think you have spoke wisely, goodman Amble,
My lady's go-before!
Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.
Furn. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!
At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry;
And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.
Amb. There was no hurt meant.
Furn. I am friends with thee; and yet I will be angry.
Ord. With whom?
Furn. No matter whom. Yet, now I think on it,
I am angry with my lady.
Watch. Heaven forbid, man!
Ord. What cause has she given thee?
Furn. Cause enough, master steward.
I was entertained by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I performed it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,

Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
And raise fortifications in the pastry[n]
Such as might serve for models in the Low Countries;
Which, if they had been practised at Breda,[n]
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it.
Amb. But you had wanted matter there to work on.
Furn. Matter! With six eggs, and a strike of rye meal,
I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.
Ord. But what's this to your pet[n] against my lady?
Furn. What's this? Marry[n] this: when I am three parts roasted
And the fourth part parboiled, to prepare her viands
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.
Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.
Furn. By whom?
By such as pretend love to her, but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire
That's stolen into commission.[n]
Ord. Justice Greedy?
Furn. The same, the same. Meat's cast away upon him;
It never thrives. He holds this paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well.
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,
Or strumpets' ravenous appetites. [*Knocking within.*
Watch. One knocks. [*Exit.*
Ord. Our late young master!

Re-enter WATCHALL *and* ALLWORTH

Amb. Welcome, sir.
Furn. Your hand.
If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

Ord. His father's picture in little.[n]
Furn. We are all your servants.
Amb. In you he lives.
All. At once, my thanks to all.
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, *and* Chambermaid

Ord. Her presence answers for us.
L. All. Sort those silks well.
I'll take the air alone.
[*Exeunt* Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid.
Furn. You air and air;
But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?
To what use serve I?
L. All. Prithee, be not angry;
I shall ere long. I' the mean time, there is gold
To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.
Furn. I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.
L. All. And, as I gave directions, if this morning
I am visited by any, entertain them
As heretofore. But say, in my excuse,
I am indisposed.
Ord. I shall, madam.
L. All. Do, and leave them.
Nay, stay you, Allworth.
[*Exeunt* ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL.
All. I shall gladly grow here,
To wait on your commands.
L. All. So soon turned courtier!
All. Style not that courtship, madam, which is duty
Purchased on your part.
L. All. Well, you shall o'ercome;
I'll not contend in words. How is it with
Your noble master?
All. Ever like himself,

No scruple lessened in the full weight of honour,
He did command me, pardon my presumption,
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.
L. All. I am honoured in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?
All. Constantly, good madam;
But he will in person first present his service.
L. All. And how approve you of his course? You are yet
Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable.
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.
All. Any form you please,
I will put on. But, might I make my choice,
With humble emulation I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.
L. All. 'Tis well answered,
And I commend your spirit. You had a father —
Blessed be his memory — that some few hours
Before the will of Heaven took him from me,
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge;
And, therefore, what I speak, you are bound to hear
With such respect as if he lived in me.
He was my husband, and howe'er you are not
Son of my womb, you may be of my love,
Provided you deserve it.
All. I have found you,
Most honoured madam, the best mother to me,
And, with my utmost strengths of care and service,
Will labour that you never may repent
Your bounties showered upon me.
L. All. I much hope it.
These were your father's words: "If e'er my son

Follow the war, tell him it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly followed. But for such
As repair thither as a place[n] in which
They do presume they may with licence practise
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly,
In a fair cause, and for their country's safety,
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;
To bear with patience the winter's cold
And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,
When plenty of provision fails, with hunger;
Are the essential parts make up a soldier,
Not swearing, dice, or drinking."

All. There's no syllable
You speak, but is to me an oracle,
Which but to doubt were impious.

L. All. To conclude:
Beware ill company, for often men
Are like to those with whom they do converse;
And, from one man I warn you, and that's Wellborn, —
Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity;
But that he's in his manners so debauched,
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
'Tis true, your father loved him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but if he had lived
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do.

All. I shall obey in all things.

L. All. Follow me to my chamber, you shall have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,
As I hear from you.

All. I am still your creature. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A Hall in the same

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, WATCHALL, *and* MARRALL

Greedy. Not to be seen!
Over. Still cloistered up! Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she make herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.
Ord. Sir, it is her will,
Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,
And not dispute. Howe'er, you are nobly welcome;
And, if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.
Greedy. Is it of the right race? 10
Ord. Yes, Master Greedy.
Amb. How his mouth runs o'er! [n]
Furn. I'll make it run, and run. Save your good worship!
Greedy. Honest Master Cook, thy hand; again. How I love thee!
Are the good dishes still in being? Speak, boy.
Furn. If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef, well seasoned.
Greedy. Good!
Furn. A pheasant, larded.
Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't!
Furn. Other kickshaws.
Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,
The fattest stag I ever cooked.
Greedy. A stag, man!

Furn. A stag, sir; part of it prepared for dinner,
And baked in puff-paste.
Greedy. Puff-paste too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red deer too, Sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste!
All business set aside, let us give thanks here."
Furn. How the lean skeleton's rapt!
Over. You know we cannot.
Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.
Greedy. Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for such dinner,
We may put off a commission; you shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto."
Over. Fie, Master Greedy!
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! We must forget the belly
When we think of profit.
Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me;
I could e'en cry now. — Do you hear, Master Cook,
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,"
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you, — a brace of three-pences.
Furn. Will you be so prodigal?

Enter WELLBORN

Over. Remember me to your lady. Who have we here?
Well. You know me.
Over. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar!
If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee caged and whipped.
Greedy. I'll grant the warrant.
Think of Pie-corner," Furnace!

[*Exeunt* OVERREACH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL.

Watch. Will you out, sir?
I wonder how you durst creep in.
Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.
Amb. Cannot you stay
To be served, among your fellows, from the basket,[n]
But you must press into the hall?
Furn. Prithee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigsty.
My scullion shall come to thee.

Enter ALLWORTH

Well. This is rare.
Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!
All. We must be strangers,
Nor would I have you seen here for a million. [*Exit.*
Well. Better and better. He contemns me too!

Enter Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid

Woman. Foh, what a smell's here! What thing's this?
Cham. A creature
Made out of the privy. Let us hence, for love's sake,
Or I shall swoon.
Woman. I begin to faint already.
[*Exeunt* Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid.
Watch. Will you know your way?
Amb. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders?
Well. No; I will not stir;
Do you mark, I will not. Let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs,[n] and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond black-jacks or flagons; you, that were born

Only to consume meat and drink, and batten
Upon reversions ![n] — Who advances? Who
Shows me the way?
Ord. My lady!

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, *and* Chambermaid

Cham. Here's the monster.
Woman. Sweet madam, keep your glove to your nose.
Cham. Or let me
Fetch some perfumes may be predominant;
You wrong yourself else.
Well. Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.
L. All. To me!
Well. And though I have met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage
As may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.
L. All. I am amazed
To see and hear this rudeness. Darest thou think,
Though sworn,[n] that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence since my husband's death,
Can fall so low as to change words with thee,
Thou son of infamy! Forbear my house,
And know and keep the distance that's between us;
Or, though it be against my gentler temper,
I shall take order[n] you no more shall be
An eyesore to me.
Well. Scorn me not, good lady,
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble

As that which fills your veins. Those costly jewels,
And those rich clothes you wear, your men's observance,
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues,
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shown
For your late noble husband.

Ord. How she starts!

Furn. And hardly can keep finger from the eye,
To hear him named.

L. All. Have you aught else to say?

Well. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels
Lay heavy on him. Let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; [n] mine the sword,
That did on all occasions second his.
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;
And when in all men's judgements he was sunk,
And, in his own hopes, not to be buoyed up,
I stepped unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

Furn. Are not we base rogues,
That could forget this?

Well. I confess, you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you for it;
For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.

L. All. 'Tis most true, he had.

Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.

L. All. For what's past excuse me,

I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman
A hundred pounds.
Well. No, madam, on no terms.
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers; and 'tis this. [*Whispers to her.*
L. All. Fie! nothing else?
Well. Nothing, unless you please to charge your servants
To throw away a little respect upon me.
L. All. What you demand is yours.
Well. I thank you, lady. —
[*Aside.*] Now what can be wrought out of such a suit
Is yet in supposition. — I have said all;
When you please, you may retire. [*Exit* Lady ALL.
Nay, all's forgotten;
[*To the* Servants.
And, for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.
Ord. Agreed, agreed.
Furn. Still merry Master Wellborn.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND

Scene I

A Room in Overreach's *House*

Enter Overreach *and* Marrall

Over. He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crushed him.

Mar. Your worships[n] have the way on't, and ne'er miss
To squeeze these unthrifts into air; and yet,
The chapfallen justice[n] did his part, returning
For your advantage the certificate,[n]
Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,
With your good favour, to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Over. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice. He that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder,
Still with your licence, why, your worship having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself?

Over. Thou art a fool.
In being out of office I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might or out of wilfulness or error
Run myself finely into a *præmunire*,[n]
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion.[n] So he serve

My purposes, let him hang or damn, I care not.
Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Over. I would be worldly wise. For the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-governed life,
And to do right to others as ourselves,
I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, Master Frugal? As 'tis said
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land, lying in the midst of your many lordships,
Is a foul blemish.

Over. I have thought on't, Marrall,
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor,
Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs.
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three year,
Though he sue "*in forma pauperis*," in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behindhand.

Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore you.

Over. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title. Want will force him
To put it to arbitrament; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.

Mar. 'Tis above wonder!
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Over. Well thought on.
This varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to upbraid me

With my close cheat put upon him.[n] Will nor cold
Nor hunger kill him?
Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I have used all means; and the last night I caused
His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And, on the forfeit of your favour, charged them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from starving,
Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir.
Over. That was something, Marrall; but thou must go further,
And suddenly, Marrall.
Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.
Over. I would have thee seek him out, and, if thou canst,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg.
Then, if I prove he has but robbed a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.[n]
Do any thing to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy masterpiece.
Mar. I will do my best, sir.
Over. I am now on my main work with the Lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country, and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.
Mar. I have you;
This points at my young mistress.
Over. She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable,
Right honourable,[n] Marrall, my right honourable daughter,
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decayed and brought so low,
That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve her.

And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To have their issue whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine as bondslaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.

Over. And therefore, I'll not have a chambermaid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry.

Enter WELLBORN

Mar. See, who's here, sir.

Over. Hence, monster! prodigy!

Well. Sir, your wife's nephew.
She and my father tumbled in one belly.

Over. Avoid my sight! Thy breath's infectious, rogue!
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.
Come hither, Marrall. [*Aside.*] This is the time to work
him. [*Exit.*

Mar. I warrant you, sir.

Well. By this light I think he's mad.

Mar. Mad! Had you ta'en compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.

Well. You have ta'en a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply —

Well. By what?

Mar. By my religion.

Well. Thy religion!
The devil's creed. But what would you have done?

Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,
Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,

A withe had served my turn to hang myself.
I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself,
And presently, as you love your credit.
Well. I thank you.
Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or lice devour you?
Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken,
Or market-woman with eggs, that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?
Well. Here's variety,
I must confess. But I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.
Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again,
Or drink, or be the master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself! Take some course
For your reputation.
Well. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair.
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever —
Mar. Ha! ha! These castles you build in the air
Will not persuade me or to give or lend
A token to you.
Well. I'll be more kind to thee.
Come, thou shalt dine with me.
Mar. With you!
Well. Nay more, dine gratis.
Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose cost?
Are they padders or abram-men that are your consorts?
Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.

Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the Lady of the Lake,[n] or queen of fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.
Well. With the Lady Allworth, knave.
Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is cracked.
Well. Mark there, with what respect
I am entertained.
Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?
Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine own eyes.
Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,
To see thee curvet,[n] and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.
Well. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A Room in Lady Allworth's *House*

Enter Allworth, Waiting Woman, Chambermaid, Order, Amble, Furnace, *and* Watchall

Woman. Could you not command your leisure one hour longer?
Cham. Or half an hour?
All. I have told you what my haste is:
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,
I should neglect my lord.
Woman. Pray you do me the favour
To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket;
They are of mine own preserving.

Cham. And this marmalade;
'Tis comfortable for your stomach.
Woman. And, at parting,
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.
Cham. You are still before me. I move the same suit, sir. [ALLWORTH *kisses them severally.*
Furn. How greedy these chamberers are of a beardless chin!
I think the tits will ravish him.
All. My service
To both.
Woman. Ours waits on you.
Cham. And shall do ever.
Ord. You are my lady's charge, be therefore careful
That you sustain your parts.
Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.
[*Exeunt* Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid.
Furn. Here, drink it off; the ingredients are cordial,
And this the true elixir.[n] It hath boiled
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence
Of five cocks of the game,[n] ten dozen of sparrows,
Knuckles of veal, potato-roots and marrow,
Coral and ambergris.[n] Were you two years older,
And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,
I durst trust you with neither. You need not bait
After this, I warrant you, though your journey's long;
You may ride on the strength of this till to-morrow morning.
All. Your courtesies overwhelm me. I much grieve
To part from such true friends, and yet find comfort.
My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.
[*Knocking within. Exit* WATCHALL.
Mar. [*Within.*] Dar'st thou venture further?
Well. [*Within.*] Yes, yes, and knock again.
Ord. 'Tis he; disperse!

Amb. Perform it bravely.
Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.
[*Exeunt all but* ALLWORTH.

Re-enter WATCHALL, *ceremoniously introducing* WELLBORN *and* MARRALL

Watch. Beast that I was, to make you stay! Most welcome.
You were long since expected.
Well. Say so much
To my friend, I pray you.
Watch. For your sake, I will, sir.
Mar. For his sake!
Well. Mum; this is nothing.
Mar. More than ever
I would have believed, though I had found it in my primer.[n]
All. When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,
You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, in my service
I will deserve it.
Mar. Service! with a vengeance!
Well. I am satisfied. Farewell, Tom.
All. All joy stay with you! [*Exit.*

Re-enter AMBLE

Amb. You are happily encountered; I yet never
Presented one so welcome as I know
You will be to my lady.
Mar. This is some vision,
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;
It cannot be a truth.
Well. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel. Be so, miscreant,
And meditate on "blankets, and on dog-whips!"

Re-enter FURNACE

Furn. I am glad you are come; until I know your pleasure
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.
Mar. His pleasure! Is it possible?
Well. What's thy will?
Furn. Marry, sir, I have some grouse, and turkey chicken,
Some rails [n] and quails, and my lady willed me ask you,
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.
Mar. [*Aside.*] The devil's entered this cook. Sauce for his palate!
That, on my knowledge, for almost this twelvemonth,
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on Sundays.
Well. That way I like them best.
Furn. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*
Well. What think you of "the hedge we shall dine under?"
Shall we feed gratis?
Mar. I know not what to think;
Pray you make me not mad.

Re-enter ORDER

Ord. This place becomes you not;
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining-room.
Well. I am well here,
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.
Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare change! But yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapped up in pease-straw.

Re-enter Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid

Woman. O sir, you are wished for.
Cham. My lady dreamt, sir, of you.

Woman. And the first command she gave, after she rose,
Was her devotions done to give her notice
When you approached here.
Cham. Which is done, on my virtue.
Mar. I shall be converted. I begin to grow
Into a new belief, which saints nor angels
Could have won me to have faith in.
Woman. Sir, my lady!

Enter Lady ALLWORTH

L. All. I come to meet you, and languished till I saw you.
This first kiss is for form; I allow a second
To such a friend. [*Kisses* WELLBORN.
Mar. To such a friend! Heaven bless me!
Well. I am wholly yours. Yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute —
Mar. Salute me at his bidding!
Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.
L. All. Sir, you may command me.
[*Advances to kiss* MARRALL, *who retires.*
Well. Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!
Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of. [*Offers to kiss her foot.*
L. All. Nay, pray you rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you.
You shall dine with me to day, at mine own table.
Mar. Your ladyship's table! I am not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.
L. All. You are too modest.
I will not be denied.

Re-enter FURNACE

Furn. Will you still be babbling
Till your meat freeze on the table? The old trick still;
My art ne'er thought on!
L. All. Your arm, Master Wellborn, —
Nay, keep us company. [*To* MARRALL.
Mar. I was ne'er so graced.
[*Exeunt* WELLBORN, Lady ALLWORTH, AMBLE, MARRALL, Waiting Woman, *and* Chambermaid.
Ord. So! We have played our parts, and are come off well;
But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, or why Master Wellborn
Desired it, may I perish!
Furn. Would I had
The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire! for cooks are Persians,[n] and swear by it —
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.
Watch. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?
Fur. Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years
On a suit of fourteen groats,[n] bought of the hangman,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common.
But this Sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,
Who must at his command do any outrage;
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth and lordships.
Ord. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill men,

As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare and power to do were never
Lodged so unluckily.

Re-enter AMBLE *laughing*

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.
Ord. Contain thyself, man.
Furn. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.
Amb. Ha! ha! My lady has got
Such a guest at her table — this term-driver, Marrall,
This snip of an attorney —
Furn. What of him, man?
Amb. The knave thinks still he's at the cook's shop in Ram Alley,[n]
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choose;
And feeds so slovenly!
Furn. Is this all?
Amb. My lady
Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please Master Wellborn;
As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish
In which there were some remnants of a boiled capon,
And pledges her in white broth!
Furn. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.
Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,[n]
Most humbly thanks my worship.
Ord. Risen already!
Amb. I shall be chid.[n]

Re-enter Lady ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL

Furn. My lady frowns
L. All. You wait well! [*To* AMBLE.

Let me have no more of this; I observed you jeering.
Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
When I am present, is not your companion.[n]
Ord. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.
Furn. This refreshing
Follows your flux of laughter.
L. All. [*To* WELLBORN.] You are master
Of your own will. I knew so much of manners,
As not to inquire your purposes. In a word,
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.
Well. [*Aside to* MARRALL.] Mark that.
Mar. With reverence, sir,
An it like[n] your worship.
Well. Trouble yourself no further,
Dear madam; my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, Master Marrall.
Mar. I attend your worship.
[*Exeunt* WELLBORN *and* MARRALL.
L. All. I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me
An easy mistress. Be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Furnace, come with me. I must give you
Further directions.
Ord. What you please.
Furn. We are ready.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

The Country near Lady ALLWORTH'S *House*

Enter WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL *bare-headed*

Well. I think I am in a good way.
Mar. Good! sir; the best way,
The certain best way.
Well. There are casualties[n]
That men are subject to.
Mar. You are above them;
And as you are already worshipful,
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,
And be right worshipful.
Well. Prithee do not flout me:
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease,
You keep your hat off?
Mar. Ease! an it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast
Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be covered
When your worship's present.
Well. [*Aside.*] Is not this a true rogue,
That, out of mere hope of a future cozenage,[n]
Can turn thus suddenly? 'Tis rank already.
Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs no counsel,
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice — but still
Under correction — I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.
Well. No; speak freely.
Mar. Then, in my judgement, sir, my simple judgement —
Still with your worship's favour — I could wish you
A better habit, for this cannot be

But much distasteful to the noble lady —
I say no more — that loves you; for, this morning,
To me, and I am but a swine to her,
Before the assurance of her wealth perfumed you,
You savoured not of amber.[n]

Well. I do now then!

Mar. This your batoon hath got a touch of it.
[*Kisses the end of his cudgel.*

Yet, if you please, for change,[n] I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I'll presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you
A riding-suit.

Well. But where's the horse?

Mar. My gelding
Is at your service. Nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,
You may with the lease of glebe land,[n] called Knave's-acre,
A place I would manure,[n] requite your vassal.

Well. I thank thy love, but must make no use of it.
What's twenty pounds?

Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, sir.

Well. Dost thou think, though I want clothes, I could not have them,
For one word to my lady?

Mar. As I know not that!

Well. Come, I will tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.
I will not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married —
There being no woman but is sometimes froward —
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced
To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on
With a plain riding-suit, and on ambling nag.

No, I'll be furnished something like myself,
And so farewell. For thy suit touching Knave's-acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit.*
Mar. I thank your worship.
How was I cozened in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! My master cozened too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession! Well, well, Master Wellborn,
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated;
Which, if the Fates please, when you are possessed
Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.
I'll presently think of the means. [*Walks by, musing.*

Enter OVERREACH, *speaking to a* Servant *within*

Over. Sirrah,[n] take my horse.
I'll walk to get me an appetite. 'Tis but a mile,
And exercise will keep me from being pursy.
Ha! Marrall! Is he conjuring?[n] Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't. No matter,
So it be done. — Marrall!
Mar. Sir.
Over. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?
Mar. Never better, sir.
Over. Has he hanged or drowned himself?
Mar. No, sir, he lives;
Lives once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than ever.
Over. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.
Mar. A lady, sir, is fallen in love with him.
Over. With him. What lady?

Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.
Over. Thou dolt! How dar'st thou speak this?
Mar. I speak truth.
And I do so but once a year, unless
It be to you, sir. We dined with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.
Over. His worship!
Mar. As I live, sir,
I dined with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; [n] and saw when she kissed him,
And would, at his request, have kissed me too.
But I was not so audacious as some youths are,
That dare do anything, be it ne'er so absurd,
And sad [n] after performance.
Over. Why, thou rascal!
To tell me these impossibilities.
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!
Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew open,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain to see her, though I came, a suitor?
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one
On thy buttermilk cheeks.
Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.
Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah.
Recover your brains again, and be no more gulled
With a beggar's plot, [n] assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond these
Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you
From my employments.
Mar. Will you credit this yet?
On my confidence of their marriage, I offered Wellborn —

[*Aside.*] I would give a crown[n] now I durst say his worship —
My nag, and twenty pounds.
Over. Did you so, idiot!
[*Strikes him down.*
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me?
Mar. Will your worship kill me?
Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.
Mar. He's gone.
Over. I have done then. Now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know, my Lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow.
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him,
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll thank them.
There's a piece for my late blows.
Mar. [*Aside.*] I must yet suffer;
But there may be a time —
Over. Do you grumble?
Mar. No, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD

Scene I

The Country near Overreach's *House*

Enter Lord Lovell, Allworth, *and* Servants

Lov. Walk the horses down the hill. Something in private
I must impart to Allworth. [*Exeunt* Servants.
All. O my lord,
What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve them,
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness suffer!
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties showered upon me.
Lov. Loving youth,
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it. Since you have trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet locked
Treachery shall never open. I have found you —
For so much to your face I must profess,
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush for't —
More zealous in your love and service to me
Than I have been in my rewards.
All. Still great ones,
Above my merit.

Lov. Such your gratitude calls them.
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
As some great men are taxed with,[n] who imagine
They part from the respect due to their honours
If they use not all such as follow them,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so conditioned. I can make
A fitting difference between my footboy
And a gentleman by want compelled to serve me.
All. 'Tis thankfully acknowledged; you have been
More like a father to me than a master.
Pray you, pardon the comparison.
Lov. I allow it;
And, to give you assurance I am pleased in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me
I can command my passions.
All. 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted — O!
Lov. Why do you sigh? Can you be doubtful of me?
By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to my Allworth!
All. As you are the brave Lord Lovell,
Your bare word only given is an assurance
Of more validity and weight to me
Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations,
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers practise;
Yet being a man — for, sure, to style you more
Would relish of gross flattery — I am forced,
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,
To doubt, nay more, to fear.
Lov. So young, and jealous!
All. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain; but to stand

The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.
Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish them, in plainer language,
That I may understand them.
All. What's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself — provided
They may advantage you — must be obeyed.
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And rammed with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none, but that which guards your sight.
But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing — such as Ulysses, if he
Now lived again, howe'er he stood the Sirens,[n]
Could not resist — the combat must grow doubtful
Between your reason and rebellious passions.
Add this too; when you feel her touch, and breath
Like a soft western wind when it glides o'er
Arabia, creating gums and spices;
And, in the van, the nectar of her lips,
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on
Well armed, and strongly lined with her discourse,
And knowing manners, to give entertainment; —
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,[n]
To follow such a Venus.
Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.
All. Grant all these beat off,
Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,

To make her more remarkable, as would tire
A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.
O my good lord! These powerful aids, which would
Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful —
Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,
That in herself is all perfection — must
Prevail for her. I here release your trust.
'Tis happiness enough for me to serve you
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.
Lov. Why, shall I swear?
All. O, by no means, my lord;
And wrong not so your judgement to the world
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing
Divers great men are rivals for.
Lov. Suspend
Your judgement till the trial. How far is it
To Overreach's house?
All. At the most, some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.
Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.
All. O that I durst but hope it!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A Room in Overreach's *House*

Enter Overreach, Greedy, *and* Marrall

Over. Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with the weight
Of curious viands.
Greedy. "Store indeed's no sore," sir.
Over. That proverb fits your stomach, Master Greedy.
And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,

Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of. Let my choicest linen
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,
With precious powders mixed, so please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.
Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.
Over. Avaunt, you drudge!
Now all my laboured ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter.
[*Exit* MARRALL.
And, Master Justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of them —
Greedy. As I do, indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.
Over. I do confer that providence, with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.
Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions. Now am I,
In mine own conceit, a monarch; at the least,
Arch-president of the boiled, the roast, the baked;
For which I will eat often, and give thanks
When my belly's braced up like a drum, and that's pure justice. [*Exit.*
Over. It must be so. Should the foolish girl prove modest,
She may spoil all. She had it not from me,
But from her mother. I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

Enter MARGARET

Alone, — and let your women wait without.
Marg. Your pleasure, sir?
Over. Ha! this is a neat dressing!
These orient pearls and diamonds well placed too!
The gown affects me not,[n] it should have been

Embroidered o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
And how below? since oft the wanton eye,
The face observed, descends unto the foot,
Which being well proportioned, as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art. How like you your new woman,
The Lady Downfallen?[n]

Marg. Well, for a companion;
Not as a servant.

Over. Is she humble, Meg,
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Over. Pity her! Trample on her.
I took her up in an old tamin gown —
Even starved for want of twopenny chops — to serve thee,
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged him,
Into the counter,[n] and there let them howl together.

Marg. You know your own ways; but for me, I blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.

Over. In birth! Why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great
That I have run, and still pursue, those ways
That hail down curses on me, which I mind not?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to[n] my heir,
And throw thee from my care. Do not provoke me.

Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.

Re-enter GREEDY

Over. How! interrupted!
Greedy. 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-willed, and will not learn
From my experience. There's a fawn brought in, sir,
And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling[n] in the belly of it;
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three-pence.
Over. Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! Cook it any way. Prithee, leave me.
Greedy. Without order for the dumpling?
Over. Let it be dumpled
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald him
In his own cauldron.
Greedy. I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my mistress dumpling.[n] I'll give thanks for't.
[*Exit.*
Over. But to our business, Meg. You have heard who dines here?
Marg. I have, sir.
Over. 'Tis an honourable man;
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one. And to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.[n]

Re-enter GREEDY

Greedy. I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obeyed.
Over. 'Slight, art thou frantic?
Greedy. Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and stark mad,

Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks [n] —
Over. Make thyself
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.
Greedy. I am contented,
So they may be dressed to my mind. He has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish them
With toasts and butter. My father was a tailor,
And my name, though a justice, Greedy Woodcock;
And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused,
I'll give up my commission.
Over. [*Loudly.*] Cook! — Rogue, obey him!
I have given the word, pray you now remove yourself
To a collar of brawn,[n] and trouble me no further.
Greedy. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner.
[*Exit.*
Over. And as I said, Meg, when this gull disturbed us,
This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.
Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.
Over. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it.
Be thou no enemy to thyself. My wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine,[n] observe me;
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it.
This mincing modesty has spoiled many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.
Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?
Over. Virgin me no virgins!
I must have you lose that name, or you lose me.
I will have you private — start not — I say, private.
If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,

Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off,[n] too;
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.
Marg. I have heard this is the strumpet's fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.
Over. Learn any thing,
And from any creature that may make thee great;
From the devil himself.
Marg. [*Aside.*] This is but devilish doctrine!
Over. Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer
Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,
But meet his ardour. If a couch be near,
Sit down on't, and invite him.
Marg. In your house,
Your own house, sir; for Heaven's sake, what are you then?
Or what shall I be, sir?
Over. Stand not on form;
Words are no substances.
Marg. Though you could dispense
With your own honour, cast aside religion,
The hopes of Heaven, or fear of hell, excuse me,
In worldly policy, this is not the way
To make me his wife; his whore, I grant it may do.
My maiden honour so soon yielded up,
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
Whene'er tempted by others; so, in judgement,
When to his lust I have given up my honour,
He must and will forsake me.
Over. How! Forsake thee!
Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up or withered? Does there live a man
Of that large list I have encountered with
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
Not purchased with his blood that did oppose me?
Forsake thee when the thing is done! He dares not.

Give me but proof he has enjoyed thy person,
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood armed by his side to justify the wrong,
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
Or the judge's favour, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict account, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour!
I have said it.

Re-enter MARRALL

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.
Over. In, without reply;
And do as I command, or thou art lost.
[*Exit* MARGARET.
Is the loud music I gave order for
Ready to receive him?
Mar. 'Tis, sir.
Over. Let them sound
A princely welcome. [*Exit* MARRALL.] Roughness awhile leave me;
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me.

Loud music. Enter Lord LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble.
Over. What you are pleased to style so is an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.
All. [*Aside.*] Strange, so humble.
Over. A justice of peace, my lord.
[*Presents* GREEDY *to him.*
Lov. Your hand, good sir.
Greedy. [*Aside.*] This is a lord, and some think this a favour;

But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.

Over. Room for my lord.

Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter
To crown my welcome.

Over. May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly
She shall attend my lord.

Lov. You'll be obeyed, sir.

[*Exeunt all but* OVERREACH.

Over. 'Tis to my wish. As soon as come, ask for her!
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach. —

Re-enter MARGARET

How! tears in your eyes!
Hah! dry them quickly or I'll dig them out.
Is this a time to whimper? Meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom, think what 'tis
For me to say, My honourable daughter;
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, Put on,[n]
Or, Father, you forget yourself. No more;
But be instructed, or expect — he comes.

Re-enter Lord LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL

A black-browed girl,[n] my lord.

[Lord LOVELL *kisses* MARGARET.

Lov. As I live, a rare one.

All. [*Aside.*] He's ta'en already. I am lost.

Over. That kiss
Came twanging off, I like it. Quit the room.

[*Exeunt all but* OVERREACH, LOVELL, *and* MARGARET.

A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.

Lov. I am happy
In such a scholar; but —
Over. I am past learning,
And therefore leave you to yourselves. — [*Aside to* MARGARET, *and exit.*] Remember.
Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous,
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.
Marg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.
Lov. But o'er your duty.
Marg. Which forced too much, may break.
Lov. Bend rather, sweetest.
Think of your years.
Marg. Too few to match with yours;
And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot and wither.
Lov. Do you think I am old?
Marg. I am sure I am too young.
Lov. I can advance you.
Marg. To a hill of sorrow,
Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,
I of a low descent, however rich;
And tissues matched with scarlet suit but ill.[n]
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.
Lov. Pray you, trust my ear then.

Re-enter OVERREACH *behind, listening*

Over. Close at it! Whispering! This is excellent!
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter GREEDY *behind*

Greedy. Sir Giles, Sir Giles!
Over. The great fiend stop that clapper!

Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.
The baked-meats are run out, the roast turned powder.
Over. I shall powder you.
Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not.
In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.
Over. Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the shambles![n] [*Strikes him.*
Greedy. How! strike a justice of peace! 'Tis petty treason,
Edwardi quinto.[n] But that you are my friend,
I would commit you without bail or mainprize.
Over. Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit you
Where you shall not dine to-day. Disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse!
Greedy. Is't a time to talk
When we should be munching?
Lov. Hah! I heard some noise.
Over. Mum, villain; vanish! Shall we break a bargain
Almost made up? [*Thrusts* GREEDY *off.*
Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And rest most happy in your choice, believe it.
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.
Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves for ever.
Lov. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good. Howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage[n] towards me to delude
Your subtle father.
Marg. I am prone to that.
Lov. Now break we off our conference. — Sir Giles!
Where is Sir Giles? [OVERREACH *comes forward.*

Re-enter ALLWORTH, MARRALL, *and* GREEDY

Over. My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?
Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming;
And I like her the better.
Over. So do I too.
Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant. I must confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Delivered by my page, and you give way to't.
Over. With all my soul — a towardly gentleman!
Your hand, good Master Allworth. Know my house
Is ever open to you.
All. [*Aside.*] 'Twas shut till now.
Over. Well done, well done, my honourable daughter!
Thou'rt so already. Know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.
Marg. I shall, with my best care.
[*Noise within, as of a coach.*
Over. A coach!
Greedy. More stops
Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

Enter Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN

L. All. If I find welcome,
You share in it; if not, I'll back again,
Now I know your ends; for I come armed for all
Can be objected.
Lov. How! the Lady Allworth!
Over. And thus attended!
[LOVELL *kisses* Lady ALLWORTH; Lady ALLWORTH *kisses* MARGARET.
Mar. No, "I am a dolt!
The spirit of lies hath entered me!"

Over. Peace, Patch;
'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment
That does possess me wholly!
Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent my visit,[n]
The service of my life can never equal.
L. All. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hoped
You would have made my poor house your first inn;
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
In this unequalled beauty, for your stay,
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you,[n]
I borrowed so much from my long restraint
And took the air in person to invite you.
Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.
L. All. Good Sir Giles Overreach. —
[*Kisses him.*
How dost thou, Marrall? Liked you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?
Greedy. I will, when you please,
An it like your ladyship.
L. All. When you please, Master Greedy.
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse,
[*Presents* WELLBORN.
His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's. Wonder not I speak at large;[n]
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever,
For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself
With some that have contemned him. Sir Giles Overreach,
If I am welcome, bid him so.

Over. My nephew!
He has been too long a stranger. Faith you have,
Pray let it be mended.
[LOVELL *confers aside with* WELLBORN.
Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is "rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
That should hang or drown himself;" no man of worship,
Much less your nephew.
Over. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.
Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for't.
Well. Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.
Lov. I would hear, and help them.
Over. Your dinner waits you.
Lov. Pray you lead, we follow.
L. All. Nay, you are my guest. Come, dear Master Wellborn. [*Exeunt all but* GREEDY.
Greedy. "Dear Master Wellborn!" So she said. Heaven! Heaven!
If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this. I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham jail; and now, "Dear Master Wellborn!"
And, "My good nephew!" But I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner. —

Re-enter MARRALL

Are they set, Marrall?
Mar. Long since. Pray you a word, sir.
Greedy. No wording now.
Mar. In troth, I must. My master,

Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,
And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.
Greedy. How! No dinner,
After all my care?
Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.
Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach. A man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemalion!
Mar. No bug words,[n] sir.
Should his worship hear you —
Greedy. Lose my dumpling too,
And buttered toasts, and woodcocks!
Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your worship,[n]
And sit with the waiting women, you'll have dumpling,
Woodcock, and buttered toasts too.
Greedy. This revives me.
I will gorge there sufficiently.
Mar. This is the way, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Another Room in OVERREACH'S *House*

Enter OVERREACH, *as from dinner*

Over. She's caught! O women! She neglects my lord,
And all her compliments applied to Wellborn!
The garments of her widowhood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring,
Her eyes fixed on him, in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.

She leaves my meat[n] to feed upon his looks,
And if in our discourse he be but named,
From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I
At this? It makes for me. If she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Enter MARRALL

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.
Over. No matter, I'll excuse it. Prithee, Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.
Mar. Who? "The rogue
The lady scorned to look on?"
Over. You are a wag.

Enter Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN

Mar. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be without him.
L. All. With your favour, sir, after a plenteous dinner,
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two,
In your rare garden.
Over. There's an arbour too,
If your ladyship please to use it.
L. All. Come, Master Wellborn.
[*Exeunt* Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN.
Over. Grosser and grosser! Now I believe the poet
Feigned not, but was historical, when he wrote
Pasiphaë[n] was enamoured of a bull.
This lady's lust's more monstrous. — My good lord,

Enter Lord LOVELL, MARGARET, *and the rest*

Excuse my manners.
Lov. There needs none, Sir Giles,
I may ere long say father, when it pleases
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.
Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy.

Re-enter WELLBORN *and* Lady ALLWORTH

Marg. My lady is returned.
L. All. Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away. My thanks, Sir Giles,
For my entertainment.
Over. 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.
L. All. I must do you a further wrong
In taking away your honourable guest.
Lov. I wait on you, madam. Farewell, good Sir Giles.
L. All. Good Mistress Margaret! Nay, come, Master Wellborn,
I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.
Over. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once.
Let my nephew stay behind. He shall have my coach,
And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.
L. All. Stay not long, sir.
Lov. This parting kiss. [*Kisses* MARGARET.] You shall every day hear from me,
By my faithful page.
All. 'Tis a service I am proud of.
[*Exeunt* Lord LOVELL, Lady ALLWORTH, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL.
Over. Daughter, to your chamber. —[*Exit* MARGARET.] You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.
Well. So I do, sir.
'Tis strange to me.
Over. But I'll make it no wonder;
And what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet

Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom.
As, I must yield, with you I practised it.
But, now I see in you a way to rise,
I can and will assist you. This rich lady —
And I am glad of't — is enamoured of you.
'Tis too apparent, nephew.
Well. No such thing.
Compassion rather, sir.
Over. Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.
Well. [*Aside.*] He'll run into the noose, and save my labour.
Over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,
In pawn. I will redeem them; and that no clamour
May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut them off,
And go a free man to the wealthy lady.
Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else —
Over. As it is, nephew —
Well. Binds me still your servant.
Over. No compliments, you are staid for. Ere you have supped
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew.
To-morrow I will visit you.
Well. Here's an uncle
In a man's extremes! How much they do belie you,
That say you are hard-hearted!
Over. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love. What men report I weigh not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH

Scene I

A Room in Lady Allworth's *House*

Enter Lord Lovell *and* Allworth

Lov. 'Tis well; give me my cloak. I now discharge you
From further service. Mind your own affairs,
I hope they will prove successful.
All. What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let aftertimes report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engaged, for I want language
To speak my debt. Yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could —
Lov. Nay, do not melt.
This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.
Over. [*Within.*] Is my lord stirring?
Lov. 'Tis he! O, here's your letter. Let him in.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, *and* Marrall

Over. A good day to my lord!
Lov. You are an early riser, Sir Giles.
Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.
Lov. And you, too, Master Greedy, up so soon!
Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,

I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.
Lov. Pray you use your pleasure.
Greedy. How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house, to this of my Lady's Allworth's?
Over. Why, some four mile.
Greedy. How! four mile, good Sir Giles —
Upon your reputation, think better.
For if you do abate but one half-quarter
Of five,[n] you do yourself the greatest wrong
That can be in the world; for four miles riding
Could not have raised so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.
Mar. Whether you ride,
Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,
An it please your worship.
Over. How now, sirrah? Prating
Before my lord! No difference! Go to my nephew,
See all his debts discharged, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.
Mar. [*Aside.*] I may fit you too.
Tossed like a dog still! [*Exit.*
Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.
Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already.
Sweet Master Allworth, take my ring. 'Twill carry you
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a licence,
Still by this token. I'll have it dispatched,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.
Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman, get your breakfast.

'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting. I'll eat with you,
And eat to purpose.
Over. Some Fury's in that gut.
Hungry again! Did you not devour, this morning,
A shield of brawn,[n] and a barrel of Colchester [n] oysters?
Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,
I will not have you feed like the hangman of Flushing,[n]
Alone, while I am here.
Lov. Haste your return.
All. I will not fail, my lord.
Greedy. Nor I, to line
My Christmas coffer.[n] [*Exeunt* GREEDY *and* ALLWORTH.
Over. To my wish.[n] We are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial.
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
Lov. You are a right kind father.
Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded, and well watered, the acres
Fertile and rich. Would it not serve for change
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?
Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well-built pile; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.[n]
Over. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time. But let my lord
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.
Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's —
As by her dotage on him I know they will be —
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.
Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted.
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.
Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair,
In all good men's opinions, as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For, though I do contemn report myself
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That ⁿ the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her.
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* ⁿ to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port ⁿ
Your noble birth and present state requires,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own. For, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.

Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?
Over. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on, a constant course. With mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for these other piddling complaints
Breathed out in bitterness; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common,[n] to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.
Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compassed.
My haste commands me hence. In one word, therefore,
Is it a match?
Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now.
Over. Then rest secure. Not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,

Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher, — an earl, if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith.
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow. [*Exit.*

Lov. He's gone. I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portent! I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous beast am bathed all over
In a cold sweat. Yet, like a mountain, he —
Confirmed in atheistical asser ions —
Is no more shaken than Olympus[n] is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, *and* AMBLE

L. All. Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?
Lov. No, good madam.
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner,
Since this bold bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,[n]
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it.
L. All. I ne'er pressed, my lord,
On others' privacies; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health' sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made —
So vehement and loud he was — partaker
Of his tempting offers.
Lov. Please you to command
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear
Your wiser counsel.
L. All. 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,

But true and hearty. — Wait in the next room,
But be within call; yet not so near [n] to force me
To whisper my intents.
Amb. We are taught better
By you, good madam.
Woman. And well know our distance.
L. All. Do so, and talk not. 'Twill become your breeding. [*Exeunt* AMBLE *and* WOMAN.
Now, my good lord. If I may use my freedom,
As to an honoured friend —
Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.
L. All. I dare then say thus:
As you are noble — howe'er common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims — 'twill not agree
With those of eminent blood, who are engaged
More to prefer their honours than to increase
The state left to them by their ancestors,
To study large additions to their fortunes,
And quite neglect their births; though I must grant,
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,
But a bad master.
Lov. Madam, 'tis confessed;
But what infer you from it?
L. All. This, my lord,
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,
Slide of themselves off when right fills the other,
And cannot bide the trial; so all wealth,
I mean if ill-acquired, cemented to honour
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely purchased,
Is but rubbish poured into a river —
Howe'er intended to make good the bank —
Rendering the water, that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow
The heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified and the richest match

Our north part can make boast of. Yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, fill their mouths,[n]
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's
How wrung from both needs now no repetition —
Were real motives that more worked your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues.
You may conceive the rest.

Lov. I do, sweet madam,
And long since have considered it. I know,
The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife;
And there, well to discharge[n] it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither;
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy.
But I come nearer.

L. All. Pray you do, my lord.

Lov. Were Overreach's states thrice centupled, his daughter
Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet,
And the other London blue.[n] In my own tomb
I will inter my name first.

L. All. [*Aside.*] I am glad to hear this. —
Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her?
Dissimulation but ties false knots
On that straight line by which you, hitherto,
Have measured all your actions.

Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That, since your husband's death, have lived a strict

And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments? Think you, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference, or the favours
Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Being too reserved before, incur not censure?
L. All. I am innocent here; and, on my life, I swear
My ends are good.
Lov. On my soul, so are mine
To Margaret; but leave both to the event.
And since this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offered means unto ourselves,
To search each other further, you having shown
Your care of me, I my respect to you,
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
An afternoon's discourse.
L. All. So[n] I shall hear you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Before TAPWELL'S *House*

Enter TAPWELL *and* FROTH

Tap. Undone, undone! This was your counsel, Froth.
Froth. Mine! I defy thee. Did not Master Marrall —
He has marred all, I am sure — strictly command us,
On pain of Sir Giles Overreach's displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?
Tap. 'Tis true.
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master Justice Greedy, since he filled his belly,
At his commandment, to do anything.
Woe, woe to us!
Froth. He may prove merciful.
Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.
Though he knew all the passages of our house,[n]

As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,[n]
When he was rogue Wellborn no man would believe him,
And then his information could not hurt us.
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony? Methinks,
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart,
For a close bawd, thine eyes even pelted out
With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing,
If I scape the halter, with the letter R[n]
Printed upon it.

Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days wonder. As for credit,
We have none to lose, but we shall lose the money
He owes us, and his custom; there's the hell on't.

Tap. He has summoned all his creditors by the drum[n]
And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
On the pay day; and has found out such A NEW WAY
TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely
He shall be chronicled for it!

Froth. He deserves it
More than ten pageants.[n] But are you sure his worship
Comes this way, to my lady's?

[*A cry within:* Brave master Wellborn!

Tap. Yes; I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace.

Enter WELLBORN *in a rich habit, followed by* MARRALL, GREEDY, ORDER, FURNACE, *and* Creditors; TAPWELL *kneeling, delivers his petition*

Well. How's this! petitioned too?
But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash,[n] and a rich suit of clothes,
Can work upon these rascals! I shall be,
I think, Prince Wellborn.

Mar. When your worship's married,

You may be — I know what I hope to see you.
Well. Then look thou for advancement.
Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.
Well. And thou shalt hit it.
Mar. Pray you sir, dispatch
These needy followers, and for my admittance,
Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.
Well. Fear me not Sir Giles.[n]
Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy wife brought me,
Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkeys.
Tap. And shall do every Christmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now.
Greedy. How! With Master Wellborn?
I can do anything with him on such terms.
See you this honest couple, they are good souls
As ever drew out fosset.[n] Have they not
A pair of honest faces?
Well. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promised. You are cozened in them;
For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,
For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserved me,
And therefore speak not for them. By your place
You are rather to do me justice; lend me your ear.
Forget his turkeys, and call in his licence
And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of oxen
Worth all his poultry.
Greedy. I am changed on the sudden
In my opinion! Come near; nearer, rascal.
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an arch-knave? His very countenance,
Should an understanding judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.

Tap., Froth. Worshipful sir.
Greedy. No, though the great Turk came,[n] instead of turkeys,
To beg my favour, I am inexorable.
Thou hast an ill name. Besides thy musty ale,
That hath destroyed many of the king's liege people,
Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's stomachs,
A piece of Suffolk cheese or gammon of bacon,[n]
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,
For their emolument,[n] but sheer drink only.
For which gross fault I here do damn thy licence,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For, instantly, I will, in mine own person,
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,
And do it before I eat.
Froth. No mercy?
Greedy. Vanish!
If I show any, may my promised oxen gore me!
Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.
[*Exeunt* GREEDY, TAPWELL, *and* FROTH.
Well. Speak; what are you?
1st Cred. A decayed vintner, sir,
That might have thrived, but that your worship broke me
With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,
And five-pound suppers, with your after drinkings,
When you lodged upon the Bankside.[n]
Well. I remember.
1st Cred. I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you;
And therefore, sir —
Well. Thou art an honest fellow,
I'll set thee up again. See his bill paid. —
What are you?
2nd Cred. A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock, but you failing in payment,

I was removed from the shopboard, and confined
Under a stall.
Well. See him paid; and botch no more.[n]
2nd Cred. I ask no interest, sir.
Well. Such tailors need not.
If their bills are paid in one and twenty year,
They are seldom losers. — O, I know thy face,
[*To* 3rd Creditor.
Thou wert my surgeon. You must tell no tales;
Those days are done. I will pay you in private.
Ord. A royal gentleman!
Furn. Royal as an emperor!
He'll prove a brave master. My good lady knew
To choose a man.
Well. See all men else discharged;
And since old debts are cleared by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me.
There's something, honest cook, for thy good breakfasts;
And this, for your respect. [*To* ORDER.] Take't, 'tis good gold,
And I able to spare it.
Ord. Your are too munificent.
Furn. He was ever so.
Well. Pray you, on before.
3rd Cred. Heaven bless you!
Mar. At four o'clock; the rest know where to meet me.
[*Exeunt* ORDER, FURNACE, *and* Creditors.
Well. Now, Master Marrall, what's the weighty secret
You promised to impart?
Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance,
This only, in a word: I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to.
As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land.

I had a hand in't — I speak it to my shame —
When you were defeated of it.
Well. That's forgiven.
Mar. I shall deserve it. Then urge him to produce
The deed in which you passed it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him, to deliver
To the Lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present monies. I'll instruct you further,
As I wait on your worship. If I play not my prize
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall.
Well. I rely upon thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A Room in OVERREACH'S *House*

Enter ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET

All. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequalled temperance or your constant sweetness.
That I yet live, my weak hands fastened on
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,
I yet rest doubtful.
Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which
My vows, in that high office registered,
Are faithful witnesses.
All. 'Tis true, my dearest.
Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths, and oaths
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness,
And you rise up no less than a glorious star,
To the amazement of the world, hold out
Against the stern authority of a father,
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you;

I am so tender of your good, that faintly,
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right
You yet are pleased to do me.
Marg. Yet, and ever.
To me what's title, when content is wanting?
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines
In being dispossessed of what it longs for
Beyond the Indian mines? [n] or the smooth brow
Of a pleasèd sire, that slaves me to his will,
And, so his ravenous humour may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election?
All. But the dangers
That follow the repulse —
Marg. To me they are nothing.
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill me,
A tear or two, by you dropped on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours;
I then shall rest in peace. Or should he prove
So cruel, as one death would not suffice
His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering torments
In mind and body I must waste to air,
In poverty joined with banishment; so you share
In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,
So high I prize you, I could undergo them
With such a patience as should look down
With scorn on his worst malice.
All. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me!
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Show so much rigour. But since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between them.

Marg. Your lord's ours, and sure;
And, though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted,

Enter OVERREACH *behind*

The end may yet prove happy. Now, my Allworth.
[*Seeing her father.*
All. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.
Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title;
And when with terms, not taking from his honour,
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
To appoint a meeting, and, without my knowledge,
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him.[n]
All. I hope better,
Good lady.
Marg. Hope, sir, what you please. For me
I must take a safe and secure course. I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneeled for my favour,
I can grant nothing.
Over. I like this obedience.
[*Comes forward.*
But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embraced. Sweet Master Allworth,
You show yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord; he has a jewel of you.
How! frowning, Meg? are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? What's this? Give me it.
Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like the inscriptions.
Over. [*Reads.*] "Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys
That we can hope for, if deferred, prove toys;
Therefore this instant, and in private, meet

A husband, that will gladly at your feet
Lay down his honours, tendering them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due."
Is this the arrogant piece of paper? Fool!
Will you still be one? In the name of madness, what
Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wished, after these two,
That are already offered, marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after; what would you more?

Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter,
Not hurried away i' the night I know not whither,
Without all[n] ceremony; no friends invited
To honour the solemnity.

All. An't please your honour,
For so before to-morrow I must style you,
My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honourable kinsmen are afar off,
And his desires to have it done brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet he stands resolved, with all due pomp,
As running at the ring,[n] plays, masks, and tilting,
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honour up to London.

Over. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my knowledge.
Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,[n]
Must put it off, forsooth, and lose a night,
In which perhaps he might get two boys on thee.
Tempt me no further, if you do, this goad
[*Points to his sword.*
Shall prick you to him.

Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.

Over. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? Since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.

I know not, Master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense. To-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums. In the mean time,
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is beneficed
At my manor of Got'em,[n] and called Parson Willdo.
'Tis no matter for a licence, I'll bear him out in't.

Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant is your ring?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then to be refused
Were such a stain upon me! If you pleased, sir,
Your presence would do better.

Over. Still perverse!

I say again, I will not cross my lord.
Yet I'll prevent you[n] too. – Paper and ink, there!

All. I can furnish you.

Over. I thank you, I can write then. [*Writes.*

All. You may, if you please, put out the name of my lord,

In respect he comes disguised, and only write,
Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. Well advised.

'Tis done; away. [MARGARET *kneels.*] My blessing, girl? Thou hast it.
Nay, no reply, be gone. Good Master Allworth,
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.

All. I hope so, sir.

[*Exeunt* ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.

Over. Farewell! — Now all's cocksure.
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? Has her honour
Slept well to-night? or, will her honour please
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroquito[n] —
This is state in ladies — or my eldest son

To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?[n]
My ends, my ends are compassed — then for Wellborn
And the lands. Were he once married to the widow —
I have him here — I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH

Scene I

A Room in Lady Allworth's *House*

Enter Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, *and* Amble

L. All. By this you know how strong the motives were
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little, with my gravity, to advance,
In personating some few favours to him,
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer
In some few men's opinions for't, the action;
For he that ventured all for my dear husband
Might justly claim an obligation from me
To pay him such a courtesy; which had I
Coyly or over-curiously denied,
It might have argued me of little love
To the deceased.

Lov. What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnished for fair employment.
But all the arts that I have used to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition,[n] though I hope well;
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
Than their years can promise; and for their desires,
On my knowledge, they are equal.

L. All. As my wishes

Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to fear
The building, though well grounded. To deceive
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.
Lov. Despair not, madam.
Hard things are compassed oft by easy means;
And judgement, being a gift derived from Heaven,
Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of worldly men,
That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,
Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it.
Which is the reason that the politic
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reached.
L. All. May he be so! Yet, in his name to express it,
Is a good omen.
Lov. May it to myself
Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you!
What think you of the motion?
L. All. Troth, my lord,
My own unworthiness may answer for me;
For had you, when that I was in my prime,
My virgin flower uncropped, presented me
With this great favour; looking on my lowness
Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,
I could not but have thought it, as a blessing
Far, far beyond my merit.
Lov. You are too modest,
And undervalue that which is above
My title, or whatever I call mine.
I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry
A widow might disparage me; [n] but being
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find
How it can taint my honour. Nay, what's more,
That which you think a blemish is to me

The fairest lustre. You already, madam,
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish
A husband that deserves you; which confirms me,
That, if I am not wanting in my care
To do you service, you'll be still the same
That you were to your Allworth. In a word,
Our years, our states, our births are not unequal,
You being descended nobly, and allied so.
If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.

L. All. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it. [*Kisses him.*] Yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

L. All. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt. —

Enter WELLBORN, *handsomely apparelled*

You are welcome, sir.
Now you look like yourself.

Well. And will continue
Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it.

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you.
You could not make choice of a better shape
To dress your mind in.

L. All. For me, I am happy
That my endeavours prospered. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall; he's grown into strange passions

About his daughter. This last night he looked for
Your lordship at his house, but missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wise head
Is much perplexed and troubled.
Lov. It may be,
Sweetheart, my project took.
L. All. I strongly hope.
Over. [*Within.*] Ha! find her, booby, thou huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.
Well. May it please your lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.
Lov. You shall direct me.
[*Steps aside.*

Enter OVERREACH, *with distracted looks, driving in* MARRALL *before him, with a box*

Over. I shall *sol fa* you, rogue!
Mar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?
Over. Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing.
Let but the seal be broke upon the box
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.
Mar. [*Aside.*] I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist.
Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady,
And the lord her husband? Are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make curtsies

When she nods on you ;[n] which you must receive
As a special favour.
L. All. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it.
But, in the mean time, as I am myself,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.
Over. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better. — Nephew.
Well. Sir.
Over. No more![n]
Well. 'Tis all I owe you.
Over. Have your redeemed[n] rags
Made you thus insolent?
Well. Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?
Over. [*Aside.*] His fortune swells him.
'Tis rank, he's married.
L. All. This is excellent!
Over. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely. There's a certain buzz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen marriage,
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozened.
I name no parties.
Well. Well, sir, and what follows?
Over. Marry, this; since you are peremptory.[n] Remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds. Put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,[n]
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragged in your lavender robes[n] to the jail. You know me,
And therefore do not trifle.

Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? Was this the courtesy
You did me "in pure love, and no ends else?"
Over. End me no ends! Engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger
And revel in bawdy taverns.
Well. And beg after;
Mean you not so?
Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?
Well. No, indeed you shall not,
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment.
Your great looks fright not me.
Over. But my deeds shall.
Outbraved! [*Both draw.*
L. All. Help, murder! murder!

Enter Servants

Well. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
Armed with his cut-throat practices[n] to guard him.
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.
Over. That I had thee
But single in the field!
L. All. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.
Over. Were't in a church,
By Heaven and Hell, I'll do't!
Mar. Now put him to
The showing of the deed. [*Aside to* WELLBORN.
Well. This rage is vain, sir.
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full,
Upon the least incitement; and whereas

You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law - - howe'er" you have no conscience —
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.
Over. I in thy debt! O impudence! Did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here, inclosed,
The deed that does confirm it mine?
Mar. Now, now!
Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er passed over
Any such land. I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.
L. All. In my judgement,
He does advise you well.
Over. Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices. But when
This manor is extended" to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.
L. All. Never; do not hope it.
Well. Let despair first seize me.
Over. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence. If thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
[*Opens the box, and displays the bond.*
Thy ears to the pillory, see! Here's that will make
My interest clear — ha!

L. All. A fair skin of parchment.
Well. Indented,[n] I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! Thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?
Over. I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? What subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? The wax
Turned into dust! The rest of my deeds whole
As when they were delivered, and this only
Made nothing! Do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in an hempen circle;[n] yes, there is.
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.
Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.
Over. Marrall!
Mar. Sir.
Over. [*Aside to* MARRALL.] Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two; and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash
This cunning sleight. Besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses. The deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this?
Mar. I! No, I assure you.
I have a conscience not seared up like yours.
I know no deeds.
Over. Wilt thou betray me?
Mar. Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,

To his no little torment.

Over. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!

Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.
"The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise," your "football," or
"The unprofitable lump of flesh," your "drudge,
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride, and, with these gabions guarded,
Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

L. All. How he foams at the mouth with rage!

Well. To him again.

Over. O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee
Joint after joint!

Mar. I know you are a tearer,
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you. When I have discovered,
And made it good before the judge, what ways,
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families, who yet alive,
And but enrolled for soldiers, were able
To take in [n] Dunkirk.

Well. All will come out.

L. All. The better.

Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords that keep thee from me should fix here,[n]
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.

Lov. [*Aside.*] Heaven's hand is in this;
One bandog worry the other!

Over. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous.
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,

When you shall feel what I dare do.
Well. I think so.
You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest, and repent.
Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter GREEDY *and* Parson WILLDO

Shall find no harbour here. After these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks. Is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? Say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.
Willdo. Married! Yes, I assure you.
Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts! There's more gold for thee.
My doubts and fears are in the titles drowned
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.
Greedy. Here will be feasting, at least for a month!
I am provided. Empty guts, croak no more.
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.
Over. Instantly be here?
[*Whispering to* WILLDO.
To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me,
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemned me,
Think on't and tremble. [*Loud music.*] They come! I hear the music.
A lane there for my lord!
Well. This sudden heat
May yet be cooled, sir.
Over. Make way there for my lord!

Enter ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason, [*Kneeling.*
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fastened. Not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.
Over. How!
All. So I assure you; all the rites of marriage, 270
With every circumstance, are past. Alas, sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it;
And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.
Over. Devil! Are they married?
Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them joy!
Over. Confusion and ruin! Speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.
Willdo. They are married.
Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these. My brain turns!
Willdo. Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words? 281
"Marry her to this gentleman."
Over. It cannot —
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not.
That I, that in all passages[n] I touched
At worldly profit have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by children,
Baffled and fooled, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated and made void.

Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.
Over. Village nurses [n]
Revenge their wrongs with curses. I'll not waste
A syllable but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.
[*Attempts to kill* MARGARET.
Lov. [*Coming forward.*] Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to [n] your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be crossed.
Over. Lord! Thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares show itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.
Lov. I am ready.
L. All. Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted!
Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.
Over. Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemmed in —
Thus!
Since, like a Libyan lion [n] in the toil,[n]
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place.
Alone I can do nothing. But I have servants
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes — by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good — or leave

One throat uncut, — if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions! [*Exit.*
Mar. Is't not brave sport?
Greedy. Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach;
I do not like the sauce.
All. Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity. What's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.
L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.[n]
Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase [n] and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.
Well. I do believe thee.
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance?
Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public. Certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax —
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.
Well. You're a rascal! He that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favour from me. I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's. Thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears. Howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.

Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you'll have me, sir.
Well. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.
Ord. Take this kick with you.
Amb. And this.
Furn. If that I had my cleaver [n] here,
I would divide your knave's head.
Mar. This is the haven
False servants still arrive at. [*Exit.*

Re-enter OVERREACH

L. All. Come again!
Lov. Fear not, I am your guard.
Well. His looks are ghastly.
Willdo. Some little time I have spent, under your favours,
In physical studies, and if my judgement err not,
He's mad beyond recovery. But observe him,
And look to yourselves.
Over. Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? To what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No. I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*
I'll fall to execution. Ha! I am feeble.
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha, what are these? Sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgement-seat. Now they are new shapes,

And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? No; spite of Fate,
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursèd spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.
[*Rushes forward, and flings himself on the ground.*
Well. There's no help.
Disarm him first, then bind him.
Greedy. Take a *mittimus*,[n]
And carry him to Bedlam.[n]
Lov. How he foams!
Well. And bites the earth!
Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,[n]
There try what art can do for his recovery.
Marg. O my dear father!
[*They force* OVERREACH *off.*
All. You must be patient, mistress.
Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take comfort,
I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distractions; and for your land, Master Wellborn,
Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you, and this, the undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach. For me, here's the anchor[n]
That I must fix on.
All. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.
Well. 'Tis the language
That I speak too. But there is something else
Beside the repossession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.[n]
It is a time of action. If your lordship

Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not in my service
To my king and country but I shall do something
That may make me right again.
Lov. Your suit is granted,
And you loved for the motion.[n]
Well. [*Coming forward.*] Nothing wants[n] then
But your allowance, and in that our all
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,
Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free,
Without your manumission; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's and our labours — as you may,
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play —
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write. [*Exeunt.*

BELIEVE AS YOU LIST

BELIEVE AS YOU LIST

This play, first heard of as acted May 7, 1631, was not printed, and being in the list of fifty-five manuscript dramas destroyed in Warburton's kitchen, was long supposed to have perished. In 1844 a manuscript copy came into the hands of T. Crofton Crocker, who loaned it for publication to the Percy Society in 1849. Again the original disappeared, but was recovered in 1900 and secured by the British Museum. The copy bears the stamp of the Master of the Revels, and from certain blunders and interlinear corrections is judged to be in the author's handwriting. The plot seems to have been taken from *The Strangest Adventure that ever Happened*, which was translated from the French by Anthony Munday and printed in 1601. This was originally a Spanish tractate in support of a pretender who had appeared in 1598 at Venice, professing to be Dom Sebastian of Portugal, falsely reported to have fallen in battle twenty years before. Massinger took over the chief personages and their names, including the character of Stephen Sampayo, called Berecinthius in the present revision of the play. A reproduction of Massinger's manuscript was added to The Tudor Society Fac-Simile Series in 1904.

PROLOGUE

So far our author is from arrogance
That he craves pardon for his ignorance
In story. If you find what's Roman here,
Grecian, or Asiatic, draw too near
A late and sad example,[n] 'tis confessed
He's but an English scholar at his best,
A stranger to cosmography, and may err
In the countries' names, the shape and character
Of the persons he presents. Yet he is bold
In me to promise, be it new or old,
The tale is worth the hearing; and may move
Compassion, perhaps deserve your love
And approbation. He dares not boast
His pains and care, or what books he hath tossed
And turned to make it up. The rarity
Of the events in this strange history,
Now offered to you, by his own confession,
Must make it good, and not his weak expression.
You sit his judges, and like judges be
From favour to his cause, or malice, free;
Then, whether he hath hit the white[n] or missed,
As the title speaks, Believe you as you list.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTIOCHUS, King of the Lower Asia.
TITUS FLAMINIUS, Roman Ambassador at Carthage.
LENTULUS, Successor of FLAMINIUS at Carthage.
METELLUS, Proconsul of Lusitania.
MARCELLUS, Proconsul of Sicily.
AMILCAR, Prince of the Carthaginian Senate.
HANNO, ASDRUBAL, CARTHALO, } Carthaginian Senators.
PRUSIAS, King of Bithynia.
PHILOXENUS, his Minister and Tutor.
BERECINTHIUS, a Flamen of Cybele.
1st Merchant, 2nd Merchant, 3rd Merchant, } former Subjects of ANTIOCHUS.
CALISTUS, DEMETRIUS, } Freedmen of FLAMINIUS.
TITUS, a Spy in the service of FLAMINIUS.
CHRYSALUS, SYRUS, GETA, } Servants of ANTIOCHUS.
SEMPRONIUS, a Captain.
A Stoic Philosopher.
A Jailer.
Senators, Captain, Officers, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Queen of PRUSIAS.
CORNELIA, Wife of MARCELLUS.
A Courtesan.
A Moorish Waiting Woman.

SCENE — CARTHAGE, BITHYNIA, CALLIPOLIS, and SYRACUSE

BELIEVE AS YOU LIST

ACT THE FIRST

Scene I

The neighbourhood of Carthage

Enter Antiochus *and a* Stoic Philosopher

Stoic. You are now in sight of Carthage, that great city,
Which, in her empire's vastness, rivals Rome
At her proud height; two hours will bring you thither.
Make use of what you have learned in your long travels,
And from the golden principles read to you
In the Athenian Academy,[n] stand resolved
For either fortune. You must now forget
The contemplations of a private man,
And put in action that which may comply
With the majesty of a monarch.
Ant. How that title,
That glorious attribute of majesty,
That troublesome though most triumphant robe
Designed me in my birth, which I have worn
With terror and astonishment to others,
Affrights me now! O memory, memory
Of what I was once, when the Eastern world
With wonder, in my May of youth, looked on me;[n]
Ambassadors of the most potent kings,
With noble emulation, contending
To court my friendship, their fair daughters offered
As pledges to assure it, with all pomp

And circumstance of glory; Rome herself,
And Carthage, emulous whose side I should
Confirm in my protection! O remembrance!
With what ingenious cruelty and tortures,
Out of a due consideration of
My present low and desperate condition,
Dost thou afflict me now!

Stoic. You must oppose —
For so the Stoic discipline commands you[n]
That wisdom, with your patience, fortified,
Which holds dominion over fate, against
The torrent of your passion.

Ant. I should,
I do confess I should, if I could drink up
That river of forgetfulness poets dream of.[n]
But still in dreadful forms philosophy wanting
Power to remove them all these innocent spirits,
Borrowing again their bodies, gashed with wounds,
Which strowed Achaia's bloody plains,[n] and made
Rivulets of gore, appear to me, exacting
A strict account of my ambition's folly,
For the exposing of twelve thousand souls,
Who fell that fatal day, to certain ruin;
Neither the counsel of the Persian king
Prevailing with me, nor the grave advice
Of my wise enemy, Marcus Scaurus,[n] hindering
My desperate enterprise, too late repented.
Methinks I now look on my butchered army

Stoic. This is mere melancholy.

Ant. O, 'tis more, sir;
Here, there, and everywhere they do pursue me.
The genius of my country, made a slave,
Like a weeping mother, seems to kneel before me,
Wringing her manacled hands; the hopeful youth
And bravery of my kingdom, in their pale
And ghastly looks, lamenting that they were
Too soon by my means forced from their sweet being;

Old . . sper with his fierce beams nour . . e in vain[n]
Their olives and . . . . . .
Trained up in all delights, or sacred to
The chaste Diana's rites, compelled to bow to
The soldier's lusts, or at an outcry sold,
Under the spear[n] like beasts, to be spurned and trod on
By their proud mistresses, the Roman matrons! —
O sir, consider then if it can be
In the constancy of a Stoic to endure
What now I suffer.

Stoic. Two and twenty years
Travelling o'er the world, you have paid the forfeit
Of this engagement; shed a sea of tears
In your sorrow for it; and now, being called from
The rigour of a strict philosopher's life
By the cries of your poor country, you are bound
With an obedient cheerfulness to follow
The path that you are entered in, which will
Guide you out of a wilderness of horror
To the flourishing plains of safety, the just gods
Smoothing the way before you.

Ant. Though I grant
That all impossibilities are easy
To their omnipotence, give me leave to fear
The more than doubtful issue. Can it fall
In the compass of my hopes, the lordly Romans,
So long possessed of Asia, their plea
Made good by conquest, and that ratified
With their religious authority,
The propagation of the commonwealth,
To whose increase they are sworn to, will e'er part with
A prey so precious, and dearly purchased?
A tigress circled with her famished whelps
Will sooner yield a lamb, snatched from the flock,
To the dumb oratory of the ewe
Than Rome restore one foot of earth that may
Diminish her vast empire.

Stoic. In her will,
This may be granted; but you have a title
So strong and clear that there's no colour left
To varnish Rome's pretences. Add this, sir:
The Asian princes, warned by your example,
And yet unconquered, never will consent
That such a foul example of injustice
Shall, to the scandal of the present age,
Hereafter be recorded. They in this
Are equally engaged with you, and must
Though not in love to justice, for their safety,
In policy assist, guard, and protect you.
And you may rest assured neither the king
Of Parthia,[n] the Gauls, nor big-boned Germans,
Nor this great Carthage, grown already jealous
Of Rome's encroaching empire, will cry aim [n]
To such an usurpation, which must
Take from their own security. Besides,
Your mother was a Roman; for her sake,
And the families from which she is derived,
You must find favour.

Ant. For her sake! Alas, sir,
Ambition knows no kindred; "right and lawful"
Was never yet found as a marginal note
In the black book of profit. I am sunk
Too low to be buoyed up, it being held
A foolish weakness and disease in statists,
In favour of a weak man, to provoke
Such as are mighty. The imperious waves
Of my calamities have already fallen
. . . . . ll unravel[n]

[*Exeunt all but* ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. . . . . . .
. . . . . opes despair with sable wings
. . . . . ore my head; the gold with which
. . . . . us furnished me to supply my wants
. . . made my first appearance like myself

. . . . . s disloyal villains ravished from me.
Wretch that I was to tempt their abject minds
With such a purchase! Can I, in this weed,
And without gold to fee an advocate
To plead my royal title, nourish hope
Of a recovery? Forlorn majesty,
Wanting the outward gloss and ceremony
To give it lustre, meets no more respect
Than knowledge with the ignorant. Ha! what is
Contained in this waste paper? 'Tis endorsed
"To the no-king Antiochus"; and subscribed
"No more thy servant, but superior, Chrysalus."
What am I fallen to? There is something writ more.
Why this small piece of silver? What I read may
Reveal the mystery: "Forget thou wert ever
Called King Antiochus. With this charity
I enter thee a beggar." Too tough heart,
Will nothing break thee? O that now I stood
On some high pyramid, from whence I might
Be seen by the whole world, and with a voice
Louder than thunder pierce the ears of proud
And secure greatness with the true relation
Of my remarkable story, that my fall
Might not be fruitless, but still live the great
Example of man's frailty. I that was
Born and bred up a king, whose frown or smile
Spake death or life, my will a law, my person
Environed with an army, now exposed
To the contempt and scorn of my own slave,
Who in his pride, as a god compared with me,
Bids me become a beggar! But complaints
Are weak and womanish. I will, like a palm-tree,[n]
Grow under my huge weight; nor shall the fear
Of death or torture that dejection bring,
To make me live or die less than a king. [*Exit.*

SCENE II

A Street in Carthage

Enter BERECINTHIUS, *with three petitions, and three* Merchants *of Asia*

1st Mer. We are grown so contemptible he disdains
To give us hearing.
2nd Mer. Keeps us off at such distance,
And with his Roman gravity declines
Our suit for conference, as with much more ease
We might make our approaches to the Parthian,
Without a present, than work him to have
A feeling of our grievances.
3rd Mer. A statesman!
The devil, I think, who only knows him truly,
Can give his character. When he is to determine
A point of justice, his words fall in measure
Like plummets of a clock, observing time
And just proportion.
1st Mer. But when he is
To speak in any cause concerns himself,
Or Rome's republic, like a gushing torrent,
Not to be stopped in its full course, his reasons,
Delivered like a second Mercury,[n]
Break in, and bear down whatsoever is
Opposed against them.
2nd Mer. When he smiles, let such
Beware as have to do with him, for then,
Sans doubt, he's bent to mischief.
Bere. As I am
Cybele's flamen[n] whose most sacred image,
Drawn thus in pomp,[n] I wear upon my breast —
I am privileged, nor is it in his power
To do me wrong; and he shall find I can
Chant, and aloud too, when I am not at

Her altar kneeling. Mother of the gods![n] What is he?
At his best but a patrician of Rome,
His name Titus Flaminius;[n] and speak mine,
Berecinthius, arch-flamen to Cybele,
It makes as great a sound.
3rd Mer. True; but his place, sir,
And the power it carries in it, as Rome's legate,
Gives him pre-eminence o'er you.
Bere. Not an atom.
When moral honesty and *jus gentium*[n] fail
To lend relief to such as are oppressed,
Religion must use her strength. I am perfect
In these notes you gave me. Do they contain at full
Your grievances and losses?
1st Mer Would they were
As well redressed, as they are punctually
Delivered to you.
Bere. Say no more; they shall,
And to the purpose.
2d Mer. Here he comes.
Bere. Have at him!

Enter FLAMINIUS, CALISTUS, *and* DEMETRIUS

Flam. Blow away these troublesome and importunate drones;
I have embryons[n] of greater consequence
In my imaginations, to which
I must give life and form, not now vouchsafing
To hear their idle buzzes.
2nd Mer. Note you that?
Bere. Yes, I do note it; but the flamen is not
So light to be removed by a groom's breath.
I must and will speak, and I thus confront him.
Flam. But that the image of the goddess which

Thou wear'st upon thy breast protects thy rudeness,
It had forfeited thy life. Dost thou not tremble
When an incensèd Roman frowns?
Bere. I see
No Gorgon in your face.
Flam. Must I speak in thunder
Before thou wilt be awed?
Bere. I rather look
For reverence from thee, if thou respectest
The goddess' power, and in her name I charge thee
To give me hearing. If these lions roar,
For thy contempt of her expect a vengeance
Suitable to thy pride.
Flam. Thou shalt o'ercome;
There's no contending with thee.
3rd Mer. Hitherto
The flamen hath the better.
1st Mer. But I fear
He will not keep it.
Bere. Know you these men's faces?
Flam. Yes, yes, poor Asiatics.
Bere. Poor! they are made so
By your Roman tyranny and oppression.
Flam. . . . . . .
If arrogantly you presume to take
The Roman government, your goddess can
Give privilege to it, and you'll find and feel
'Tis little less than treason, flamen.
Bere. Truth
In your pride is so interpreted. These poor men,
These Asiatic merchants, whom you look on
With such contempt and scorn, are they to whom
Rome owes her bravery; their industrious search
To the farthest Ind, with danger to themselves
Brings home security to you unthankful.
Your magazines are from their sweat supplied;
The legions with which you fright the world

Are from their labour paid; the Tyrian fish,[n]
Whose blood dyes your proud purple in the colour
Distinguishing the senator's guarded robe [n]
From a plebeian habit, their nets catch;
The diamond hewed from the rock, the pearl
Dived for into the bottom of the sea,
The sapphire, ruby, jacinth, amber, coral,
And all rich ornaments of your Latian dames,
Are Asian spoils. They are indeed the nurses
And sinews of your war, and without them
What could you do? Your handkercher —
Flam. Wipe your face;
You are in a sweat. The weather's hot; take heed
Of melting your fat kidneys.
Bere. There's no heat
Can thaw thy frozen conscience.
Flam. To it again now;
I am not moved.
Bere. I see it. If you had
The feeling of a man you would not suffer
These men, who have deserved so well, to sink
Under the burthen of their wrongs. If they
Are subjects, why enjoy they not the right
And privilege of subjects? What defence
Can you allege for your connivance to
The Carthaginian galleys, who forced from them
The prize they took, belonging not to them
Nor their confederates?
Flam. With reverence
To your so sacred goddess, I must tell you
You are grown presumptuous; and, in your demands,
A rash and saucy flamen. Meddle with
Your juggling mysteries, and keep in awe
Your gelded ministers. Shall I yield account
Of what I do to you?
1st Mer. He smiles in frown.
2nd Mer. Nay, then, I know what follows.

3rd Mer. In his looks
A tempest rises.
Flam. How dare you complain,
Or in a look repine? Our government
Hath been too easy, and the yoke which Rome
In her accustomed lenity imposed
Upon your stubborn necks begets contempt.
Hath our familiar commerce and trading,
Almost as with our equals, taught you to
Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot
What we are, and you ought to be? Shall vassals
Capitulate with their lords?
2nd Mer. Ay, now he speaks
In his own dialect.
Flam. 'Tis too frequent, wretches,
To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,
And from us needs no answer. Do not I know
How odious the lordly Roman is
To the despised Asian; and that
To gain your liberty you would pull down
The altars of your gods, and, like the giants,
Raise a new war 'gainst Heaven?
1st Mer. Terrible.
Flam. Did you not give assurance of this, when
Giddy Antiochus died? and, rather than
Accept us guardians of your orphan kingdom,
When the victorious Scaurus with his sword
Pleaded the Roman title, with our vote,
You did exclaim against us as the men
That sought to lay an unjust gripe upon
Your territories; ne'er remembering that
In the brass-leaved book of fate it was set down
The earth should know no sovereign but Rome.
Yet you repined, and rather chose to pay
Homage and fealty to the Parthian,
The Egyptian Ptolemy,[n] or indeed any,
Than bow unto the Roman.

Bere. And perhaps
Our government in them had been more gentle,
Since yours is insupportable.
Flam. If thou wert not
In a free state, the tongue that belcheth forth
These blasphemies should be seared.—[*To the* Merchants.]
For you, presume not
To trouble me hereafter. If you do,
You shall with horror to your proudest hopes
Feel really that we have iron hammers
To pulverize rebellion, and that
We dare use you as slaves. — [*To* BERECINTHIUS.] Be you, too, warned, sir,
Since this is my last caution. I have seen
A murmurer, like yourself, for his attempting
To raise sedition in Rome's provinces,
Hanged up in such a habit.
[*Exeunt* FLAMINIUS, CALISTUS, *and* DEMETRIUS.
Bere. I have took
Poison in at my ears, and I shall burst
If it come not up in my reply.
1st Mer. He's gone, sir.
Bere. He durst not stay me. If he had, had found
I would not swallow my spittle.
2nd Mer. As we must
Our wrongs and our disgraces.
3rd Mer. O, the wretched
Condition that we live in; made the anvil
On which Rome's tyrannies are shaped and fashioned!
1st Mer. But our calamities there's nothing left us
Which we can call our own.
2nd Mer. Our wives and daughters
Lie open to their lusts, and such as should be
Our judges dare not right us.
3rd Mer. O Antiochus!
Thrice happy were the men whom fate appointed
To fall with thee in Achaia.

2nd Mer. They have set
A period to their miseries.
1st Mer. We survive
To linger out a tedious life; and death —
We call in vain what flies us.
Bere. If religion
Be not a mere word only, and the gods
Are just, we shall find a delivery
When least expected.
1st Mer. 'Tis beyond all hope, sir.

Enter ANTIOCHUS

Bere. Ha! who is this?
Ant. Your charity to a poor man,
As you are Asians.
2nd Mer. Pray you observe him.
3rd Mer. I am amazed!
1st Mer. I thunderstruck!
Bere. What are you?
Ant. The King Antiochus.
2nd Mer. Or some deity
That hath assumed his shape?
Bere. He only differs
In the colour of his hair, and age.
Ant. Consider
What two and twenty years of misery
Can work upon a wretch, that long time spent too
Under distant zeniths, and the change you look on
Will not deserve your wonder.
1st Mer. His own voice.
2nd Mer. His very countenance, his forehead, eyes.
3rd Mer. His nose, his very lip.
Bere. His stature, speech.
1st Mer. His very hand, leg, and foot, on the left side
Shorter than on the right.

2nd Mer. The moles upon
His face and hands.
3rd Mer. The scars caused by his hurts
On his right brow and head.
Bere. The hollowness
Of his under jaw, occasioned by the loss
Of a tooth pulled out by his chirurgeon.
1st Mer. To confirm us,
Tell us your chirurgeon's name, when he served you.
Ant. You all knew him,
As I do you: Demetrius Castor.
2nd Mer. Strange!
3rd Mer. But most infallibly true.
Bere. So many marks
Confirming us, we sin in our distrust.
A sacrifice for his safety.
1st Mer. May Rome sink!
2nd Mer. And Asia once more flourish!
3rd Mer. You the means, sir!
Ant. Silence your shouts. I will give stronger proofs
Than these exterior marks when I appear
Before the Carthaginian senators,
With whom I have held more intelligence
And private counsels than with all the kings
Of Asia or Afric. I'll amaze them
With the wonder of my story.
Bere. Yet, until
Your majesty be furnished like yourself,
To a neighbour village —
Ant. Where you please. The omen
Of this encounter promises a good issue;
And, our gods pleased, oppressèd Asia,
When aid is least expected, may shake off
The insulting Roman bondage, and in me
Gain and enjoy her pristine liberty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND

Scene I

Carthage. A Room in the House of Flaminius

Enter Flaminius *and* Calistus

Flam. A man that styles himself Antiochus, say you?
Cal. Not alone styled so, but as such received
And honoured by the Asians.
Flam. Two impostors,
For their pretension to that fatal name,
Already have paid dear; nor shall this third
Escape unpunished.
Cal. 'Twill exact your wisdom
With an Herculean arm — the cause requires it —
To strangle this new monster in the birth.
For, on my life, he hath delivered to
The credulous multitude such reasons why
They should believe he is the true Antiochus
That, with their gratulations for his safety,
And wishes for his restitution, many
Offer the hazard of their lives and fortunes
To do him service.
Flam. Poor seducèd fools!
However, 'tis a business of such weight
I must not sleep in't. Is he now in Carthage?
Cal. No, sir; removed to a grange some two miles off;
And there the malcontents, and such whose wants
With forfeited credits make them wish a change
Of the Roman government, in troops flock to him.

Flam. With one puff — thus — I will disperse and scatter
This heap of dust. Here, take my ring. By this
Entreat my friend Amilcar [n] to procure
A mandate from the Carthaginian Senate
For the apprehension of this impostor,
And with all possible speed. [*Exit* CALISTUS.] Howe'er I know
The rumour of Antiochus' death uncertain,
It much imports the safety of great Rome
To have it so believed.

Enter DEMETRIUS

Dem. There wait without
Three fellows I ne'er saw before, who much
Importune their access. They swear they bring
Business along with them that deserves your ear,
It being for the safety of the republic,
And quiet of the provinces. They are full
Of gold; I have felt their bounty.
Flam. Such are welcome;
Give them admittance. [*Exit* DEMETRIUS.] In this various play
Of state and policy, there's no property
But may be useful.

Re-enter DEMETRIUS, *with* CHRYSALUS, GETA, *and* SYRUS

Now, friends, what design
Carries you to me?
Geta. My most honoured lord —
Syr. May it please your mightiness —
Flam. Let one speak for all;
I cannot brook this discord.
Chrys. As our duties
Command us, noble Roman, having discovered

A dreadful danger, with the nimble wings
Of speed, approaching to the state of Rome.
We hold it fit you should have the first notice,
That you may have the honour to prevent it.
Flam. I thank you. But instruct me what form wears
The danger that you speak of.
Chrys. It appears
In the shape of King Antiochus.[n]
Flam. How! is he
Rose from the dead?
Chrys. Alas! he never died, sir;
He at this instant lives. The more the pity
He should survive, to the disturbance of
Rome's close and politic counsels, in the getting
Possession of his kingdom, which he would
Recover — simple as he is — the plain
And downright way of justice.
Flam. Very likely.
But how are you assured this is Antiochus,
And not a counterfeit? Answer that.
Chrys. I served him
In the Achaian war, where, his army routed,
And the warlike Romans hot in their execution,
To shun their fury he and his minions were —
Having cast off their glorious armour — forced
To hide themselves as dead, with fear and horror,
Among the slaughtered carcasses. I lay by them,
And rose with them at midnight. Then retiring
Unto their ships, we sailed to Corinth; thence
To India, where he spent many years
With their gymnosophists.[n] There I waited on him,
And came thence with him; but, at length, tired out
With an unrewarded service, and affrighted
In my imagination with the dangers,
Or rather certain ruins, in pursuing
His more than desperate fortunes, we forsook him.

Flam. A wise and politic fellow! Give me thy hand.
Thou art sure of this?
Chrys. As of my life.
Flam. And this is
Known only to you three?
Chrys. There's no man lives else
To witness it.
Flam. The better. But inform me,
And, as you would oblige me to you, truly,
Where did you leave him?
Syr. For the payment of
Our long and tedious travel, we made bold
To rifle him.
Flam. Good!
Geta. And, so disabling him
Of means to claim his right, we hope despair
Hath made him hang himself.
Flam. It had been safer
If you had done it for him. But, as 'tis,
You are honest men. You have revealed this secret
To no man but myself?
Chrys. Nor ever will.
Flam. [*Aside.*] I will take order that you never shall.—
And, since you have been true unto the state,
I'll keep you so. I am e'en now considering
How to advance you.
Chrys. What a pleasant smile
His honour throws upon us!
Geta. We are made.
Flam. And now 'tis found out. That no danger may
Come near you, should the robbery be discovered,
Which the Carthaginian laws, you know, call death,
My house shall be your sanctuary.
Syr. There's a favour!
Flam. And that our entertainment come not short
Of your deservings, I commit you to

My secretary's care. — See that they want not,
Among their other delicates —
Chrys. Mark that!
Flam. [*Aside to* DEMETRIUS.] A sublimated pill of mercury,
For sugar to their wine.
Dem. I understand you.
Flam. Attend these honest men, as if they were
Made Roman citizens; and be sure, at night,
I may see them well-lodged. — [*Aside to* DEMETRIUS.] Dead in the vault, I mean.
Their gold is thy reward.
Dem. Believe it done, sir.
Flam. And when 'tis known how I have recompensed
Though you were treacherous to your own king —
The service done to Rome, I hope that others
Will follow your example. Enter, friends.
I'll so provide that when you next come forth
You shall not fear who sees you.
Chrys. Was there ever
So sweet a tempered Roman?
Flam. You shall find it.
[*Exeunt all but* FLAMINIUS.
Ha! what's the matter? Do I feel a sting here,
For what is done to these poor snakes? My reason
Will easily remove it. That assures me,
That, as I am a Roman, to preserve
And propagate her empire, though they were
My father's sons, they must not live to witness
Antiochus is in being. The relation
The villain made, in every circumstance
Appeared so like to truth, that I began
To feel an inclination to believe
What I must have no faith in. By my birth
I am bound to serve thee, Rome, and what I do
Necessity of state compels me to. [*Exit.*

SCENE II

The Senate Hall in Carthage

Enter AMILCAR, HANNO, ASDRUBAL, CARTHALO, Senators, *and* Attendants

Amil. To steer a middle course 'twixt these extremes
Exacts our serious care.
Han. I know not which way
I should incline.
Amil. The reasons this man urges,
To prove himself Antiochus, are so pregnant,
And the attestation of his countrymen
In every circumstance so punctual,
As not to show him our compassion were
A kind of barbarous cruelty.
Car. Under correction,
Give me leave to speak my thoughts. We are bound to weigh
Not what we should do in the point of honour,
Swayed by our pity, but what may be done
With the safety of the state.
Asd. Which is, indeed,
The main consideration; for, grant
This is the true Antiochus, without danger,
Nay, almost certain ruin to ourselves,
We cannot yield him favour or protection.
Han. We have feared and felt the Roman power, and must
Expect, if we provoke him, a return
Not limited to the quality of the offence,
But left at large to his interpretation,
Which seldom is confined. Who knows not that
The tribute Rome receives from Asia is
Her chief supportance? Other provinces

Hardly defray the charge by which they are
Kept in subjection. They, in name, perhaps,
Render the Roman terrible; but his strength
And power to do hurt, without question, is
Derived from Asia. And can we hope, then,
That such as lend their aids to force it from them
Will be held for less than capital enemies,
And as such pursued and punished?
Car. I could wish
We were well rid of him.
Asd. The surest course
Is to deliver him into the hands
Of bold Flaminius.
Han. And so oblige
Rome, for a matchless benefit.
Amil. If my power
Were absolute, as 'tis but titular,[n]
And that confined too, being by you elected
Prince of the Senate only for a year,
I would oppose your counsels, and not labour
With arguments to confute them; yet, however,
Though a fellow-patriot with you, let it not savour
Of usurpation, though in my opinion
I cross your abler judgements. Call to mind
Our grandsires' glories — though not seconded
With a due imitation — and remember
With what expense of coin, as blood, they did
Maintain their liberty, and kept the scale
Of empire even 'twixt Carthage and proud Rome;
And, though the Punic faith is branded by
Our enemies,[n] our confederates and friends
Found it as firm as fate; and seventeen kings,
Our feodaries, our strengths upon the sea
Exceeding theirs, and our land soldiers
In number far above theirs, though inferior
In arms and discipline, — to our shame we speak it;
And then for our cavallery, in the champaign

How often have they brake their piles, and routed
Their coward legions!
Han. This, I grant, sir, is not
To be contradicted.
Amil. If so, as we find it
In our records, and that this state hath been
The sanctuary to which mighty kings
Have fled to for protection, and found it,
Let it not to posterity be told
That we so far degenerate from the race
We are derived as, in a servile fear
Of the Roman power, in a kind to play the bawds
To their ravenous lusts, by yielding up a man,
That wears the shape of our confederate,
To their devouring gripe, whose strong assurance
Of our integrity and impartial doom
Hath made this seat his altar.
Car. I join with you
In this opinion, but no farther than
It may be done with safety.
Asd. In his ruins
To bury ourselves, you needs must grant to be
An inconsiderate pity, no way suiting
With a wise man's reason.
Car. Let us face to face
Hear the accuser and accused, and then,
As either's arguments work on us, determine
As the respect of our security
Or honour shall invite us.
Amil. [*To an* Attendant.] From the Senate,
Entreat the Roman, Titus Flaminius,
To assist us with his counsel.
Han. And let the prisoner
Be brought into the court. [*Exit* Attendant.
Amil. The gods of Carthage
Direct us to the right way!

Enter FLAMINIUS

Asd. With what gravity
He does approach us!
Car. As he would command,
Not argue his desires.
Amil. May it please your lordship
To take your place?
Flam. In civil courtesy,
As I am Titus Flaminius, I may thank you;
But, sitting here as Rome's ambassador —
In which you are honoured — to instruct you in
Her will — which you are bound to serve, not argue —
I must not borrow — that were poor — but take,
As a tribute due to her that's justly styled
The mistress of this earthly globe, the boldness
To reprehend your slow progression in
Doing her greatness right. That she believes,
In me, that this impostor was suborned
By the conquered Asiatics, in their hopes
Of future liberty, to usurp the name
Of dead Antiochus, should satisfy
Your scrupulous doubts; all proofs beyond this being
Merely superfluous.
Car. My lord, my lord,
You trench too much upon us.
Asd. We are not
Led by an implicit faith.
Han. Nor, though we would
Preserve Rome's amity, must not yield up
The freedom of our wills and judgements to
Quit or condemn as we shall be appointed
By her imperious pleasure.
Car. We confess not,
Nor ever will, she hath a power above us.
Carthage is still her equal.
Amil. If you can

Prove this man an impostor, he shall suffer
As he deserves; if not, you shall perceive
You have no empire here.
Han. Call in the prisoner;
Then, as you please, confront him.
Flam. This neglect
Hereafter will be thought on.
Amil. We shall stand
The danger howsoever. When we did,
His cause unheard, at your request commit
This king or this impostor, you received
More favour than we owed you.
Officer. [*Within.*] Room for the prisoner.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, *habited like a king*, BERECINTHIUS, *the three* Merchants, *and a* Guard

Ant. This shape that you have put me in suits ill
With the late austereness of my life.
Bere. Fair gloss
Wrongs not the richest stuff, but sets it off;
And let your language, high and stately, speak you,
As you were born, a king.
Ant. Health to the Senate!
We do suppose your duties done; sit still.
Titus Flaminius, we remember you.
As you are a public minister from Rome
You may sit covered.
Flam. How!
Ant. But as we are
A potent king, in whose court you have waited
And sought our favour, you betray your pride,
And the more than saucy rudeness of your manners.
A bended knee, remembering what we are,
Much better would become you.
Flam. Ha!
Ant. We said it;

But fall from our own height to hold discourse
With a thing so far beneath us.
Bere. Admirable!
Amil. The Roman looks as he had seen the wolf.[n]
How his confidence awes him!
Asd. Be he what he will,
He bears himself like a king; and I must tell you
I am amazed too.
Ant. Are we so transformed
From what we were, since our disaster in
The Grecian enterprise, that you gaze upon us
As some strange prodigy ne'er seen in Afric?
Antiochus speaks to you, the King Antiochus,
And challenges a retribution in
His entertainment of the love and favours
Extended to you. Call to memory
Your true friend and confederate, who refused
In his respect to you the proffered amity
Of the Roman people. Hath this vile enchanter
Environed me with such thick clouds in your
Erroneous belief, from his report
That I was long since dead, that, being present,
The beams of majesty cannot break through
The foggy mists raised by his wicked charms,
To lend you light to know me? I cite you,
My lord Amilcar — now I look on you
As prince of the Senate, but, when you were less,
I have seen you in my court, assisted by
Grave Hanno, Asdrubal, and Carthalo,
The pillars of the Carthaginian greatness.[n]
I know you all. Antiochus ne'er deserved
To be thus slighted.
Amil. Not so; we in you
Look on the figure of the King Antiochus,
But, without stronger proofs than yet you have
Produced to make us think so, cannot hear you
But as a man suspected.

Ant. Of what guilt?
Flam. Of subornation and imposture.
Ant. Silence
This fellow's saucy tongue. O majesty!
How soon a short eclipse hath made thy splendour,
As it had never shined on these, forgotten!
But you refuse to hear me as a king;
Deny not yet, in justice, what you grant
To common men, — free liberty without
His interruption — having heard what he
Objects against me — to acquit himself
Of that which, in his malice, I am charged with.
Amil. You have it.
Ant. As my present fortune wills me,
I thank your goodness. Rise, thou cursèd agent
Of mischief, and accumulate in one heap
All engines by the devil thy tutor fashioned
To ruin innocence; in poison steep
Thy bloodied tongue, and let thy words, as full
Of bitterness as malice, labour to
Seduce these noble hearers. Make me, in
Thy coined accusation, guilty of
Such crimes whose names my innocence ne'er knew,
I'll stand the charge; and when that thou hast shot
All arrows in thy quiver, feathered with
Slanders, and aimed with cruelty, in vain,
My truth, though yet concealed, the mountains of
Thy glossed fictions in her strength removed,
Shall in a glorious shape appear, and show
Thy painted mistress, Falsehood, when stripped bare
Of borrowed and adulterate colours, in
Her own shape and deformity.
Bere. I am ravished!
1st Mer. O more than royal sir!
Amil. Forbear.
2nd Mer. The monster
Prepares to speak.

Bere. And still that villainous smile
Ushers his following mischiefs.
Flam. Since the assurance,
From one of my place, quality, and rank,
Is not sufficient with you to suppress
This bold seductor, to acquit our state
From the least tyrannous imputation,
I will forget awhile I am a Roman,
Whose arguments are warranted by his sword,
And not filed from his tongue. This creature here,
That styles himself Antiochus, I know
For an apostata Jew, though others say
He is a cheating Greek called Pseudolus,
And keeps a whore in Corinth. But I'll come
To real proofs; reports and rumours being
Subjects unsuitable with my gravity
To speak, or yours to hear. 'Tis most apparent
The King Antiochus was slain in Greece;
His body, at his subjects' suit, delivered;
His ashes from the funeral pile raked up,
And in a golden urn preserved, and kept
In the royal monument of the Asian kings, —
Such was the clemency of Marcus Scaurus,
The Roman conqueror, whose triumph was
Graced only with his statue. But suppose
He had survived — which is impossible —
Can it fall in the compass of your reason
That this impostor — if he were the man
Which he with impudence affirms he is —
Would have wandered two and twenty tedious years
Like a vagabond o'er the world, and not have tried
Rome's mercy as a suppliant?
Han. Shrewd suspicions.
Flam. A mason of Callipolis,[n] heretofore,
Presumed as far, and was, like this impostor,
By slavish Asians followed; and a second,
A Cretan of a base condition, did

Maintain the like. All ages have been furnished
With such as have usurped upon the names
And persons of dead princes. Is it not
As evident as the day this wretch, instructed
By these poor Asians — sworn enemies
To the majesty of Rome — but personates
The dead Antiochus, hired to it by these
To stir up a rebellion, which they call
Delivery or restoring? And will you,
Who, for your wisdom, are esteemed the sages
And oracles of Afric, meddle in
The affairs of this affronter, which no monarch
Less rash and giddy than Antiochus was
Would undertake?
Ant. Would I were dead indeed,
Rather than hear this, living!
Flam. I confess
He hath some marks of King Antiochus, but
The most of them artificial. Then observe
What kind of men they are that do abet him:
Proscribed and banished persons; the ringleader
Of this seditious troop a turbulent flamen,
Grown fat with idleness —
Bere. That's I.
Flam. And puffed up
With the wind of his ambition.
Bere. With reverence to
This place, thou liest. I am grown to this bulk
By being libbed[n] . . . . .
. . . . . .
Amil. Ay, thank your goddess. She
Defends you from a whipping.
Han. Take him off;
He does disturb the court.
Bere. I shall find a place yet
Where I will roar my wrongs out.
[*Exeunt* Officers *with* BERECINTHIUS.

Flam. As you have,
In the removing of that violent fool,
Given me a taste of your severity,
Make it a feast, and perfect your great justice
In the surrendering up this false pretender
To the correction of the law, and let him
Undergo the same punishment which others
Have justly suffered that preceded him
In the same machination.

Ant. As you wish
A noble memory to after times,
Reserve one ear for my defence, and let not —
For your own wisdoms let not — that belief
This subtle fiend would plant be rooted in you
Till you have heard me. Would you know the truth,
And real cause, why poor Antiochus hath
So long concealed himself? Though in the opening
A wound, in some degree by time closed up,
I shall pour scalding oil and sulphur[n] in it,
I will, in the relation of my
To be lamented story, punctually
Confute my false accuser. Pray you conceive,
As far as your compassion will permit,
How great the grief and agony of my soul was,
When I considered that the violence
Of my ill-reined ambition had made Greece
The fatal sepulchre of so many thousands
Of brave and able men, that might have stood
In opposition for the defence
Of mine own kingdom, and a ready aid
For my confederates; after which rout,
And my retreat in a disguise to Athens,
The shame of this disgrace, though I then had
The forehead of this man, would have deterred me
From being ever seen where I was known;
And such was then my resolution.

Amil. This granted, whither went you?

Ant. As a punishment
Imposed upon myself, and equal to
My wilful folly, giving o'er the world,
I went into a desert.
Flam. [*Aside.*] This agrees
With the dead slaves' report; but I must contemn it.
Amil. What drew you from that austere life?
Asd. Clear that.
Ant. The counsel of a grave philosopher
Wrought on me to make known myself the man
That I was born; and, of all potentates
In Afric, to determine of the truth
Of my life and condition, I preferred
The commonwealth of Carthage.
Flam. As the fittest
To be abused.
Ant. This is not fair.
Amil. My lord,
If not entreat, I must command your silence,
Or absence, which you please.
Flam. So peremptory!
Ant. To vindicate myself from all suspicion
Of forgery and imposture, in this scroll,
Writ with my royal hand, you may peruse
A true memorial of all circumstances,
Answers, dispatches, doubts, and difficulties
Between myself and your ambassadors,
Sent to negotiate with me.
Amil. Fetch the records. [*Exit* Attendant.
Ant. 'Tis my desire you should. Truth seeks the light;
And, when you have compared them, if you find them
In any point of moment differing,

Re-enter Attendant *with the Book of Records*

Conclude me such a one as this false man
Presents me to you. But, if you perceive

Those private passages, in my cabinet argued,
And, but to your ambassadors and myself,
Concealed from all men, in each point agreeing,
Judge if a cheating Greek, a Pseudolus,
Or an apostata Jew, could e'er arrive at
Such deep and weighty secrets.
Han. To a syllable
They are the same.
Amil. It cannot be but this is
The true Antiochus.[n]
Flam. A magician rather,
And hath the spirit of Python.[n]
Car. These are toys.
Ant. You see he will omit no trifle, that
His malice can lay hold of, to divert
Your love and favour to me. Now for my death,
The firmest base on which he builds the strength
Of his assertions, if you please to weigh it
With your accustomed wisdom, you'll perceive
'Tis merely fabulous. Had they meant fairly,
And, as a truth, would have it so confirmed
To the doubtful Asians, why did they not
Suffer the carcass they affirmed was mine
To be viewed by such men as were interessed
In the great cause, that were bred up with me,
And were familiar with the marks I carried
Upon my body, and not rely[n] upon
Poor prisoners taken in the war, from whom,
In hope of liberty and reward, they drew
Such depositions as they knew would make
For their dark ends? Was anything more easy
Than to suppose a body, and, that placed on
A solemn hearse, with funeral pomp to inter it
In a rich monument, and then proclaim
"This is the body of Antiochus,
King of the Lower Asia"?
Flam. Rome's honour

Is taxed in this of practice and corruption:
I'll hear no more. In your determinations,
Consider what it is to hold and keep her
Your friend or enemy. [*Exit.*

Amil. We wish we could
Receive you as a king, since your relation
Hath wrought so much upon us that we do
Incline to that belief. But, since we cannot
As such protect you but with certain danger,
Until you are by other potent nations
Proclaimed for such, our fitting caution
Cannot be censured, though we do entreat
You would elsewhere seek justice.

Ant. Where, when 'tis
Frighted from you by power?

Amil. And yet take comfort.
Not all the threats of Rome shall force us to
Deliver you. The short time that you stay
In Carthage[n] you are safe; no more a prisoner.
You are enlarged. With full security
Consult of your affairs. In what we may
We are your friends. — Break up the court.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTIOCHUS *and the three* Merchants.

1st Mer. Dear sir,
Take courage in your liberty; the world
Lies open to you.

2nd Mer. We shall meet with comfort
When most despaired of by us.

Ant. Never, never!
Poor men, though fallen, may rise; but kings like me,
If once by fortune slaved, are ne'er set free. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD

Scene I

Carthage. A Room in the House of Flaminius

Enter Flaminius (*with two letters*), Calistus, *and* Demetrius

Flam. You gave him store of gold with the instructions
That I prescribed him?
Cal. Yes, my lord, and, on
The forfeiture of my credit with your honour,
Titus will do his parts, and dive into
Their deepest secrets.
Flam. Men of place pay dear
For their intelligence; it eats out the profit
Of their employment. But, in a design
Of such weight, prodigality is a virtue.
The fellow was of trust that you dispatched
To Rome with the packets?
Dem. Yes, sir; he flies, not rides.
By this, if his access answer his care,
He is upon return.
Flam. I am on the stage,
And if now, in the scene imposed upon me,
So full of change — nay, a mere labyrinth
Of politic windings — I show not myself
A Protean actor, varying every shape
With the occasion, it will hardly poise
The expectation. I'll so place my nets
That, if this bird want wings to carry him

At one flight out of Afric,[n] I shall catch him.
Calistus!

Cal. Sir.

Flam. Give these at Syracusa
To the proconsul Marcellus.[n] Let another post
To Sardinia with these. — You have the picture
Of the impostor?

Dem. Drawn to the life, my lord.

Flam. Take it along with you. I have commanded,
In the Senate's name, that they man out their galleys,
And not to let one vessel pass without
A strict examination; the sea
Shall not protect him from me. I have charged too
The garrisons, that keep the passages
By land, to let none scape that come from Carthage,
Without a curious search. [*Exit* CALISTUS.

Enter LENTULUS

Len. [*Speaking to one within.*] I will excuse
My visit without preparation; fear not.

Flam. Who have we here?

Len. When you have viewed me better
You will resolve yourself.

Flam. My good lord Lentulus!

Len. You name me right. The speed that brought me hither
As you see accoutred, and without a train
Suitable to my rank, may tell your lordship
That the design admits no vacant time
For compliment. Your advertisements have been read
In open court; the consuls and the Senate
Are full of wonder and astonishment
At the relation; your care is much
Commended, and will find a due reward,
When what you have so well begun is ended.
In the meantime, with their particular thanks

They thus salute you. [*Tenders a letter.*] You shall find
there that —
Their good opinion of me far above
My hopes or merits — they have appointed me
Your successor in Carthage, and commit
Unto your abler trust the prosecution
Of this impostor.
Flam. As their creature ever
I shall obey and serve them. I will leave
My freedman to instruct you in the course
Of my proceedings. You shall find him able
And faithful, on my honour.
Len. I receive him
At his due value. Can you guess yet whither
This creature tends? By some passengers I met
I was told, howe'er the state denies to yield him
To our dispose, they will not yet incense us
By giving him protection.
Flam. Ere long,
I hope I shall resolve you. — To my wish!

Enter TITUS

Here comes my true discoverer. Be brief,
And labour not with circumstance to endear
The service thou hast done me.
Tit. As your lordship
Commanded me, in this Carthaginian habit
I made my first approaches, and delivered
The gold was given me as a private present
Sent from the lord Amilcar for his viaticum
To another country; for I did pretend
I was his menial servant.
Flam. Very well.
Tit. 'Twas entertained almost with sacrifice,
And I, as one most welcome, was admitted
Into their turbulent counsel. Many means

Were there propounded, whither, and to whom,
Their King Antiochus — for so they style him —
Should fly for safety. One urged to the Parthian,
A second into Egypt, and a third
To the Batavian; [n] but, in conclusion,
The corpulent flamen, that would govern all,
And in his nature would not give allowance
To any proposition that was not
The child of his own brain, resolved to carry
Their May-game prince, covered with a disguise,
To Prusias [n] King of Bithynia. His opinion
Carried it; and thither, without pause or stay,
To thank my lord for his bounty, they are gone,
Upon my certain knowledge, for I rid
Two days and nights along, that I might not build
Upon suppositions. By this they are
At their journey's end.

Flam. With my thanks, there's thy reward.
[*Giving money.*
I will take little rest until I have
Soured his sweet entertainment. — You have been
In the court of this Prusias. Of what temper is he?

Len. A well-disposed and noble gentleman,
And very careful to preserve the peace
And quiet of his subjects.

Flam. I shall find him
The apter to be wrought on. Do you know who is
His special favourite?

Len. One that was his tutor,
A seeming politician, and talks often.
The end of his ambition is to be
A gentleman of Rome.

Flam. I shall fit him, fear not.
Your travel's ended. Mine begins, and therefore
I will take my leave.
Formality of manners now is useless;
I long to be a-horseback.

Len. You have my wishes
For a fair success.
Flam. My care shall not be wanting. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Bithynia. Before the Palace

Enter ANTIOCHUS *and the three* Merchants

1st Mer. This tedious journey, from your majesty's
Long discontinuance of riding hard,
With weariness hath dulled your spirits.
2nd Mer. The flamen,
His corpulency considered, hath held out
Beyond imagination.
3rd Mer. As often
As he rode down a hill I did expect
The chining of his fork.[n]
Ant. I wonder more
How mine sustained his burden, since the weight
That sits on my more heavy heart would crack
The sinews of an elephant.
2nd Mer. 'Tis said
That beast hath strength to carry six armed men
In a turret on his back.
Ant. True; but the sorrow
Of a wretched and forsaken king like me
Is far more ponderous.
1st Mer. O, part not, sir,
From your own strength by yielding to despair.
I am most confident Berecinthius will,
From the great King Prusias — in his goodness great —
Bring comfort to you.
Ant. I am prepared, however.
[*Flourish.*
Lower I cannot fall.

3rd Mer. Ha! these are signs
Of a glorious entertainment, not contempt!

Enter BERECINTHIUS

Bere. Bear up, sir. I have done you simple service;
I thank my eloquence and boldness for it.
When would a modest silent fool effect
What I have done? But such men are not born
For great employments. The fox that would confer
With a lion without fear must see him often.
O for a dozen of rubbers and a bath!
And yet I need no tub, since I drench myself
In mine own balsam.
1st Mer. Balsamum! It smells
Like a tallow-chandler's shop.
Bere. Does it so? Thou thin-gut!
Thou thing without moisture! But I have no time
To answer thee. The great king — by my means, sir,
Ever remember that — in his own person,
With his fair consort and a gallant train, [*Flourish.*
Are come to entertain you.
Ant. Jove! If thou art
Pleased that it shall be so —
Bere. Change not you Jove's purpose
In your slowness to receive it. In your carriage
Express yourself. They come.

Enter PRUSIAS, *his* Queen, PHILOXENUS, *and* Attendants

Pru. The strong assurance
You gave at Carthage to confirm you are
The King Antiochus — for so much from
My agent there I have heard — commands me to
Believe you are so; and however they,
Awed by the Roman greatness, durst not lend you
Aid or protection, in me you shall find

A surer guard. I stand on mine own bases,
Nor shall or threats or prayers deter me from
Doing a good deed in itself rewarded.
You are welcome to my bosom.
Ant. All that yet
I can return you, sir, is thanks, expressed
In tears of joy, to find here that compassion
Hath not forsook the earth.
Queen. Alas, good king,
I pity him!
Pru. This lady, sir, your servant,
Presents her duty to you.
Ant. Pray you forgive me.
Calamity, my too long rude companion,
Hath taught me, gracious madam, to forget
Civility and manners. [*Kisses her.*
Queen. [*Aside.*] I ne'er touched
But the king my husband's lips, and, as I live,
He kisses very like him.
Pru. Here is one
I dare present to you for a knowing man
In politic designs. But he is present,
I should say more else.
Ant. Your assistance, sir,
To raise a trod-down king will well become you.
Phi. What man can do that is familiar with
The deep directions of Xenophon,[n]
Or Aristotle's politics, besides
Mine own collections, which some prefer,
And with good reason, as they say, before them,
Your highness may expect.
Pru. We will at leisure
Consider of the manner and the means
How to restore you to your own.
Queen. And till then
Suppose yourself in your own court.
Ant. The gods

Be sureties for the payment of this debt
I stand engaged! Your bounties overwhelm me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* BERECINTHIUS *and the* Merchants.
Bere. Ay, marry, this is as it should be! Ha!
After these storms raised by this Roman devil,
Titus Flaminius — you know whom I mean —
Are we got into the port once. I must purge.
1st Mer. Not without cause.
Bere. Or my increasing belly
Will metamorphose me into the shape
Of a great tortoise, and I shall appear
A cipher, a round man, or what you will.
Now jeer at my bulk, and spare not.
1st Mer. You are pleasant.
Bere. Farce thy lean ribs with hope, and thou wilt grow to
Another kind of creature. When our king is
Restored, let me consider, as he must be,
And I the principal means, I'll first grow rich,
Infinite rich, and build a strange new temple
To the goddess that I worship, and so bind her
To prosper all my purposes.
2nd Mer. Be not rapt so.
Bere. Prithee, do not trouble me. First I will expel
The Romans out of Asia; and, so breaking
Their reputation in the world, we will
Renew our league with Carthage; then draw to
Our party the Egyptian Ptolemy,
And great Arsaces' issue.[n] I will be
The general, and march to Rome, which taken,
I'll fill proud Tiber with the carcasses
Of men, women, and children. Do not persuade me;
I'll show no mercy.
3rd Mer. Have the power to hurt first.
Bere. Then by the senators, whom I'll use as horses,
I will be drawn in a chariot, made for my bulk,

In triumph to the Capitol, more admired
Than Bacchus was in India.[n] Titus Flaminius,
Our enemy, led like a dog in a chain,
As I descend or reascend in state,
Shall serve for my footstool. I will conjure him,
If revenge hath any spells.

Enter FLAMINIUS *and* DEMETRIUS

Flam. Command the captain
To wait me with his galley at the next port.
I am confident I shall fraught him. [*Exit* DEMETRIUS.
1st Mer. You are conjuring,
And see what you have raised.
Bere. Cybele save me! 110
I do not fear thee, Pluto,[n] though thou hast
Assumed a shape not to be matched in Cocytus![n]
Why dost thou follow me?
Flam. Art thou mad?
Bere. Thou comest
To make me so. How my jelly quakes! Avaunt!
What have I to do with thee?
Flam. You shall know at leisure;
The time is now too precious. [*Exit.*
Bere. 'Tis vanished.
Sure, 'twas an apparition.
1st Mer. I fear
A fatal one to us.
2nd Mer. We may easily guess at
The cause that brings him hither.
3rd Mer. Now, if ever,
Confirm the king.
1st Mer. Against this battery 120
New works are to be raised, or we are ruined.
Bere. What think you of this rampire?[n] 'twill hold out;
And he shall shoot through and through it but I'll cross him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Bithynia. An Apartment in the Palace

Enter FLAMINIUS *and* PHILOXENUS

Flam. What we have said the consuls will make good,
And the glad Senate ratify.
Phi. They have so
Obliged me for this favour, that there is not
A service of that difficulty from which
I would decline. In this rest confident,
I am your own, and sure.
Flam. You shall do, sir,
A noble office in it; and, however
We thank you for the courtesy, the profit
And certain honours, the world's terror, Rome,
In thankfulness cannot but shower upon you,
Are wholly yours. How happy I esteem
Myself, in this employment, to meet with
A wise and provident statesman!
Phi. My good lord!
Flam. I flatter not in speaking truth. You are so,
And, in this prompt alacrity, confirm it.
Since a wise forecast in the managing
Worldly affairs is the true wisdom, rashness,
The schoolmistress of idiots. You well know
Charity begins at home, and that we are
Nearest unto ourselves. Fools build upon
Imaginary hopes, but wise men ever
On real certainties. A tender conscience,
Like a glow-worm, shows a seeming fire in darkness,
But, set near to the glorious light of honour,
It is invisible. As you are a statesman,
And a master in that art, you must remove
All rubs, though with a little wrong sometimes,

That may put by the bias of your counsels[n]
From the fair mark they aim at.
Phi. You are read well
In worldly passages.
Flam. I barter with you
Such trifles as I have. But, if you pleased,
You could instruct me that philosophy
And policy in states are not such strangers
As men o'er-curious and precise would have them.
But to the point. With speed get me access
To the king your pupil; and 'tis well for him
That he hath such a tutor. Rich Bithynia
Was never so indebted to a patriot
And vigilant watchman, for her peace and safety,
As to yourself.
Phi. Without boast I may whisper
I have done something that way.
Flam. All in all;
Fame, filling her loud trump with truth, proclaims it.
But, when it shall be understood you are
The principal means by which a dangerous serpent,
Warmed in your sovereign's bosom, is delivered
To have his sting and venomous teeth pulled out,
And the ruin, in a willing grant, avoided,
Which in detaining him falls on the kingdom,
Not Prusias alone, but his saved people,
Will raise your providence altars.
Phi. Let me entreat
Your patience some few minutes. I'll bring the king
In person to you.
Flam. Do, and, this effected,
Think of the ring you are privileged to wear
When a Roman gentleman; and, after that,
Of provinces and purple. [*Exit* PHILOXENUS.] I must smile now
In my consideration with what glibness
My flatteries, oiled with hopes of future greatness,

Are swallowed by this dull pate. But it is not
Worth the observation. Most of our seeming statesmen
Are caught in the same noose.

Enter PRUSIAS *and* PHILOXENUS

Returned so soon! 60
And the king with him! But his angry forehead
Furrowed with frowns. No matter, I am for him.
Pru. From the people of Rome? So quick? Hath
he brought with him
Letters of credence,[n] and authority
To treat with us?
Phi. I read them.
Pru. What can he
Propound which I must fear to hear? I would
Continue in fair terms with that warlike nation,
Ever provided I wrong not myself
In the least point of honour.
Phi. To the full
He will instruct your majesty.
Flam. So may 70
Felicity, as a page, attend your person,
As you embrace the friendly counsel sent you
From the Roman Senate!
Pru. With my thanks to you
Their instrument, if the advice be such
As by this preparation you would have me
Conceive it is, I shall, and 'twill become me,
Receive it as a favour.
Flam. Know then, Rome,
In her pious care that you may still increase
The happiness you live in, and your subjects,
Under the shadow of their own vines, eat 80
The fruit they yield them, their soft musical feasts
Continuing, as they do yet, unaffrighted
With the harsh noise of war, entreats as low

As her known power and majesty can descend
You would return, with due equality,
A willingness to preserve what she hath conquered
From change and innovation.
Pru. I attempt not
To trouble her, nor ever will.
Flam. Fix there;
Or if, for your own good, you will move farther,
Make Rome your thankful debtor by surrendering
Into her hands the false impostor that
Seeks to disturb her quiet.
Pru. This I looked for,
And that I should find mortal poison wrapped up
In your candied pills. Must I, because you say so,
Believe that this most miserable king is
A false affronter, who, with arguments
Unanswerable, and near miraculous proofs,
Confirms himself the true Antiochus?
Or is it not sufficient that you Romans,
In your unsatisfied ambition, have
Seized with an unjust gripe on half the world,
Which you call conquest, if that I consent not
To have my innocence soiled with that pollution
You are willingly smeared o'er with?
Flam. Pray you, hear me.
Pru. I will be first heard. Shall I, for your ends,
Infringe my princely word, or break the laws
Of hospitality; defeat myself
Of the certain honour to restore a king
Unto his own, and what you Romans have
Extorted and keep from him? Far be it from me!
I will not buy your amity at such loss.
So it be to all after times remembered
I held it not sufficient to live
As one born only for myself, and I
Desire no other monument.
Flam. I grant

It is a specious thing to leave behind us
A fair report, though in the other world
We have no feeling of it; and to lend
A desperate, though fruitless, aid to such
As Fate, not to be altered, hath marked out
Examples of calamity, may appear
A glorious ornament. But here's a man,
The oracle of your kingdom, that can tell you,
When there's no probability it may be
Effected, 'tis mere madness to attempt it.
Phi. A true position.
Flam. Your inclination
Is honourable, but your power deficient
To put your purposes into act.
Pru. My power?
Flam. Is not to be disputed, if weighed truly
With the petty kings your neighbours; but, when balanced
With the globes and sceptres of my mistress Rome,
Will — but I spare comparisons. But you build on
Your strength to justify the fact. Alas!
It is a feeble reed, and leaning on it,
Will wound your hand much sooner than support you.
You keep in pay, 'tis true, some peace-trained troops,
Which awe your neighbours; but consider, when
Our eagles shall display their sail-stretched wings,
Hovering o'er our legions, what defence
Can you expect from yours?
Phi. Urge that point home.
Flam. Our old victorious bands are ever ready,
And such as are not our confederates tremble
To think where next the storm shall fall with horror.
Philoxenus knows it. Will you, to help one
You should contemn, and is not worth your pity,
Pull it on your own head? Your neighbour Carthage
Would smile to see your error. Let me paint
The danger to you ere it come. Imagine

Our legions, and the auxiliary forces
Of such as are our friends and tributaries,
Drawn up; Bithynia covered with our armies;
All places promising defence blocked up
With our armed troops; the siege continuing;
Famine within and force without disabling
All opposition; then, the army entered,
As victory is insolent, the rapes
Of virgins and grave matrons, reverend old men
With their last groans accusing you; your city
And palace sacked —

Phi. Dear sir!

Flam. And you yourself
Captived, and, after that, chained by the neck;
Your matchless queen, your children, officers, friends,
Waiting, as scorns of fortune, to give lustre
To the victor's triumph.

Phi. I am in a fever
To think upon't.

Flam. As a friend I have delivered,
And more than my commission warrants me,
This caution to you. But now, peace or war?
If the first, I entertain it; if the latter,
I'll instantly defy you.

Phi. Pray you say peace, sir.

Pru. On what conditions?

Flam. The delivery
Of this seductor and his complices;
On no terms else, and suddenly.

Pru. How can I
Dispense with my faith given?

Phi. I'll yield you reasons.

Pru. Let it be peace then — oh! Pray you call in
[*Exit* PHILOXENUS.
The wretched man. In the meantime I'll consider
How to excuse myself.

Flam. [*Aside.*] While I, in silence,

Triumph in my success, and meditate
On the reward that crowns it. A strong army
Could have done no more than I alone, and with
A little breath, have effected.

Enter Queen, ANTIOCHUS, BERECINTHIUS, *the three* Merchants, PHILOXENUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* Attendants

Ant. Goodness guard me!
Whom do I look on? Sir, come further from him.
He is infectious; so swollen with mischiefs
And strange impieties, his language too
So full of siren sorceries, if you hear him
There is no touch of moral honesty,
Though rampired in your soul, but will fly from you.
The mandrake's shrieks,[n] the aspic's deadly tooth,
The tears of crocodiles, or the basilisk's eye
Kill not so soon, nor with that violence,
As he, who, in his cruel nature, holds
Antipathy with mercy.
Pru. I am sorry —
Ant. Sorry! for what? That you had an intent
To be a good and just prince? Are compassion
And charity grown crimes?
Pru. The gods can witness
How much I would do for you; and but that
Necessity of state
Ant. Make not the gods
Guilty of your breach of faith! From them you find not
Treachery commanded; and the state, that seeks
Strength from disloyalty, in the quicksands which
She trusteth in is swallowed. 'Tis in vain
To argue with you. If I am condemned,
Defences come too late. What do you purpose
Shall fall on poor Antiochus?
Pru. For my

Security — there being no means left else —
Against my will I must deliver you.
Ant. To whom?

Enter Guard

Pru. To Rome's ambassador.
Ant. O, the Furies!
Exceed not him in cruelty! Remember
I am a king, your royal guest; your right hand
The pawn and pledge that should defend me from
My bloody enemy. Did you accuse
The Carthaginian Senate for denying
Aid and protection to me, giving hope
To my despairing fortunes; or but now
Raise me to make my fall more terrible?
Did you tax them of [n] weakness, and will you
So far transcend them in a coward fear,
Declaimed against by your own mouth? O sir,
If you dare not give me harbour, set me safe yet
In any desert, where this serpent's hisses
May not be heard; and to the gods I'll speak you
A prince both wise and honourable.
Pru. Alas!
It is not in my power.
Ant. As an impostor
Take off my head then; at the least, so far
Prove merciful; or with any torture ease me
Of the burthen of a life, rather than yield me
To this politic state hangman.
Flam. [*Aside.*] . This to me is
A kind of ravishing music.
Queen. I have lived
For many years, sir, your obedient handmaid,
Nor ever in a syllable presumed
To cross your purposes. But now, with a sorrow
As great almost as this poor king's, beholding
Your poverty of spirit — for it does

Deserve no better name — I must put off
Obsequiousness and silence, and take to me
The warrant and authority of your queen,
And as such give you counsel.
Pru. You displease me.
Queen. The physic promising health is ever bitter.
Hear me. Will you that are a man — nay more,
A king of men — do that, forced to it by fear,
Which common men would scorn? I am a woman —
A weak and feeble woman — yet before
I would deliver up my bondwoman,
And have it told I did it by constraint,
I would endure to have these hands cut off,
These eyes [n] pulled out —
Pru. I'll hear no more.
Queen. Do you, then,
As a king should.
Pru. Away with her!
[*They bear off the* Queen.
Flam. My affairs
Exact a quick dispatch.
Pru. He's yours. Conceive
What I would say. Farewell.
[*Exeunt* PRUSIAS *and* PHILOXENUS.
Ant. That I had been
Born dumb! I will not grace thy triumph, tyrant,
With one request of favour.[n] [*Exit* ANTIOCHUS *guarded.*
Bere. My good lord!
Flam. Your will, dear flamen?
Bere. I perceive you are like
To draw a great charge upon you. My fat bulk,
And these my lions,[n] will not be kept for a little,
Nor would we be chargeable; and, therefore, kissing
Your honoured hands, I take my leave.
Flam. By no means;
I have been busy, but I shall find leisure
To treat with you in another place.

Bere. I would not
Put your lordship to the trouble.
Flam. It will be
A pleasure rather. — Bring them all away.
Bere. The comfort is, whether I drown or hang
I shall not be long about it. I'll preserve
The dignity of my family.
Flam. 'Twill become you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH

Scene I

Callipolis. A Room in the Proconsul's House

Enter Metellus *and* Sempronius

Met. A revolt in Asia?
Semp. Yes, on the report
The long-thought-dead Antiochus lives.
Met. I heard
Such a one appeared in Carthage, but suppressed
By Titus Flaminius, my noble friend,
Who, by his letters, promised me a visit,
If his designs, as I desire they may,
Succeeded to his wishes.
Semp. Till you behold him
I can bring your honour, if you please, where you
May find fair entertainment.
Met. From whom, captain?
Semp. A new-rigged pinnace, that put off from Corinth,
And is arrived among us, tight and yare.
Nor comes she to pay custom for her fraught,
But to impose a tax on such as dare
Presume to look on her, which smock-gamesters offer
Sooner than she demands it.
Met. Some fresh courtesan,
Upon mine honour!
Semp. You are i' the right, my lord.
Met. And there lies your intelligence?
Semp. True, my good lord;
'Tis a discovery will not shame a captain

When he lies in garrison. Since I was a trader
In such commodities I never saw
Her equal. I was ravished with the object,
And, would you visit her, I believe you would write
Yourself of my opinion.

Met. Fie upon thee!
I am old.

Semp. And therefore have the greater use
Of such a cordial. All Medea's drugs,[n]
And her charms to boot, that made old Æson young,
Were nothing to her touch; your viper wine,[n]
So much in practice with grey-bearded gallants,
But vappa to the nectar of her lip.
She hath done miracles since she came. A usurer,
Full of the gout, and more diseases than
His crutches could support, used her rare physic
But one short night, and, rising in the morning,
He danced a lavolta.

Met. Prithee, leave thy fooling,
And talk of something else.

Semp. The whole world yields not
Apter discourse. She hath all the qualities
Conducing to the sport; sings like a siren,
Dances as the gross element of earth
Had no part in her; her discourse so full
Of eloquence and prevailing, there is nothing
She asks to be denied her. Had she desired
My captain's place, I had cashiered myself;
And, should she beg your proconsulship, if you heard her,
'Twere hers, upon my life.

Met. She should be damned first,
And her whole tribe.

Enter FLAMINIUS

My lord Flaminius, welcome!
I have long been full of expectation

Of your great design, and hope a fair success
Hath crowned your travail in your bringing in
This dangerous impostor.
Flam. At the length,
I have him and his complices.
Met. I'll not now
Inquire how you achieved him, but would know,
Since 'tis referred to you, what punishment
Should fall upon him.
Flam. If you please, in private,
I will acquaint you.
Met. Captain, let me entreat you
To meditate on your woman in the next room;
We may have employment for you.
Semp. I had rather
She would command my service. [*Exit.*
Met. Pray you sit.
Flam. Now, my good lord, I ask your grave advice
What course to take.
Met. That, in my judgement, needs not
Long consultation. He is a traitor,
And, his process framed,[n] must, as a traitor, suffer
A death due to his treason.
Flam. There's much more
To be considered, there being a belief,
Dispersed almost through Asia, that he is
The true Antiochus; and we must decline
The certain scandal it will draw upon
The Roman government, if he die the man
He is by the most received to be; and therefore,
Till that opinion be removed, we must
Use some quaint practice, that may work upon
His hopes or fears, to draw a free confession
That he was suborned to take on him the name
He still maintains.
Met. That, torture will wrest from him;
I know no readier way,

Flam. If you had seen
His carriage in Carthage and Bithynia,
You would not think so. Since I had him in
My power I have used all possible means that might
Force him into despair, and so to do
A violence on himself. He hath not tasted
These three days any sustenance, and still
Continues fasting.
Met. Keep him to that diet
Some few hours more.
Flam. I am of opinion rather,
Some competence offered him, and a place of rest,
Where he might spend the remnant of his days
In pleasure and security, might do more
Than fear of death or torture.
Met. It may be;
There are such natures; and now I think upon't,
I can help you to a happy instrument
To motion it. Your ear. [*Whispers.*
Flam. 'Tis wondrous well,
And it may prove fortunate.
Met. 'Tis but a trial.
However, I will send for her.
Flam. Pray you do;
She shall have my directions.
Met. What botches
Are made in the shop of policy!
Flam. So they cover
The nakedness we must conceal, it skills not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Callipolis. The Prison

Enter Jailer, *with a poniard and a halter*

Jai. Why should I feel compunction for that
Which yields me profit? Ha! a prisoner's tears
Should sooner pierce flint or Egyptian marble
Than move us to compassion. Yet I know not,
The sufferings of this miserable man
Work strangely on me. Some say he is a king;
It may be so. But, if they hold out thus,
I am sure he is like to die a beggar's death,
And starve for hunger. I am, by a servant
Of the lord Flaminius, strictly commanded,
Before I have raised him out of the dungeon,
To lay these instruments in his view; to what end
I am not to inquire, but I am certain,
After his long fast, they are viands that
Will hardly be digested. Do you hear, sir?
Ant. [*Below.*] If thou art my deathsman, welcome!
Jai. I so pity you
That I wish I had commission, as you rise,
To free you from all future misery,
To knock your brains out.
Ant. Would thou hadst!
Jai. You have
The liberty to air yourself, and that
Is all I can afford you. Fast, and be merry;
I am elsewhere called on. [*Exit.*
Ant. [*Rising from below.*] Death! as far as faintness
Will give me leave to chide thee, I am angry
Thou comest not at me. No attendance? Famine,
Thy meagre harbinger, flatters me with hope
Of thy so wished arrival; yet thy coming
Is still deferred. Why? Is it in thy scorn

To take a lodging here? I am a king,
And, though I know the reverence that waits
Upon the potent sceptre, nor the guards
Of faithful subjects, neither threats, nor prayers
Of friends or kindred, nor yet walls of brass
Or fire, should their proud height knock at the moon,
Can stop thy passage, when thou art resolved
To force thy entrance. Yet a king, in reason,
By the will of fate severed from common men,
Should have the privilege and prerogative,
When he is willing to disrobe himself
Of this cobweb garment, life, to have thee ready
To do thy fatal office. What have we here?

Enter FLAMINIUS, METELLUS, *and* SEMPRONIUS *above*

A poniard, and a halter! From the objects
I am easily instructed to what end
They were prepared. Either will serve the turn
To ease the burthen of a wretched life,
Or thus [*Lifts the dagger*], or thus [*Lifts the halter*], in death! I must commend
The Roman courtesy. How am I grown
So cheap and vile in their opinion that
I am denied an executioner?
Will not the loss of my life quit the cost?
O rare frugality! Will they force me to
Be mine own hangman? Every slave, that's guilty
Of crimes not to be named, receives such favour
By the judge's doom, and is my innocence —
The oppressed innocence of a star-crossed king —
Held more contemptible? My better angel,
Though wanting power to alter fate, discovers
Their hellish purposes. Yes, yes, 'tis so.
My body's death will not suffice, they aimed at
My soul's perdition; and shall I, to shun

A few hours more of misery, betray her?
No, she is free still, and shall so return
From whence she came, and in her pureness triumph,
Their tyranny chained and fettered.
Flam. O, the devil!
Thou art weak. This will not do.
Met. Mark how he'll stand
The second charge.
Semp. The honour is reserved
For the pretty tempting friend I brought, my life on't.

Re-enter Jailer, *with brown bread, and a wooden dish of water*

Jai. Here, sir, take this. Though coarse, it will kill hunger;
It is your daily pittance. Yet, when you please,
Your commons may be mended.
Ant. Show me the way.
Jai. Confess yourself to be a cozening knave;
The matter's feasible. But, if you will be
Still king of the crickets, feed on this and live.
You shall not say we starved you. [*Exit.*
Ant. Stay, I beseech thee,
And take thy cruel pity back again
To him that sent it. This is a tyranny
That doth transcend all precedents. My soul,
But even now, this lump of clay, her prison,
Of itself, in the want of nourishment, opening,
Had shook off her sick feathers, and prepared
Herself to make a noble flight, as set
At liberty, and now this reparation
Again immures. You, for whose curious palates
The elements are ransacked, look upon
This bill of fare, by my penurious steward,
Necessity, served to a famished king;
And, warned by my example, when your tables

Crack not with the weight of dear and far-fetched
dainties,
Dispute not with Heaven's bounties. What shall I do?
If I refuse to touch and taste these coarse
And homely cates, I hasten my own fate,
And so, with willingness, embrace a sin
I hitherto have fled from. No, I'll eat;
And if, at this poor rate, life can continue,
I will not throw it off.

Flam. I pine with envy
To see his constancy.

Met. Bid your property enter,
And use her subtlest magic. [*A lute is heard.*

Semp. I have already
Acquainted her with her cue. The music ushers
Her personal appearance. [*A song within.*

Ant. From what hand
And voice do I receive this charity?
It is unusual at such a feast.
But I miscall it; 'tis some new-found engine
Mounted to batter me. Ha!

Enter Courtesan

Cour. If I were not
More harsh and rugged in my disposition
Than thy tormentors, these eyes had outstripped
My tongue, and, with a shower of tears, had told you
Compassion brings me hither.

Ant. That I could
Believe so much, as, by my miseries —
An oath I dare not break – I gladly would.
Pity, methinks, I know not how, appears
So lovely in you.

Cour. It being spent upon
A subject in each circumstance deserving
An universal sorrow, though 'tis simple,

It cannot be deformed. May I presume
To kiss your royal hand? for sure you are not
Less than a king.
Ant. Have I one witness living
Dares only think so much?
Cour. I do believe it,
And will die in that belief; and nothing more
Confirms it than your patience, not to be
Found in a meaner man. Not all the trim
Of the majesty you were born to, though set off
With pomp and glorious lustre, showed you in
Such full perfection as at this instant
Shines round about you, in your constant bearing,
Your adverse fortune, a degree beyond
All magnanimity that ever was
Canonized by mankind.
Ant. Astonishment
And wonder seizes on me. Pray you what are you?
Cour. Without your pity, nearer to the grave
Than the malice of prevailing enemies
Can hurry you.
Ant. My pity! I will part with
So much from what I have engrossed" to mourn
Mine own afflictions as I freely grant it.
Will you have me weep before I know the cause
In which I may serve you?
Cour. You already have
Spent too much of that stock. Pray you, first hear me,
And wrong not my simplicity with doubts
Of that I shall deliver. I am a virgin —
Semp. If I had not toyed with her myself, I should now believe her!
Cour. And though not of the eagle's brood, descended
From a noble family.
Semp. Her mother sold her
To a Corinthian lecher at thirteen,
As 'tis reported.

Met. Be silent, I command you.
Ant. To be a virgin, and so well derived,
In my opinion, fair one, are not things
To be lamented.
Cour. If I had not fallen
From my clear height of chastity — I confess it —
In my too forward wishes . . . that is
A sin I am guilty of. I am in love, sir, —
Impotently mad in love, and my desires
Not to be stopped in their career.
Ant. With whom
Are you so taken?
Cour. With your own dear self, sir.
Behold me not with such a face of wonder;
It is too sad a truth. The story of
Your most deplorable fortune at the first warmed me
With more than modest heats. But, since I saw you,
I am all fire, and shall turn cinders, if
You show not mercy to me.
Ant. Foolish creature,
If I could suppose this true, and met your wishes
With equal ardour, as I am, what shadow
Of seeming hope is left you to arrive at
The port you long for?
Cour. If you will be good
Unto yourself, the voyage is accomplished.
It is but putting off a poisoned shirt,
Which in the wearing eats into your flesh,
And must, against your will, be soon forced from you,
The malice of your enemies tendering to you
More true security and safety than
The violence of your friends' and servants' wishes
Could heap upon you.
Ant. 'Tis impossible.
Clear this dark mystery, for yet, to me,
You speak in riddles.

Cour. I will make it easy
To your understanding, and thus sweeten it
[*Offers to kiss him.*
In the delivery. 'Tis but to disclaim,
With the continual cares that wait upon it,
The title of a king.
Ant. [*Aside.*] Devil Flaminius!
I find you here!
Cour. Why do you turn away?
The counsel that I offer, if you please
To entertain it, as long-wished companions,
In her right hand brings liberty, and a calm
After so many storms; and you no sooner
Shall, to the world, profess you were suborned
To this imposture — though I still believe
It is a truth — but, with a free remission
For the offence, I, as your better genius,
Will lead you from this place of horror to
A paradise of delight, to which compared,
Thessalian Tempe,[n] or that garden where
Venus with her revived Adonis spend
Their pleasant hours,[n] and make from their embraces
A perpetuity of happiness,
Deserve not to be named. There, in an arbour,
Of itself supported o'er a bubbling spring,
With purple hyacinths and roses covered,
We will enjoy the sweets of life, nor shall
Arithmetic sum up the varieties of
Our amorous dalliance; our viands such,
As not alone shall nourish appetite,
But strengthen our performance; and, when called for,
The quiristers of the air shall give us music;
And, when we slumber, in a pleasant dream
You shall behold the mountains of vexations
Which you have heaped upon the Roman tyrants
In your free resignation of your kingdom,
And smile at their afflictions.

Ant. Hence, you siren!
Cour. Are you displeased?
Ant. Were all your flatteries
Aimed at this mark? Will not my virtuous anger,
Assisted by contempt and scorn, yield strength
To spurn thee from me? But thou art some whore —
Some common whore - and, if thou hast a soul —
As in such creatures it is more than doubted —
It hath its being in thy wanton veins,
And will, with thy expense of blood, become
Like that of sensual beasts.
Met. This will not do.
Ant. How did my enemies lose themselves to think,
A painted prostitute with her charms could conquer
What malice, at the height, could not subdue!
Is all their stock of malice so consumed,
As, out of penury, they are forced to use
A whore for their last agent?
Cour. If thou wert
Ten times a king thou liest. I am a lady,
A gamesome lady of the last edition,
And though I physic noblemen, no whore.
Met. He hath touched her freehold.
Semp. Now let her alone,
And she will worry him.
Cour. Have I lived to have
My courtesies refused? That I had leave
To pluck thy eyes out! . . . . . .
Are you so coy? Thou art a man of snow,
And thy father got thee in the wane of the moon!
But scorn me not. 'Tis true I was set on
By the higher powers. But now, for all the wealth
In Asia, thou shalt not have the favour,
Though, prostrate on the earth, thou wouldst implore it,
To kiss my shoestring.

Re-enter Jailer *and others*

Flam. We lose time, my lord.
Cour. Foh! how he stinks! I will not wear a rag more
That he hath breathed on. [*Exit.*
Met. Without more ado
Let him have his sentence.
Flam. Drag him hence.
Ant. Are you there?
Nay, then —
Flam. I will not hear him speak. My anger
Is lost. Why linger you?
Ant. Death ends all, however!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Callipolis. A Street

Enter Officers, *leading in* BERECINTHIUS[n] *and* 1st Merchant, *with halters*

Bere. What a skeleton they have made of me! Starve me first,
And hang me after! Is there no conscience extant
To a man of my order? They have degraded me,
Ta'en away my lions,[n] and to make me roar like them
They have pared the flesh off from my fingers' ends,
And then laughed at me. I have been kept in darkness
These five long days, no visitants but devils,
Or men in shapes more horrid, coming at me.
A chafing-dish of coals and a butcher's knife
I found set by me, and, inquiring why,
I was told that I had flesh enough of mine own,
And, if that I were hungry, I might freely

Eat mine own carbonadoes, and be chronicled
For a cannibal never read of.
Off. Will you walk, sir?
Bere. I shall come too soon, though I creep, to such a breakfast.
I ever use to take my portion sitting
Hanging in the air, 'tis not physical.
Off. Time flies away, sir.
Bere. Why, let him fly, sir. Or, if you please to stay him,
And bind up the bald knave's wings, make use of my collar.
There is substance in it, I can assure your worship,
And I thank your wisdom that you make distinction
Between me and this starveling. He goes to it
Like a greyhound for killing of sheep in a twopenny slip.
But here's a cable will weigh up an anchor,
And yet, if I may have fair play, ere I die
Ten to one I shall make it crack.
Off. What would you have, sir?
Bere. My ballast about me; I shall ne'er sail well else
To the other world. My bark, you see, wants stowage.
But give me half a dozen of hens and a loin of veal
To keep it steady, and you may spare the trouble
Of pulling me by the legs, or setting the knot
Under mine ear. This drum, well braced, defies
Such foolish courtesies.
1st Mer. This mirth, good flamen,
Is out of season. Let us think of Elysium,
If we die honest men; or what we there
Shall suffer from the Furies.
Bere. Thou art a fool
To think there are or gods or goddesses.
For the latter, if that she had any power,
Mine, being the mother of them, would have helped me,

They are things we make ourselves. Or, grant there should be
A hell, or an Elysium, sing I cannot
To Orpheus' harp in the one, nor dance in the other.
But, if there be a Cerberus, if I serve not
To make three sops for his three heads, that may serve
For something more than an ordinary breakfast,
The cur is devilish hungry. Would I had
Ran away with your fellow merchants! I had then
Provided for my fame. Yet, as I am,
I have one request to make, and that, my friends,
Concerns my body, which I pray you grant,
And then I shall die in peace.

Off. What is it?

Bere. Marry,
That you would be suitors to the proconsul for me
That no covetous Roman, after I am dead,
May beg to have my skin flayed off, and stuff it
With straw like an alligator, and then show it
In fairs and markets for a monster. Though
I know the sight will draw more fools to gape on't
Than a camel or an elephant, aforehand
I tell you, if you do, my ghost shall haunt you.

Off. You shall have burial, fear not.

Bere. And room enough
To tumble in, I pray you, though I take up
More grave than Alexander.[n] I have ill luck
If I stink not as much as he, and yield the worms
As large a supper.

1*st Mer.* Are you not mad to talk thus?

Bere. I came crying into the world, and am resolved
To go out merrily; therefore dispatch me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Callipolis. A Room in the Proconsul's House

Enter METELLUS *and* FLAMINIUS

Met. There never was such constancy.
Flam. You give it
Too fair a name. 'Tis foolish obstinacy,
For which he shall, without my pity, suffer.
What we do for the service of the republic,
And propagation of Rome's glorious empire,
Needs no defence, and we shall wrong our judgements
To feel compunction for it. Have you given order,
According to the sentence, that the impostor,
Riding upon an ass, his face turned to
The hinder part, may in derision be
Brought through Callipolis?
Met. Yes; and a paper
Upon his head, in which, with capital letters,
His faults inscribed, and by three trumpeters
Proclaimed before him; and, that done, to have him
Committed to the galleys. Here comes Sempronius,

Enter SEMPRONIUS

To whom I gave the charge.
Semp. I have performed it
In every circumstance.
Flam. How do the people
Receive it?
Semp. As an act of cruelty,
And not of justice. It drew tears from all
The sad spectators. His demeanour was
In the whole progress worth the observation,
But one thing most remarkable.
Flam. What was that?

Semp. When the city clerk with a loud voice read the cause
For which he was condemned, in taking on him
The name of a king, with a settled countenance
The miserable man replied, "I am so:"
But when he touched his being a cheating Jew,
His patience moved, with a face full of anger
He boldly said, "'Tis false." I never saw
Such magnanimity.
Flam. Frontless impudence rather.
Semp. Or anything else you please.
Flam. Have you forced on him
The habit of a slave?
Semp. Yes, and in that,
Pardon my weakness, still there does appear
A kind of majesty in him.
Flam. You look on it
With the eyes of foolish pity that deceives you.
Semp. This way he comes; and, I believe, when you see him,
You'll be of my opinion.
Off. [*Within.*] Make way there.

Enter Officers, *leading in* ANTIOCHUS, *his head shaved, in the habit of a slave*

Ant. Fate! 'tis thy will it should be thus, and I
With patience obey it. Was there ever,
In all precedent maps of misery,
Calamity so drawn out to the life
As she appears in me? In all the changes
Of fortune, such a metamorphosis
Antiquity cannot show us. Men may read there
Of kings deposed, and some in triumph led
By the proud insulting Roman; yet they were
Acknowledged such, and died so. My sad fate
Is of a worse condition, and Rome

To me more barbarous than ere yet to any
Brought in subjection. Is it not sufficient
That the locks of this our royal head are shaved off,
My glorious robes changed to this slavish habit,
This hand that grasped a sceptre manacled;
Or that I have been, as a spectacle,
Exposed to public frown, if to make perfect
The cruel reckoning I am not compelled
To live beyond this, and, with stripes, be forced
To stretch my shrunk-up sinews at an oar,
In the company of thieves and murderers,
My innocence and their guilt no way distinguished,
But equal in our sufferings?

Met. You may yet
Redeem all, and be happy.

Flam. But, persisting
In this imposture, think but what it is
To live in hell on earth, and rest assured
It is your fatal portion.

Ant. Do what you please.
I am in your power, but still Antiochus,
King of the Lower Asia — no impostor —
That, four and twenty years since, lost a battle,
And challenge now mine own, which tyrannous Rome
With violence keeps from me.

Flam. Stop his mouth!

Ant. This is the very truth; and, if I live
Thrice Nestor's years in torture, I will speak
No other language.

Met. I begin to melt.

Flam. To the galley with him!

Ant. Every place shall be
A temple in my penitence to me! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH

Scene I

Syracuse. An Apartment in a Palace

Enter Marcellus, *and the 2nd and 3rd* Merchants

Mar. Upon your recantation this gallerian
Was not Antiochus, you had your pardons
Signed by the Senate?
2nd Mer. Yes, my lord.
Mar. Troth, tell me,
And freely — I am no informer — did you
Believe and know him such, or raised that rumour
For private ends of your own?
3rd Mer. May it please your excellence
To understand the fear of death wrought on us,
In a kind, to turn apostatas; besides,
Having proved our testimonies could not help him,
We studied our safeties.
2nd Mer. A desire too
Of the recovery of our own, kept from us
With strong hand, by his violent persecutor,
Titus Flaminius, when he was at Carthage,
Urged us to seek redress; nor was it fit
We should oppose great Rome.
Mar. In worldly wisdom
You are excusable; but —
3rd Mer. We beseech your honour
Press us no further.
Mar. I do not purpose it.
Do you know what this contains? [*Holding up a letter.*

2nd Mer. No, my good lord.

3rd Mer. Perhaps we bring the warrant for our deaths,
As 'tis said of Bellerophon," yet we durst not
Presume to open it.

Mar. 'Twas manners in you,
But I'll discharge you of that fear. There is
No hurt intended to you.

3rd Mer. We thank your lordship.

Mar. How is the service of Flaminius spoke of
In Rome?

2nd Mer. With admiration, and many
Divine great honours to him.

Mar. The people's voice
Is not oraculous ever. Are you sure
The galley in which your supposed king is chained
Was bound for Syracusa?

3rd Mer. She is now
In the port, my lord.

Mar. Titus Flaminius in her?

3rd Mer. Upon my certain knowledge.

Mar. Keep yourselves
Concealed till you are called for. When least hoped for,
You shall have justice.

2nd Mer. Your honour's vassals ever.

[*Exeunt* Merchants.

Mar. Here, here, it is apparent that the poet
Wrote truth, though no proof else could be alleged
To make it good, that, though the Heavens lay open
To human wishes, and the Fates were bound
To sign what we desire, such clouds of error
Involve our reason, we still beg a curse,
And not a blessing. How many, born unto
Ample possessions, and, like petty kings,
Disposing of their vassals, sated with
The peace and quiet of a country life,
Carried headlong with ambition, contend
To wear the golden fetters of employment,

Presuming there's no happiness but in
The service of the state! But when they have tried,
By a sad experience, the burthen of them,
When 'tis not in their power, at any rate
They would redeem their calm security,
Mortgaged in wantonness. Alas! what are we,
That govern provinces, but preys exposed
To every subtle spy? And when we have,
Like sponges, sucked in wealth, we are squeezed out
By the rough hand of the law; and, failing in
One syllable of our commission, with
The loss of what we got with toil, we draw

Enter CORNELIA *and a* Moor-woman

What was our own in question. — You come timely,
To turn my tired thoughts from a sad discourse
That I had with myself.
Corn. I rather fear, sir,
I bring an argument along with me
That will increase, not lessen, such conceptions
As I found with you.
Mar. Why, sweet? What's the matter?
Corn. When I but name Antiochus, though I spare
To make a brief relation how he died,
Or what he is, if he now live, a sigh,
And seconded with a tear, I know, must fall
As a due tribute to him.
Mar. Which I pay
Without compulsion; but why do you
Lance this old sore?
Corn. The occasion commands it,
And now I would forget it, I am forced,
In thankfulness, to call to memory
The favours for which we must ever owe him.
You had the honour, in his court at Sardis[n]

To be styled his friend, an honour Rome and Carthage
Were rivals for, and did deserve the envy
Of his prime minions and favourites;
His natural subjects planted in his favour
Or rooted up, as your dislike or praise
Reported them; the good king holding what
You spake to be oraculous, and not
To be disputed. His magnificent gifts
Confirmed his true affection, which you were
More weary to receive than he to give;
Yet still he studied new ones.

Mar. Pray you, no more.

Corn. O, 'tis a theme, sir, I could ever dwell on;
But, since it does offend you, I will speak
Of what concerns myself. He did not blush,
In the height of his felicity, to confess
Fabricius, my lord and father, for
His much-loved kinsman, and as such observed him.
You may please to remember too, when, at
A public sacrifice made to the gods
After a long infection, in which
The Asian kings and queens were his assistants,
With what respect and grace he did receive me;
And, at a solemn tilting, when he had
Put on the richest armour of the world,
Smiling he said his words are still, and shall be,
Writ in the tablet of my heart "Fair cousin,"
So he began — and then you thought me fair too —
"Since I am turned soldier, 'twere a solecism,
In the language of the war, to have no mistress;
And therefore, as a prosperous omen to
My undertakings, I desire to fight,
So you with willingness give suffrage to it,
Under your gracious colours;" and then, loosening
A scarf tied to mine arm, he did entreat me
To fasten it on his. O, with what joy
I did obey him, rapt beyond myself

In my imagination to have
So great a king my servant!
Mar. You had too
Some private conference.
Corn. And you gave way to it
Without a sign of jealousy, and dispensed with
The Roman gravity.
Mar. Would I could again
Grant you like opportunity . . . .
Is this remembered now?
Corn. It does prepare
A suit I have, which you must not deny me,
To see the man, who, as it is reported,
In the exterior parts Nature hath drawn
As his perfect copy. There must be something in him
Remarkable in his resemblance only
Of King Antiochus' features.
Mar. 'Twas my purpose;

Enter FLAMINIUS *and* DEMETRIUS

And so much, my Cornelia, Flaminius
Shall not deny us.
Flam. As my duty binds me,
My stay here being but short, I come unsent for
To kiss your lordship's hands.
Mar. I answer you
In your own language, sir. — [*Aside.*] And yet your stay here
May be longer than you think.
Flam. Most honoured madam,
I cannot stoop too low in tendering of
My humblest service.
Corn. You disgrace your courtship
In overacting it, my lord; I look not
For such observance.

Flam. I am most unhappy,
If that your excellence make any scruple
Of doubt you may command me.
Corn. This assurance
Gives me encouragement to entreat a favour,
In which my lord being a suitor with me,
I hope shall find a grant.
Flam. Though all that's mine
Be comprehended in't.
Mar. Your promise, sir,
Shall not so far engage you. In respect
Of some familiar passages between
The King Antiochus, when he lived, and us,
And, though it needs it not, for farther proof
That this is an impostor, we desire
Some conference with him.
Flam. For your satisfaction
I will dispense a little with the strictness
Of my commission. — Sirrah, will the captain
To bring him to the proconsul.
Corn. His chains took off;
That I entreat too, since I would not look on
The image of a king I so much honoured
Bound like a slave.
Flam. See this great lady's will
Be punctually obeyed. [*Exit* DEMETRIUS.
Mar. Your wisdom, sir,
Hath done the state a memorable service,
In strangling in the birth this dreadful monster;
And, though with some your cruel usage of him —
For so they call your fit severity —
May find a harsh interpretation, wise men
In judgement must applaud it.
Flam. Such as are
Selected instruments for deep designs,
As things unworthy of them, must not feel
Or favours or affections. Though I know

The ocean of your apprehensions needs not
The rivulet of my poor cautions, yet,
Bold from my long experience, I presume —
As a symbol of my zeal and service to you —
To leave this counsel. When you are, my lord,
Graced or distasted by the state, remember
Your faculties are the state's, and not your own,
And therefore have a care the empty sounds
Of friend or enemy sway you not beyond
The limits are assigned you. We, with ease,
Swim down the stream. But to oppose the torrent
Is dangerous, and to go more or less
Than we are warranted, fatal.
Mar. With my thanks
For your so grave advice, I'll put in practice
On all occasions what you deliver,
And study them as aphorisms. In the meantime,
Pray you accept such entertainment as
Syracusa can present you. When the impostor
Arrives let us have notice. Pray you walk, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Another Room in the same

Enter ANTIOCHUS, Captain, *and* Soldiers

Capt. Wait at the palace gate. There is no fear now
Of his escape; I'll be myself his guardian
Till you hear further from me. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.
Ant. What new engine
Hath cruelty found out to raise against
This poor demolished rampire? It is levelled
With the earth already. Will they triumph in
The ruins they have made, or is there yet
One masterpiece of tyranny in store

Beyond that I have suffered? If there be
A vial of affliction not poured out yet
Upon this sinful head, I am prepared,
And will look on the cloud before it break
Without astonishment. Scorn me not, captain,
As a vain braggart. I will make this good,
And I have strength to do it. I am armed
With such varieties of defensive weapons,
Lent to me from my passive fortitude,
That there's no torment of a shape so horrid
Can shake my constancy. Where lies the scene now?
Though the hangings of the stage were congealed gore,
The chorus flinty executioners,
And the spectators, if it could be, more
Inhuman than Flaminius, the cue given,
The principal actor's ready.

Capt. If I durst
I could show my compassion.

Ant. Take heed, captain;
Pity in Roman officers is a crime
To be punished more than murder in cold blood.
Bear up. To tell me where I am, I take it,
Is no offence.

Capt. You are in Syracusa,
In the court of the proconsul.

Ant. Who? Marcellus?

Capt. That noble Roman. By him you are sent for,
But to what end I am ignorant.

Ant. Ha! He was
My creature, and, in my prosperity, proud
To hold dependence of me, though I graced him
With the title of a friend; and his fair lady
In courtship styled my mistress. Can they be
Infected with such barbarism as to make me
A spectacle for their sport?

Enter MARCELLUS, FLAMINIUS, CORNELIA, Moor-woman, *and* Servants

Capt. They are here, and soon
They will resolve you.
Mar. Be reserved, and let not
The near resemblance of his shape transport you
Beyond yourself; though I confess the object
Does much amaze me.
Corn. You impose, my lord,
What I want power to bear.
Mar. Let my example,
Though your fierce passions make war against it,
Strengthen your reason.
Ant. Have you taken yet
A full view of me? In what part do I
Appear a monster?
Corn. His own voice!
Mar. Forbear.
Ant. Though I were an impostor, as this fellow
Labours you to believe, you break the laws
Of fair humanity in adding to
Affliction at the height; and I must tell you
The reverence you should pay unto the shape
Of King Antiochus may challenge pity
As a due debt, not scorn. Wise men preserve
Dumb pictures of their friends, and look upon them
With feeling and affection, yet not hold it
A foolish superstition; but there is
In thankfulness a greater tie on you
To show compassion.
Mar. Were it possible
Thou couldst be King Antiochus —
Ant. What then?
Mar. I should both say and do —
Ant. Nothing for me —
As far as my persuasion could prevent it —

Not suiting with the quality and condition
Of one that owes his loyalty to Rome;
And since it is by the inscrutable will
Of fate determined that the royalties
Of Asia must be conferred upon her,
For what offence I know not, 'tis in vain
For men to oppose it. You express, my lord,
A kind of sorrow for me, in which, madam,
You seem to be a sharer. That you may
Have some proof to defend it, for your mirth's sake
I'll play the juggler, or more subtle gipsy,
And to your admiration reveal
Strange mysteries to you, which, as you are Romans,
You must receive for cunning tricks, but give
No farther credit to them.
Flam. At your peril
You may give him hearing; but to have faith in him
Neighbours to treason. Such an impudent slave
Was never read of.
Mar. I dare stand his charms
With open ears. Speak on.
Ant. If so, have at you!
Can you call to your memory, when you were
At Sardis with Antiochus, before
His Grecian expedition, what he,
With his own hands, presented you as a favour,
No third man by to witness it?
Mar. Give me leave
To recollect myself. Yes — sure 'twas so —
He gave me a fair sword.
Ant. 'Tis true, and you
Vowed never to part from it. Is it still
In your possession?
Mar. The same sword I have,
And, while I live, will keep.
Ant. Will you not say,
It being four and twenty years since you

Were master of that gift, if now I know it,
Among a thousand others, that I have
The art of memory?
Mar. I shall receive it
As no common sleight. — Sirrah, fetch all the swords
For mine own use in my armoury; and, do you hear?
Do as I give directions. [*Whispers.*
Serv. With all care, sir. [*Exit.*
Ant. To entertain the time until your servant
Returns, there is no syllable that passed
Between you and Antiochus which I could not
Articulately deliver. You must still
Be confident that I am an impostor,
Or else the trick is nothing.

Re-enter Servant, *with many swords*

Corn. Can this be?
Ant. O, welcome, friend. Most choice and curious swords,
But mine is not among them.
Mar. Bring the rest.

Enter another Servant, *with more swords*

Ant. Ay, this is it. This is the sword I gave you
Before I went to Greece. Be not amazed,
Nor let this trifle purchase a belief
I am Antiochus. Here is one will assure you
These are but juggling tricks of an affronter.
Flam. They are no more. A contract's sealed between
The devil and this seducer, at the price
Of his damned soul, and his familiar demon
Acquaints him with these passages.
Mar. I know not,
But I am thunderstruck.

Corn. I can contain
Myself no longer.
Ant. Stay, dear madam; though
Credulity be excusable in your sex,
To take away all colour of guilt in you,
You shall have stronger proofs. The scarf you gave me,
As a testimony you adopted me
Into your service, I ware on mine armour,
When I fought with Marcus Scaurus; and mine eye
Hath on the sudden found a precious jewel
You deigned to receive from me . . .
Which you wear on your . . .
Corn. I acknowledge
It was the King Antiochus' gift.
Ant. I will
Make a discovery of a secret in it
Of which you yet are ignorant. Pray you trust it,
For King Antiochus' sake, into my hands.
I thank your readiness. Nay, dry your eyes;
You hinder else the faculty of seeing
The cunning of the lapidary. I can
Pull out the stone, and under it you shall find
My name, and cipher I then used, engraven.
Corn. 'Tis most apparent. Though I lose my life for't,
These knees shall pay their duty.
Ant. By no means.
For your own sake be still incredulous,
Since your faith cannot save me. I should know
This Moorish woman. Yes, 'tis she. Thou wert
One of my laundry, and thou wast called Zanthia
While thou wert mine. I am glad thou hast lighted on
So gracious a mistress.
Moor-woman. Mine own king!
O, let me kiss your feet. What cursèd villains
Have thus transformed you?
Flam. 'Tis not safe, my lord,
To suffer this.

Mar. I am turned statue, or
All this is but a vision.
Ant. Your ear, madam.
Since what I now shall say is such a secret
As is known only to yourself and me,
And must exclude a third, though your own lord,
From being of the counsel. Having gained
Access and privacy with you, my hot blood
No friend to modest purposes prompted me,
With pills of poisoned language, candied o'er
With hopes of future greatness, to attempt
The ruin of your honour. I enforced then
My power to justify the ill, and pressed you
With mountainous promises of love and service:
But when the building of your faith and virtue
Began to totter, and a kind of grant
Was offered, my then sleeping temperance
Began to rouse itself; and, breaking through
The obstacles of lust, when most assured
To enjoy a pleasant hour, I let my suit fall,
And, with a gentle reprehension, taxed
Your forward proneness, but with many vows
Ne'er to discover it, which Heaven can witness
I have and will keep faithfully.
Corn. This is
The King Antiochus, as sure as I am
The daughter of my mother.
Mar. Be advised.
Flam. This is little less than treason!
Corn. They are traitors,
Traitors to innocence and oppressed justice,
That dare affirm the contrary.
Mar. Pray you temper
The violence of your passion. . . .
. . . . . .
Corn. . . . . . but express
Your thankfulness for his so many . . .

And labour that the Senate may restore him
Unto his own; I'll die else.
Ant. Live long, madam,
To nobler and more profitable uses.
I am a falling structure, and desire not
Your honours should be buried in my ruins.
Let it suffice, my lord, you must not see
The sun, if, in the policy of state,
It is forbidden. With compassion
Of what a miserable king hath suffered,
Preserve me in your memory.
Flam. You stand as
This sorcerer had bewitched you. Drag him to
His oar," and let his weighty chains be doubled.
Mar. For my sake, let the poor man have what favour
You can afford him.
Flam. Sir, you must excuse me. —
You have abused the liberty I gave you;
[*To* ANTIOCHUS.
But, villain, you pay dear for't. — I will trust
The execution of his punishment
To no man but myself; his cries and groans
Shall be my hourly music. So, my lord,
I take my leave abruptly.
Corn. May all plagues,
That ever followed tyranny, pursue thee!
Mar. Pray you stay a little.
Flam. On no terms.
Mar. Yield so much
To my entreaties.
Flam. Not a minute, for
Your government!
Mar. I will not purchase, sir,
Your company at such a rate; and yet
Must take the boldness upon me to tell you
You must and shall stay.

Flam. How!
Mar. Nay, what is more,
As a prisoner, not a guest. Look not so high;
I'll humble your proud thoughts.
Flam. You dare not do this
Without authority.
Mar. You shall find I have
Sufficient warrant, with detaining you,
To take this man into my custody. —
Though 'tis not in my power, whate'er you are,
To do you further favour, I thus free you
Out of this devil's paws.
Ant. I take it as
A lessening of my torments.
Flam. You shall answer
This in another place.
Mar. But you shall here
Yield an account without appeal for what
You have already done. You may peruse . . . .
[*Hands him a letter.*
Shake you already? Do you find I have
. . . . . Call in the Asian merchants.

Enter 2nd and 3rd Merchants *and* Guards

. . . . . .
. . . . . now to be hanged
. . . . . him that pities thee
. . . . cusers
. . . die and will prove that you took bribes
Of the Carthaginian merchants, to detain
Their lawful prize; and, for your sordid ends,
Abused the trust, committed by the state,
To right their vassals. The wise Senate, as
They will reward your good and faithful service,
Cannot, in justice, without punishment
Pass o'er your ill. Guiltiness makes you dumb;

But, till that I have leisure, and you find
Your tongue, to prison with him.

Flam. I prove too late,
As Heaven is merciful, man's cruelty
Never escapes unpunished.

[*Exeunt* Guards *with* FLAMINIUS.

Ant. How a smile
Labours to break forth from me! But what is
Rome's pleasure shall be done with me.

Mar. Pray you think, sir,
A Roman, not your constant friend, that tells you
You are confined unto the Gyaræ[n]
With a strong guard upon you.

Re-enter Guard

Ant. Then 'tis easy
To prophesy I have not long to live,
Though the manner how I shall die is uncertain.
Nay, weep not. Since 'tis not in you to help me,
These showers of tears are fruitless. May my story
Teach potentates humility, and instruct
Proud monarchs, though they govern human things,
A greater power does raise, or pull down, kings!

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

The end of epilogues is to inquire
The censure of the play, or to desire
Pardon for what's amiss. In his intent
The maker vows that he is innocent;
And, for me and my fellows, I protest,
And you may believe me, we have done our best;
And reason too we should. But whether you
Conceive we have with care discharged what's due
Rests yet in supposition; you may
If you please resolve us. If our fate this day
Prove prosperous, and you too vouchsafe to give
Some sign your pleasure is this work shall live,
We will find out new ways for your delight,
And, to our power, ne'er fail to do you right.

NOTES

Figures in black type refer to pages; those in light face to lines.

THE ROMAN ACTOR

37: 1. **Agave's frenzy.** Agave was the daughter of Cadmus, founder of Thebes. After her son Pentheus succeeded to the kingdom, Bacchus came to Thebes, and taught his orgies to the women of the city. Pentheus attempted to moderate their excesses, but was torn to pieces by his mother Agave and her sisters. — 6. **buskined scene.** Tragedy, since actors in plays of this sort wore "buskins," laced half boots with raised soles and heels, to increase their stature. Similarly "humble sock" is used for "comedy," since comic actors wore a light low heeled shoe called *soccus*. — 9. **Great Pompey's work.** Pompey's theatre, finished B.C. 52, and with a capacity, according to contemporary report, of some 10,000 spectators less than is here claimed. 10. **Liburnian slaves.** Liburnia was a division of Illyria, corresponding to the modern Croatia. Slaves from this country, according to Juvenal (iii. 239, iv. 75), were used in Rome as sedan-bearers.

38: 10. **guarded robe.** Tunic *guarded* or trimmed with purple; worn by senators. — 26. **sestertii.** The *sestertius* was a Roman coin, worth 4½ cents. — 39. **Aventine.** The southernmost of the seven hills of Rome; here figurative for "fortress," "security." 44. **Catti and the Daci.** Catti was the original of the modern "Hesse," and the name of the tribe peopling Hesse and Thuringia in the first century. The Daci or Dacians, living between the Theiss and the Danube, were not conquered as Domitian (scene iv) pretends, but actually forced Rome, in the campaign just finished, to recognize their king and pay him tribute. They were not "subdued" till the reign of Trajan (A.D. 106). Massinger follows Suetonius here (*Domitianus*, vi): "After several battles with the Catti and the Daci, Domitian celebrated a double triumph."

40: 84. "the **Delight of all Mankind.**" *Deliciæ humani*

generis: a phrase applied to Titus after his death (A.D. 82). Though dissolute in earlier years, this emperor gave up his evil habits on assuming the purple, and devoted himself to the reform of Roman morals. Massinger in the next lines enlarges the incident told by Suetonius and others: "Once at supper, remembering that he had done nothing for any one that day, he broke out into the memorable and justly-admired saying, *Diem perdidi*, 'I have lost a day.'" — 94. **fastened to the hook.** The bodies of executed criminals were dragged to the Tiber by hooks fastened to their necks. — 95. **Gemonies.** The Gemonian Steps, on the face of the Aventine Hill, down which the bodies of condemned prisoners were thrown. On these, Vitellius "was tormented and put to death, and his body dragged by a hook to the Tiber." — 103. **Vitellian war.** The civil war which broke out on the revolt of the legions against Vitellius. Domitian fled with the rebel party of Rome to the Capitol, which Vitellius set on fire. Domitian saved himself by emerging disguised as a priest of Isis.

41: 114. **Curia.** Meeting-place of the Senate.

42: 35. **my way of youth.** My course, my time of youth. Cf. *Macbeth*, V. iii. 22, 23:

> my way of life
> Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf.

45: 1. **Fathers conscript.** "Fathers and Chosen" (*Patres Conscripti*), the ancient title by which officers and orators addressed the Senate. — 3. **frequent Senate.** Fully assembled Senate.

46: 15. **The style . . . Rome.** Marcus Claudius Marcellus, killed (B.C. 208) in the war with Hannibal, was often called the "Sword of Rome" because of his aggressive and vigorous campaigns. The epithet "Shield of Rome" belongs rather to Fabius Quintus Maximus, for his policy of delay, than to Marcellus. — 19. **Cato's resolution.** The reference is to Marcus Cato, of Utica in North Africa, and the resolute manner of his suicide. After the overthrow of Pompey's party (B.C. 46), Cato sent away his last defenders, and gave himself a wound with a dagger. When attendants had stopped the flow of blood, Cato insistently and effectually tore off his bandages. — 24. **as.** Supply *who* before *as*. 33. **I . . . quality.** I accuse your profession — actors in general — of treason.

48 : 85. **Alcides.** An appellation of Hercules; from the name of his grandfather Alceus. — 86. **bold Camillus.** L. Furius Camillus, according to Livy (v. 46), stopped the purchase of peace from the Gauls, after their capture of the city under Brennus, and routed the invaders. For this he was called the father of his country, and the second founder of the city. — 88. **Scipio.** Scipio Africanus the Elder, who defeated the forces of Carthage under Hannibal (B.C. 202), and imposed hard conditions upon the city. — 102. **Lydian.** Lydia, as the richest province of Asia Minor, was proverbially corrupt.

51 : 27. **Plautus' braggart.** The title character in "The Braggart Soldier" (*Miles Gloriosus*), a comedy of Plautus (B.C. 254–184). — 29. **Daci.** See note under "Catti," p. 38, l. 44.

52 : 41. **Bellona.** Sister (or wife) of Mars, and goddess of war.

53 : 67. **Phlegræan plain.** The region about Vesuvius, still smoking, as the poets feigned, from thunderbolts hurled by Jove in his overthrow of the giants. — 82. **Capitol.** The chief temple and citadel of Rome, on the Capitoline Hill, destroyed in the reign of Vitellius (cf. note, p. 40, l. 103), and just restored at fabulous cost by Domitian.

54 : 19. **Tyrian purple.** Robes dyed in the costly *murex* purple, of Tyre, the patrician colour of classical times.

55 : 30. **Apicius.** A noted epicure living in the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius. Lucullus, conqueror of Mithridates and Tigranes (B.C. 74–66), lived in phenomenal luxury with the wealth acquired in this campaign. — 44. **electuaries.** An electuary is any candied substance, as honey, used as the vehicle of a drug. — 45. **bezoar stone.** A concretion found in the stomach or intestines of certain animals, and once believed to possess curative powers.

58 : 122. **Agricola.** The conqueror of Britain — recalled by Domitian who had died (A.D. 93) of an illness that suggested poison.

61 : 224. **Calliope.** Muse of eloquence and epic poetry.

62 : 251. **Sabinus.** Brother of the emperor Vespasian and uncle of Domitian. — 254. **Phœbe.** The moon.

64 : 300. **Mammon.** The Syrian god of riches; unmentioned, as Massinger apparently forgets, by classic authors.

66 : 356. **Solon.** The celebrated lawgiver of Athens, and the unimpeachable arbitrator between her rich and poor. — 358.

Irus. The glutton of Ithaca, who opposed Ulysses's entry (*Odyssey*, xviii) to his palace.

67: 411. **filched . . . Horace.** Namely, from the *Satires* (II. 3.)

73: 21. **the Degrees.** The Gemonian Steps. See note on "Gemonies" (p. 40, l. 95).

75: 55. **Stygian lake.** The river Styx in the lower world; called "lake" because of the nine circuits of its sluggish current. — 59. **After . . . death.** An infelicitous echo, — "For in that sleep of death what dreams may come," — from Hamlet's soliloquy. — 72. **leaf of Seneca.** In allusion probably to this author's tract *On the Firmness of the Sage*.

76: 89. **Marius' story.** As told ("Caius Marius") in Plutarch's *Lives*.

77: 127. **Virbius.** The name borne by Hippolytus, after he was restored to life by Æsculapius. See note on "Phædra" (p. 92, l. 71). — 140. **Iphis.** Borrowed from Ovid's story (*Metamorphoses*, xiv. 698 ff.) of Iphis and Anaxarete.

78: 163. **Sphinx.** The monster, sent by Juno, to ravage the territory of the Thebans. After Œdipus solved its riddle, it destroyed itself by leaping from the rock.

83: 297. **share.** That is, of the receipts or profits from the play. — 297. **Sit down with.** If you sit down under. — 298. **Gaditane.** In allusion to a passage (*Satires*, xi. 162–164) in Juvenal.

92: 71. **Phædra.** The wife of Theseus, who conceived a violent passion for her stepson Hippolytus, and, being repulsed, procured his death.

94: 114. **Vulcan's filing.** An allusion to the invisible net by which Vulcan (*Odyssey*, viii) exposed the amour of his wife with Mars.

95: 159. **Strangle him.** This is widely at variance with Suetonius (xi). Aretinus Clemens was connected by marriage with the family of Vespasian, and was appointed by Mucianus prefect of the Prætorian Guard (B.C. 70). While he is of purpose degraded in this play, the author has small warrant for denominating him "Cæsar's spy."

98: 241. **Why, when?** Pray, when? An idiom of impatience. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 5:

> When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

100 : 295. **Rent . . . hook.** See note p. 40, l. 94) on "fastened to the hook." — 304. **poets adorn.** Subjunctive imperative: "Let poets adorn, . . . the stage mourn," etc.

101 : 4. **call him.** Namely, Ascletario. Cf. his entry with Tribunes and Guard below. The episode following is taken from Dio Cassius, lxvii. 16.

103 : 55. **Omphale.** Queen of Lydia, whom Hercules, dressed as a female slave, served three years.

107 : 180. **While . . . unknown.** Till we have removed ourselves. — 188. **discourse.** More fully, "discourse of reason," "range of reasoning powers." Cf. *Hamlet*, I. ii. 150:

> O God! A beast that wants discourse of reason.

108 : 201–204. **Junius Rusticus . . . now appeared.** Cf. Dio Cassius, lxvii. 16: "In a vision he beheld Rusticus approaching him with a sword." There is no mention of Palphurius Sura, who survived Domitian. Historically, Junius Rusticus was put to death by Domitian, some years earlier, because he wrote a panegyric upon Thrasea, a Stoic reformer executed in the reign of Nero.

109 : 232. **Orc.** An unknown and perhaps mythical sea monster.

112 : 19. **Thus . . . all.** Thus, then, we take any odds.

115 : 78. **this'.** A contraction for *this is*. — 85. **sentence.** Before this word, "her" — or "forth" preceding "to" — seems to have dropped out of the text.

THE MAID OF HONOUR

118. thirty-second novel. The title of this novel is of interest: A Gentlewoman and Wydow called Camiola of her owne minde Raunsomed Roland the Kyng's Sonne of Sicilia, of purpose to haue him to hir husband, who when he was redeemed vnkindly denied hir, against whom very Eloquently, she Inueyed, and although the Law proued him to be hir Husband, yet for his vnkindness, shee vtterly refused him.

119. Sir Francis Foljambe . . . and Sir Thomas Bland. The notion that Massinger wrote this play with Catholic sympathies invites the conjecture that he would seek patronage for it among men of his own faith. Sir Francis Foljambe, Baronet, appears, in 1631, as defendant in a tithes case before the Court

of Star Chamber and High Commission (*Camden Society, 1886*, p. 66). But among the many allegations of the prosecutor there is no mention or hint of recusancy, — an inconceivable omission and sufferance, in this court, for any Papist. No proof is found of Sir Thomas Bland's affiliations with Catholics.

120. Duke of Urbin. The duchy of Urbino was of importance in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Its capital of the same name, built near the border of the Apennines and some twenty miles distant from the Adriatic, was once called, because of eminence in art and architecture, the Athens of Italy.

121: 8. **show water.** Disclose coin, to clear my eyesight.

122: 25. **revenue.** Often accented in the Elizabethan period, as here, on the second syllable. — 28. **Fortunate Islands.** The Latin name, *Fortunatæ Insulæ*, of the Canaries. — 32. **time of . . . point.** Time necessary for fastening tagged laces, or points, which required no knot. See *Points* in Glossary.

123: 55. **Foundered.** Supply *are*: "they founder, *i.e.* stumble and go lame, in a retreat." — 56. **courage sympathize.** Supply *to* between the words. — 68. **knight of Malta.** One of a military and religious order called Hospitallers, founded at Jerusalem near the middle of the eleventh century. Its governing chapter was in course of time transferred to Malta, whence the modern name.

124: 77. **dependencies.** Matters in suspense, grounds of a controversy. — 88. **Lachrymæ.** Title of a work by John Dowland (b. 1562), a musician and composer; said to have been a friend of Shakespeare.

128: 201. **purple.** See note (p. 54, l. 19) on "Tyrian purple."

129: 227. **When the Iberian . . . named.** The reference is to the Spanish Armada, and Howard, Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and other English sea-dogs who engaged it. For the borrowing from Puck, cf. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. i. 175. — 240. **To break . . . temple.** To give the signal for battle.

131: 5. **gentleman-usher.** Polished courtier who acts as usher to a sovereign. — 15. **you . . . suds.** In distress or confusion; not unlike the slangish "in the soup," current some years ago. — 18. **whole trade . . . teeth.** Barbers were also surgeons in England until 1745.

135: 108. **Antony . . . Cleopatra.** See *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. x. 18–24. 121. **not parallels . . . divided.** Radii cut off or "divided" before their meeting at the centre. —

128. **Thersites.** The scurrilous reviler of the Greeks (*Iliad*, ii. 212 ff.) in the Trojan siege; one of the characters in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*. — 129. **Irus.** See note, p. 66, l. 358.

136: 153. **dispensed with.** Suffered to have exemption.

142: 42. **Tamburlaine in little.** In allusion to Marlowe's play of *Tamburlaine the Great*, in which the title character uses Bajazeth as his footstool.

144: 90. **suit-broker.** One who makes it his business to solicit favourable action at court on petitions of unprivileged folk.

146: 157. **the proverb's stale.** "What is gotten on the devil's back is spent under his belly."

147: 177. **haggard.** Untamed, intractable hawk that refuses to bring down birds in falconry. Also, as here, "profligate," "wanton."

153: 28. **Væ victis!** "Woe to the conquered;" quoted from Livy, v. 48.

157: 29. **Posse et nolle, nobile.** "To be able and yet not wish is noble."

158: 50. **port we should bear.** Style we should maintain. — 70. **gazet.** An ancient Venetian coin, worth three-fourths of a cent.

160: 125. **cry broom, or cat's meat.** Perhaps "cry broom-cat's meat," *broom cat* being an old name for "hare." *Cry*, of course, is "hawk," "peddle."

171: 184. **Take me with you.** Not so fast, make yourself intelligible.

176: 7. **Seneca . . . thought.** M. Annæus Seneca, rhetorician and tutor to Nero, wrote tragedies, and tracts on Stoic doctrine. The reference is again (see p. 75, l. 72) to his *De Constantia Sapientis*, "On the Firmness of the Sage, or Evidence that No Harm can Befall the Wise." — 12. **Soothing his lip-positions.** Unconsidered statements, "positions" taken offhand, by the lips rather than by reason. *Soothing* is saying "true," "true," continually, to these positions.

178: 90. **nil ultra.** "Nothing beyond;" a phrase almost manneristic with this author.

184: 108. **To the centre . . . guiding me.** Suggested by the visit of Æneas to the Cumæan sibyl (*Æneid*, vi. 40–155), for counsel concerning his proposed visit to the underworld.

192: 10. "**Willow, willow!**" In allusion to Desdemona's song (*Othello*, IV. iii), or the ballad from which it is varied. — 11. "**Go by!**" A sneering reference to Kyd's play, *The Spanish Tragedy*.

195: 73. **the presence full.** When the assembly of courtiers or nobles, to whom the Duchess is giving audience, is at the full.

202: 146. **take the right hand file.** Similar and equivalent to "be admitted to the front rank."

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

211. your incomparable lady. Anne Sophia Herbert, daughter of Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery, who married Robert Dormer, Earl of Carnarvon, February 27, 1625. The Earl of Carnarvon joined the royalist forces, and fell at the first battle of Newbury, September 20, 1643.

212. Term-Driver. One who moves about, during sessions, from court to court.

213: 8. **quit me.** Acquit me, *i.e.* of being a rogue. — 11. **Plymouth cloak.** Obsolete slang for "cudgel." — 15. **rusty billmen.** Men bearing bills or halberds seldom used; the weapons of warders and watchmen.

214: 18. **At his own peril.** Said, of course, to Froth. Supply "let him," before these words. – 25. **in chalk.** In the score, as kept on an ale-house wall, in chalk. — 34. **quorum.** Some or all justices of the peace commissioned to sit or act as a court. — 35. **custos rotulorum.** Keeper of the Rolls, or records of the court. – 42. **prime gallant.** Leader in dissipation.

215: 54. **token.** A small metallic disk, like a coin, worth about one-fourth of a cent; once given or redeemed as change by merchants. — 56. **paper-pellets.** I. O. U.'s. — 65. **stuck not.** Did not stickle or haggle about charges. 70. **your petition . . . quarter.** On your making proper petition, I might allow you a penny a week. — 71. **dog-bolt.** Originally, a blunt-headed bolt or arrow; here, a cant term of reproach. – 75. **Make purses.** Make up purses.

216: 88. **tread . . . mortar.** Lumps of lime were once trodden, for making mortar, by men wearing wooden shoes. – 92. **sceptre.** The cudgel which Wellborn has been using.

217: 124. **wonder.** Affected surprise. – 131. **Does it blush.**

At mention of Margaret, Allworth shows embarrassment, which Wellborn attributes, through *it*, to folly (l. 128).

218: 136. **porter's lodge**. A small dwelling near the entrance of an estate or park. Here masters castigated their servants with the lash. — 137. **sworn servant . . . pantofle**. Articled page, and so bound to carry your master's or mistress's slippers. — 148. **envious**. Inimical, malicious. Cf. Shakespeare's use (*Venus*, 705) of the same phrase. — 160. **swelling**. Here "pretentious," "pompous." Cf. again, Shakespeare's *swelling port* (*Merchant of Venice*, I. i. 124), and *swelling scene* (*Henry V*, Prol. 4).

219: 168. **material**. Echoed correctingly from *matter* in the same line. It is a matter of much moment. — 171. **pieces**. Coins, of twenty-two shillings' value. — 172. **fashion**. By synecdoche for "dress."

220: 4. **misses . . . function**. Falls short in performance of duty. — 10. **Cooks . . . choleric**. Cooks, from the exacting nature of their work, have warrant to be testy.

221: 25. **raise fortifications . . . pastry**. Raising fortifications in pastry was an accomplishment of expert cooks at court and in great houses. Defences of towns in the Low Countries, which were at war with Spain till 1648, might be said, or imagined, to furnish models. — 27. **Breda**. A city of Brabant, in the Netherlands, besieged for a year and captured by the Spaniards, under Spinola, in 1625. — 32. **to your pet**. To your being in a pet, or fit of pique. — 33. **Marry**. Originally, a profane use of *Mary*, the name of the virgin. Here nearly equivalent to the expletive "why." — 42. **stolen . . . commission**. Secured his commission, as a justice of the peace, by fraud.

222: 50. **in little**. In miniature.

224: 103. **repair . . . place**. Go to a scene of war as to a place. *Place* is in quasi apposition with *thither*.

225: 11. **runs o'er**. Waters.

226: 24. **here**. Right now; at the present point. — 30. **Henrici decimo quarto**. "In the fourteenth year of King Henry"; according to the ancient formula of reference to a statute. — 35. **corner . . . pasty**. Angle or "piece" of pie. — 43. **Pie-corner**. Said with punning reference to "corner of pasty" (l. 35) above, and to *Pie-corner* of Giltspur Street in London.

227: 46. **served . . . basket**. Baskets of broken meat and bread from the tables of the great were borne daily to the porter's

lodge and the two Counters, or debtors' prisons. — 60. **to make legs.** To move the legs in bowing; "scrape."

228: 65. **batten Upon reversions!** Feast upon remains, after others' eating, that "revert" to the kitchen. — 76. **Though sworn.** Though oath were made. *Sworn* is in absolute construction. — 83. **take order.** Take steps, give orders.

229: 103. **gave him fashion.** Furnished him means of conforming to requirements of fashion in taste and manners. Cf. I. i. 172.

231: 2. **Your worships.** Men gifted like your worship. — 4. **chapfallen justice.** See I. iii. 26–34. — 5. **certificate.** Deposition or other document ruled out by Greedy. — 17. **præmunire.** The offence of encroaching upon the power of the crown, and punishable by forfeiture of property or imprisonment. — 20. **my devotion.** The condition of being devoted to my interests, to me.

232: 41. **in forma pauperis.** "In status of a pauper."

233: 52. **close cheat . . . him.** Deceptions of which I made him secretly the victim. — 65. **Not all the world . . . gallows.** Theft and forgery, as well as murder, were punished by hanging in England till near the beginning of the last century. — 76. **Right honourable.** The title appropriate to wives and daughters of certain peers.

236: 134. **Lady of the Lake.** The water spirit and enchantress of the *Morte Darthur*. — 139. **pass her porter.** See note (p. 218, l. 136) on "porter's lodge." — 142. **see thee curvet.** That is, when tossed like a dog in a blanket.

237: 18. **true elixir.** The elixir which prolongs life indefinitely, and of which the famed *elixir vitæ* is but a counterfeit. —20. **cocks of the game.** Game-cocks. — 22. **Coral and ambergris.** Coral is the roe or eggs of lobsters; so called from the colour produced by cooking. Ambergris is a substance found in the intestines of the sperm whale; now used in perfumes, and once employed in cookery.

238: 38. **primer.** A comparatively new word in Massinger's day. "The earliest extant reading book, or A B C, published in the reign of Henry VIII, contains the alphabet, short prayers, etc." (Deighton.)

239: 55. **rails.** The water-rail, or perhaps the water-hen, both esteemed as game.

241: 100. **cooks are Persians.** That is, "are Zoroastrians,

being fire-worshippers." — 108. **groats**. The groat was an English silver piece, coined from 1272 till 1660, and worth eight cents.

242: 123. **Ram Alley**. An avenue leading from Fleet Street to the Temple and abounding in cook shops. — 131. **after a leg or two**. See p. 227, l. 60. — 133. **chid**. That is, for lingering from his mistress.

243: 137. **companion**. Not equal, but inferior; here nearly equivalent to "butt." 144. **An it like**. If it please. *Like* had often, in this age, the transitive sense of "suit." The present phrase belonged to the language of inferiors. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 767 and V. ii. 167.

244: 2. **casualties**. Slips between the cup and the lip. — 13. **out of . . . cozenage**. Merely from expectation of swindling me hereafter.

245: 27. **amber**. For *ambergris*. See note above (p. 237) on this word. — 29. **for change**. To enable a change of dress. — 37. **glebe land**. Land belonging to an ecclesiastical establishment. — 38. **manure**. Originally signified "maneuver"; here "till," "cultivate."

246: 60. **Sirrah**. Originally a lengthened form of *sir*, and later used generally in peremptory address to inferiors. — 63. **conjuring**. Conjuring up something. Marrall is usually quick to respond.

247: 80. **Simple . . . here**. A phrase of the period: "insignificant, worthless as I am." — 84. **sad**. Become sad; a verb now lost to the language. 90. **beggar's plot**. Overreach, now accepting Marrall's story, believes that he was feasted, not by Lady Allworth, but some maid wearing her mistress's robes.

248: 104. **crown**. An English silver coin, worth $1.22.

250: 22. **taxed with**. Taken to task for.

251: 69. **stood the Sirens**. Ulysses resisted the allurements of the sea nymphs so named by having himself lashed (cf. *Odyssey*, xii) to the mast of his ship. 70. **Hippolytus . . . Diana**. Hippolytus, slain by order of his father Theseus, was restored to life by Æsculapius at the request of Diana, who bore him away to Italy. Here, in the city of Aricia, he was worshipped under the name of Virbius. See note on "Phædra," p. 92, l. 71.

253: 31. **affects me not**. Does not impress me.

254: 30. **Lady Downfallen**. See II. i. 78–80. — 48. **counter**. The jail connected with a city court. — 60. **to**. As, for.

255: 67. **Norfolk dumpling**. A dumpling of the usual substances, but cooked in the meat gravy of a stew. - 74. **mistress dumpling**. *Mistress* is here adjective — like the older *minion*, and its French original, *mignon* — with the sense of "favourite," "darling." — 82. **as rise . . . glory**. *Rise* is intransitive, not causative, while *glory* is an accusative of limit, "to the level of."

256: 87. **woodcocks**. Frequent allusions to this bird are met with, in literature of the time, as a type of stupidity. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. iii. 115; V. 2. 317. — 96. **collar of brawn**. A piece of brawn or other meat rolled and tied close. "Brawn" is boar's flesh. — 105. **assure him thine**. Make him surely thine.

257: 117. **come off**. Escape unharmed.

259: 177. **Put on**. Be covered. — 180. **black-browed girl**. Said with feigned depreciation.

260: 199. **tissues . . . ill**. Yellow and red do not match well. Tissue was a thin fabric interwoven with threads of gold and silver. Cloth of gold is a proper symbol of nobility, while scarlet, as worn by the Lord Mayor and aldermen, seems put for the aristocracy of trade.

261: 209. **barathrum . . . shambles**. Abyss of the provision market; the epithet (*barathrum macelli*) applied by Horace to a greedy man. — 211. **Edwardi quinto**. "According to the statute enacted in the fifth year of Edward." See note on "*Henrici decimo quarto*," p. 226, l. 30. - 225. **amorous carriage**. Demeanour of one in love.

263: 250. **to prevent my visit**. Your anticipating my arrival by coming out thus to meet me. — 258. **the relation . . . you**. Expression of my assurances of respect and welcome. — 270. **at large**. Without stint; *i.e.* of praise.

265: 306. **bug words**. Threatening language, scare words. For *bug* in the sense of bogy, bugbear, cf. *Winter's Tale*, III. ii. 93. — 309. **dispense . . . worship**. Dispense with a little of your stateliness.

266: 8. **leaves my meat**. Neglects my courses. — 25. **Pasiphaë**. Wife of Minos, lawgiver of Crete. She was caused by Neptune to become enamoured of a white bull.

270: 27. **abate . . . five**. Lower your estimate to an eighth of a mile less than five.

271: 50. **shield of brawn**. The hard part of a boar's neck, esteemed the best "brawn" or flesh of the animal. - 50. **Colchester** — on the Colne, fifty-one miles northeast of London —

was famous for its oysters. — 53. **hangman of Flushing.** The reference may be to the execution of Pacheco, who, Italian engineer of Alva, and captured at Flushing, was ordered to be hanged. No executioner, however, could be had, the city hangman being absent. Even a condemned murderer, on promise of reprieve, refused except on the terms of killing any man who might afterwards taunt him with the deed. Cf. Motley, *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, II. vi. — 56. **Christmas coffer.** Properly, an earthen receptacle in which apprentices collected their subscriptions. — 56. **To my wish.** I am glad to see them go. — 72. **revenue.** See note on p. 122, l. 25.

272: 95. **That.** *Neither*, implied in *nor* of the next line, is understood. — 103. **nil ultra.** See note on p. 178, l. 90. — 105. **port.** State, style of living.

273: 125. **incloser . . . common.** The reference is to the enclosing or appropriation of public grounds by rich proprietors; not unlike the "fencing" of government lands in present times.

274: 155. **Olympus.** More correctly "Parnassus." — 162. **read . . . matins.** Such a morning service of worship to the Fiend.

275: 173. **yet not so near.** Usage of the time allowed the omission of *as*, in such phrases, before an infinitive.

276: 203. **fill their mouths.** Stop the mouths of those. — 213. **to discharge.** Carry through, accomplish. This infinitive is the subject of the following verb, and, with *consists*, is the object of *knows*. *That* is implied before each verb. — 220. **London blue.** Gentry; since the servants of noble families in London wore blue liveries. Scarlet was the tradesman's colour.

277: 247. **So.** On these terms. — 11. **all . . . house.** All the goings-on in it.

278: 1. **bawdry.** Assignations. — 20. **letter R.** As the abbreviation of *rogue*. — 25. **drum.** Beaten to attract a crowd, like the ringing of a bell at auctions. — 30. **pageants.** Street shows, on cars or floats. — 35. **trash.** A cant term for money. Cf. *Othello*, III. iii. 157.

279: 45. **Fear . . . Giles.** You have no call, trust me, to fear Sir Giles. It is often necessary to over-render the ethical dative, as here, by a verb. 52. **drew out fosset.** Kept an ale-house.

280: 68. **the great Turk came.** The Sultan had become,

after Solyman the Magnificent laid siege to Vienna in 1559, the bugbear of Europe. *Came*, should come, is past subjunctive. — 73. **gammon of bacon**. Pickled and dried ham. Suffolk dairy products are still standard. – 75. **emolument**. Usually, of course, "compensation," "profit," but here more nearly "entertainment," "comfort"; used, with *esculent*, pretentiously, to abash the illiterate Tapwell. – 87. **Bankside**. The Southwark side of the Thames, where had stood the Globe, and other theatres.

281: 95. **botch no more**. Set up again for a proper tailor.

282: 127. **play not my prize**. Play my part in the game. — 8. **that high office**. The Court of Heaven.

283: 24. **Indian mines**. The diamond mines of Golconda, famous in the age of Massinger and Milton. Cf. *P. L.* II. 2.

284: 61. **a confidence . . . him**. A presuming upon his rank that will cause him disappointment.

285: 88. **all**. Here Elizabethan for "the least," "any." — 96. **running at the ring**. Riding at a pole, in the attempt to pick off, with the point of a lance, a ring suspended from the top. — 100. **peevishness**. May be here concrete, as Gifford suggests: your peevish self.

286: 114. **Got'em**. A play on *Gotham*, a village in Nottinghamshire. *Beneficed* is provided with a church living. – 122. **prevent you**. Anticipate you. — 135. **paroquito**. A variant of *parrot;* perhaps from the Spanish *periquito*.

287: 137. **trencher**. The servant who carves, at a side table, for the family and guests at dinner.

288: 19. **Stand yet in supposition**. Have not passed the hypothetic, suppositional stage.

289: 52. **A widow . . . me**. The Spaniard was proverbially jealous; hence supposably averse to marrying the wife of a deceased husband.

292: 107. **on her left hand . . . nods on you**. "Your ladyship standing on her left hand — *i.e.* yielding her precedence — and courtesying low to her when she merely nods to you with proud condescension." (Deighton.) — 114. **No more!** Am I to be addressed with only "Sir"? – 115. **redeemed**. That is, from pawn. – 126. **since you are peremptory**. Since you affect to be insistent. – 129. **by statute**. Or, as we should say, by hypothecation, or by giving a lien. — 131. **lavender robes**. Clothes that have been redeemed from pawn.

293: 140. **Armed . . . practices.** Referring to the "deed" and "many other writings" of which Marrall (IV. ii. 123, 125) has spoken.

294: 150. **howe'er.** Although. — 170 **extended.** In law, to extend is to seize by writ.

295: 185. **Indented.** Contracts, in Massinger's days, were made as now in duplicate, of which either party kept one. The written matter was copied double on one sheet, which was then divided by an indented line. The two parts were proved to be genuine by fitting with exactness along this line. Each of these documents was said to be "indented." — 196. **Your neck . . . circle.** Witchcraft was punishable by death in England for nearly a century after this play was written. The year of the last convictions was 1712.

296: 233. **take in.** Capture. Dunkirk, the northernmost town of France on the English Channel, was often contended for by the French and Spanish until it came into the possession of England in 1658. — 230. **fix here.** Be fixed here, in my breast.

298: 284. **passages.** See note on p. 277, l. 11.

299: 290. **Village nurses.** Country midwives. — 294. **charity to.** Love for. — 310. **Libyan lion.** Supposed typical, in the Elizabethan age, for fierceness. — 310. **toil.** Usually *toils*, meshes, nets.

300: 323. **madam.** Said reassuringly, and with high compliment, to Margaret, who seems inconsolable. The word implied social distinction at the date of this play. — 320. **purchase.** To acquire real estate, — a law term.

301: 349. **cleaver.** The ax-like instrument used by butchers and cooks for dividing joints.

302: 375. **mittimus.** Order of a magistrate committing a person to jail, or, as here, to a madhouse. — 376. **Bedlam.** The hospital of Saint Mary of Bethlehem, for incurable lunatics, in London. — 377. **dark room.** Once part of the treatment of the insane. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III. iv. 148; V. ii. 23 ff. — 387. **anchor.** Lady Allworth. — 395. **half made up.** That is, in character. For the literal basis of the figure, see *Richard III*, I. i. 21.

303: 401. **motion.** Proposal. — 401. **wants.** Is wanting. The lines now spoken by Wellborn are addressed to the audience, and take the place of a formal epilogue.

BELIEVE AS YOU LIST

307: 5. **A . . . example.** The allusion is to Dom Sebastian, a pretender to the throne of Portugal, and the hero of the play (see Introduction, p. 11) in its first form. Dom Sebastian was commonly believed to have been killed in the battle of Alcazar in 1578. — 21. **hath hit the white.** Targets, in archery, had a large circle of white surrounding the centre or bull's eye.

309: 6. **Athenian Academy.** A gymnasium in the suburbs of Athens, where Plato taught. Of this Academy there were three schools or divisions: the Old Academy, lasting till the death of Plato (B.C. 347); the Middle Academy under Arcesilaus, who died B.C. 241; and the New Academy under Lacydes, lasting till near the end of the century. The author must suppose Antiochus to have been a scholar of the Academy (cf. note following) in its third period. — 17. **when the Eastern world . . . on me.** Antiochus the Great was the fifth in descent from Seleucus, the first king of Syria and Babylonia, and succeeded his father, B.C. 223. Influenced by Hannibal, to whom he had given asylum, he defied the Roman power, but was crushingly defeated by Scipio Asiaticus, B.C. 190, and lost his life in a Persian insurrection three years later.

310: 29. **the Stoic . . . you.** The teachings of Zeno (B.C. 336?–264?) prescribed resistance to passion, indifference to joy or pain, and submission to the decrees of fate. — 34. **That river . . . of.** Lethe, the river of forgetfulness in the lower world; mentioned once (*Iliad*, ii. 33) by Homer, but frequently in later writers. — 38. **Achaia's bloody plains.** Antiochus invaded Greece, B.C. 191, and was defeated at Thermopylæ by the Roman Consul Acilius Glabrio, but with small loss in comparison with the 50,000 slain in his defeat by Scipio the next year. After the destruction of Corinth, B.C. 146, all Greece was included in the province called Achaia, but the name is not used with accuracy or propriety here. — 45. **Marcus Scaurus.** Marcus Æmilius Scaurus, born B.C. 163, was a successful commander in Spain, conquered the Ligurians, and built the Milvian bridge at Rome. He did not figure in the Eastern wars, and lived more than a generation too late to be concerned with the downfall of Antiochus. The author may have had in mind Lucius Æmilius Scaurus, who, after the defeat of Antiochus in the naval battle

of Myonnesus (Livy, xxxvii. 31), was placed in command of a part of the Roman fleet in the Ægean.

311: 56. **Old . . . fierce beams . . . vain.** Massinger's manuscript is here, as in a few other passages, illegible from age and dampness. — 61. **Under the spear.** In ancient Rome, a spear fastened upright in the ground served as the sign of an auction.

312: 103. **king Of Parthia.** Properly mentioned here, since Antiochus made a treaty with the king of Parthia in the early part of his reign. The Parthian kingdom, one of the dismembered parts of Alexander's empire, lasted from B.C. 250 till A.D. 220, when, after a struggle of almost three centuries, it succumbed to Rome. — 105. **will cry aim.** Will give encouragement. Old time officers encouraged their archers by crying "Aim," as they were about to shoot. — 119. **unravel.** The fourth folio of the manuscript ends here, and the two pages following, each containing about sixty lines, are virtually obliterated. From the letters and signs remaining, and from the allusions of the paragraph following, it is clear that Chrysalus and (cf. II. ii) two other servants have entered to the king, and robbed him of his money and his royal dress.

313: 150. **like a palm-tree.** It was believed that the vigour of the palm tree could be increased by hanging weights upon its branches.

314: 10. **like a second Mercury.** Like a second god of eloquence. — 21. **flamen.** Priest devoted to the service of a particular deity. — 22. **image . . . pomp.** Image representing the goddess seated in a chariot drawn by lions.

315: 36. **Mother of the gods!** The *Magna Mater* of the Romans, Rhea, the wife of Kronos, but sometimes identified with the Phrygian Cybele. — 48. **Flaminius.** Titus Quintus Flaminius, consul B.C. 198, defeated Philip of Macedon, and granted freedom and independence to the Greek states. See note on "Letters of credence," p. 351, l. 64. — 53. **jus gentium.** Here used in the modern sense of "law of nations," rather than "code of laws governing relations of Rome with aliens," which is its proper classic meaning. The former sense would be appropriate to Dom Sebastian and his party, in the first form of the play. — 42. **embryon.** Obsolete form of *embryo*.

317: 78. **Tyrian fish.** See note, p. 54, l. 19, on "Tyrian purple." — 80. **guarded robe.** See note, p. 38, l. 19.

318: 139. **Egyptian Ptolemy**. Ptolemy Philopator (B.C. 221–204), who defeated Antiochus the Great, and effected a treaty of alliance with Rome.

323: 24. **Amilcar**. Massinger was probably aware that the famous Hamilcar who held Sicily against the Romans and was killed in Spain as early as B.C. 229, could not properly appear as a character in this play. The reference can apply only to the Hamilcar conquered by the Scipios, B.C. 215. But this Hamilcar was not a popular leader and not "prince of the Carthaginian Senate."

324: 50. **King Antiochus.** The manuscript shows *Dom Sebastian*, deleted, with "King" written above the first word, and "Antiochus" in the margin. — 69. **gymnosophists**. A class of Brahmanic ascetics who ate no flesh, eschewed clothing, renounced all bodily pleasures, and devoted themselves to meditation. After his defeat by Ptolemy (see note, p. 318, l. 139 above), Antiochus visited India and made an alliance with the king of that country. This notion of his escape from the fury of the Romans, and of his twenty-two years' roaming through the world, is only a convenient fiction.

328: 36. **titular**. Existent, valid in title only. — 50. **Punic faith . . . enemies**. By the standard of Regulus, who kept faith with the enemy in the first Punic war, the Romans affected to despise the honour of the Carthaginians. Compare Sallust, *Jugurtha*, 108, and Livy, xxi. 4.

332: 136. **Roman . . . wolf**. The sight of a wolf was once believed to take away the power of speech. — 160. **Grave Hanno . . . greatness**. Hanno was a leader of the popular faction at Carthage. Hasdrubal, who was of the same party, advocated peace with Rome as against the designs and policy of Hannibal. Carthalo, Hannibal's cavalry commander, defeated Mancinus B.C. 217, but was killed B.C. 208.

334: 228. **Callipolis**. A city of the Thracian peninsula, opposite Lampsacus, and distant some ten miles from Ægospotamos.

335: 255. **libbed**. Apparently the past participle of *lib*, to geld. But the text is corrupt and uncertain here.

336: 276. **wound . . . oil and sulphur**. The usual manner of treating gun-shot wounds — to forestall gangrene — in Massinger's day and after, till the campaigns of Marlborough.

338: 329. **Antiochus**. First written *Sebastian*, as in II. ii.

50. — 330. **Python**. A serpent, bred of the stagnant waters remaining after the deluge of Deucalion. It inhabited and terrorized the region about Delphi till slain by the arrows of Apollo. — 344. **and not rely**. The antecedent *not* is brought along by *and*, thus making the phrase affirmative: "why did they rely," etc.

339 : 369. **Carthage**. The uncorrected text has *Venice*.

341 : 20. **Afric**. Massinger first wrote *Europe* here. — 22. **proconsul Marcellus**. The manuscript (Fol. 14, l. 18) shows *good king Horn*, deleted.

343 : 79. **Batavian**. The Batavian peninsula, or the modern Holland. — 85. **Prusias**. The king of Bithynia was included in the treaty made by the Romans with Philip of Macedon, B.C. 205. He received Hannibal after the defeat and humiliation of Antiochus.

344 : 7. **chining of his fork**. Breaking or splitting of his saddle.

346 : 64. **directions of Xenophon**. Views concerning forms and methods of government contained in the *Cyropædia*. Aristotle's treatise on *Politics* is well known and prized.

347 : 95. **great Arsaces' issue**. Arsaces II, defeated by Antiochus and driven from the kingdom which Arsaces the Great founded by the defeat and capture of Seleucus, king of Babylon.

348 : 103. **Bacchus . . . India**. This country was the scene of Bacchus' most signal conquests. — 111. **Pluto**. God of the lower world, and inexorable to all human prayers. — 112. **Cocytus**. The River of Wailing, in the lower world; here put for the lower world itself. — 122. **rampire**. Used often by dramatists of the period for *rampart*. The reference is of course to the bulk of Berecinthius.

350 : 28. **All rubs . . . counsels**. *Rubs* are obstructions that might, in bowling, divert the ball. *Bias* is a weight put on one side of the ball to make it move in a curve.

351 : 64. **Letters of credence**. Credentials. It is of record that Flaminius was dispatched to Prusias, B.C. 183, to demand the person, not of Antiochus, but of Hannibal. See note on "Prusias," p. 343, l. 85.

355 : 180. **mandrake's shrieks**. It was a mediæval superstition that the mandrake, when torn from the soil, "sighs, shrieks, and moans so piteously that he who hears must die." The *aspic* or asp, celebrated as the means of Cleopatra's suicide, was

perhaps the horned viper. The *basilisk* was a fabulous serpent whose breath or look was fatal.

356: 214. **tax . . . of.** Accuse of, tax with.

357: 244. **eyes.** Omitted in the manuscript. — 249. **request of favour.** Request for a favour. — 252. **these my lions.** See note on " image drawn in pomp," p. 314, l. 22.

360: 25. **Medea's drugs.** Medea, princess of Colchis, who fled to Greece with Jason in the *Argo*, was skilled in sorcery and restored the youth of Æson, Jason's father, by drugs and magic. — 27. **viper wine.** Wine in which vipers or snakes were steeped; supposed to have the property of restoring manly vigour.

361: 61. **his process framed.** When the writ summoning him to trial has been drawn.

367: 131. **engrossed.** Amassed.

369: 187. **Thessalian Tempe.** The Vale of Tempe, in Thessaly; famed by poets for its cool shades and flowering groves. — 189. **Venus . . . hours.** According to the myth, Venus obtained the boon from Proserpina, queen of the lower world, that her deceased Adonis should spend half the year with her on earth.

371. Berecinthius. The manuscript copy reads here *Sampayo*, with " Berecinthius " written over this word. — 4. **Ta'en away my lions.** Image of Cybele, worn as a badge of power. See note, p. 314, l. 22.

373: 62. **More grave than Alexander.** Perhaps reminiscent of *Hamlet*, V. i. 218, 219:

> Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

378: 20. **said of Bellerophon.** Bellerophon was the son of Glaucus, and endowed by the gods with heroic strength and beauty. Being falsely accused by Antea, the queen of Argos, he was made bearer of a message to her father, the king of Lycia. But the message was the " warrant for his death."

379: 74. **Sardis.** The capital of Crœsus, king of Lydia, and a city of importance in classic times. It was taken and plundered, after a long siege, by Antiochus.

390: 189. **Drag . . . oar.** That is, as a galley slave. Compare the first line of this act.

392: 238. **Gyaræ.** Gyaros, a small island in the Ægean, on which the Romans maintained a penal colony.

GLOSSARY

Terms readily found in an unabridged dictionary, an encyclopædia, or a gazetteer are for the most part not included in this list.

A

Abram-man, beggar feigning lunacy.
Abuse, impose upon.
Accuse, blame.
Action, the actor's art.
Actuate, make actual, execute.
Admire, wonder at.
Advertised, notified.
Ambling, easy-going.
Anatomies, skeletons.
Anatomize, open to view.
Apostata, apostate.
Arbitrament, arbitration.
Atheism, godlessness.

B

Bait, take food on a journey.
Bandog, dog held by a band or chain.
Batoon, an old form of *baton*.
Battalia, army.
Bearing, substantial.
Bisognio, needy fellow.
Black-jack, leathern jug.
Bob, blow, taunt.
Botches, patches.
Brach, female dog.
Bravery, brave show, finery.
Bravo, hired assassin.
Bug, bogy, bugbear.
Buss, kiss.
By, of, concerning.
By-blow, illegitimate child.

C

Calvered, pickled.
Canter, vagabond.
Captived, captured.
Carbonado, slice of grilled meat.
Care, anxiety.
Cark, anxiety.
Caroche, coach.
Cates, viands.
Cat-stick, bat used in the games of tip-cat and trap-ball.
Cavallery, cavalry.
Censure, judgement, estimate.
Challenge, claim.
Chamber, a small mortar for firing salutes.
Chamberer, chambermaid.
Champaign, level field.
Chargeable, costly, expensive.
Chitterlings, fried skins of sausages.
Circular, perfect, complete.
Clemmed, pinched with hunger.
Clubbers, club-men.
Coming, complaisant.
Companion, butt, despicable fellow.
Composition, conditions, compromise.
Conceit, opinion.
Conditioned, constituted.
Conference, discourse, discussion.
Confirm, give more assurance.
Constant, positive, assured.
Constantly, with fixed purpose.
Corsive, **Corrosive**, irritant or caustic medicament.
Counsel, confidences, secrets.
Counter, debtors' prison.
Cozen, cheat.
Curious, fastidious, scrupulous.

D

Decimo sexto, sixteenmo.
Decline, deflect; diminish; shun.
Defeated, cheated.

Deliver, show, discover.
Demon, evil spirit, devil.
Descents, transfers, transmissions.
Disclose, hatch.
Dog-whip, whip for driving away or chastising dogs; often with two or more lashes.
Dotage, excessive fondness.
Doubt, fear.
Drab, prostitute.

E

Enable, furnish means.
Entradas, revenues.
Esculent, edible.
Estridge, ostrich.
Extended, seized under a writ.
Extremes, extreme need.

F

Farce, fill full, stuff.
Feodary, vassal.
Fetch in, arrest.
Fewterer, keeper of hunting dogs.
Filed, polished.
Fix, become fixed.
Fond, foolish.
Fondness, folly.
Fraught, load; put aboard.
Frequent, common; commonly or repeatedly reported.
Frieze, coarse woollen cloth.
Furmenty, hulled wheat boiled to a mush in milk.

G

Gabions, wicker frames filled with earth; used in fortifications.
Gainsome, gainly, prepossessing.
Gallantry, ostentation, extravagance.
Gallerian, galley slave.
Gentry, rank and breeding.
Glorious, vainglorious, haughty.
Go-before, usher.
Godwit, web-foot game bird.
Gut, stomach, maw.

H

Hearse, bier.

I

Imp, affix.
Impotence, madness, violence.
Impotently, uncontrollably.
Interessed, interested.

J

Jealousy, suspicion.

K

Kickshaws, fancy dishes.
Knaves, serving-men, menials.
Knuckle, knee or hock joint.

L

Laid, contrived, planned.
Lanceprezado, lance-corporal, lowest officer.
Lavolta, dance resembling a waltz.
Leg, low and ceremonious bow.
Lets, hindrances.
Libyan, Numidian, African.
Liege, bound to allegiance.
Lighted, alighted.
Line, strengthen.
Linings, inner merits.
Lordships, domains.

M

Mainprize, security for appearance in court.
Manumised, manumitted.
Markets, sales, bargains.
Minion, forward girl or woman, minx.
Mithridate, general antidote for poisons.
Moment, importance.
Morrow, morning.
Muscadine, muscat wine.

O

Observance, deference.
Of force, perforce.
Outcry, auction.
Overcuriously, overfastidiously.

P

Padders, footpads.
Palermo, wine of Palermo.

Palled, staled, tasteless.
Panada, bread soaked in hot sweetened water.
Pantofles, slippers.
Parling, parleying.
Passion, excitement, suffering.
Patch, fool.
Peat, petite creature.
Perfect, fully informed.
Piddling, trifling, paltry.
Pile, spear, javelin.
Points, tagged laces, connecting doublet and hose.
Poise, equal.
Practice, device, plot, artifice.
Precipice, downfall.
Precisian, formalist, Puritan.
Pregnant, fertile, obvious.
Presence, assembly of courtiers.
Prevent, anticipate.
Process, order of court or magistrate.
Property, chattel, tool.
Provant, ordinary, common.
Purchase, booty.
Pursy, corpulent, scant of breath.

Q

Quaint, crafty.
Quarry, game.
Quince-cakes, cakes flavoured with preserved quinces.

R

Ragged, rugged, rough.
Rampire, rampart; enclose with a rampart.
Rap, carry away, transport.
Rebated, blunted.
Relation, account, report.
Resolve, decide; satisfy, convince.
Respects, cares.
Retribution, requital.
Riot, wild and costly revelling.
Rise, cause to rise.

S

Sans, without.
Seductor, seducer.
Shape, stage costume.
Skills not, does not matter.
'Slight, by God's light.
Smock-gamester, Smock-vermin, lecher.
Solecism, unnatural act.
Sorts, falls out, happens.
Spoon-meat, broths, gruels.
Still, invariably, always.
Stipendiary, hireling.
Story, history.
Strike, bushel.
Style, title.
Success, issue.
Switch, riding-rod.

T

Table-book, note-book.
Tame-cat, rabbit.
Tamin, linsey-woolsey.
Temperance, self-restraint.
Tissue, light gauzy fabric.
Tit, smart wench.
Towardly, compliant, kindly.
Toys, trivial allegations.
Trencher, wooden plate.
Trim, ornament.
Tripe, tripery, tripe-shop.
Trussed, laced.

U

Uncase, flay.

V

Vail, lower.
Vappa, insipid wine.
Varlet, low menial, rogue.
Viaticum, expense-money for a journey.
Vindicate, liberate.

W

Where, whereas.
Whilom, formerly.
Witch, wizard (as well as witch).

Y

Yare, ready, manageable.

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